THE

FOREIGN

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—Adam Oehleuschläger's *Schriften. Zum erstermale gesammelt als Ausgabe letzter hand.* (The works of Adam Oehlenschläger. Collected for the First Time.) Bde. I.—XVIII. 8vo. Leipsic. 1829, 1830.

MANY of our readers are probably old enough to recollect the time when any adventurous person who had spoken gravely in company of Danish literature or Danish poetry, would have been looked upon as a literary Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, who was endeavouring, on the strength of having been beyond seas, to pass off the usual wonders of a traveller upon the public. Nay, it is not many years ago since a Frenchman, talking to a friend who had ventured to explore the savage regions of Germany, and naturally wishing to acquire some knowledge of the habits of the natives, asked him, "Les Allemands, est-ce qu'ils ont une langue?" "Non," replied the other, "ils parlent seulement *un patois;* mais *ils se comprennent entre eux!*" Now certain it is, that the Danes too, as well as the Germans, contrive to understand each other pretty well; and what, perhaps, is more to our purpose, they are now beginning to be understood by Europe also: the names of their poets, their novelists and historians, are becoming less strange, if not absolutely familiar to our ears; and Danish literature is fast assuming a respectable, if not an elevated position on the field of European culture. We have already, in a general article on the subject of Danish poetry, alluded to the works of some of its most distinguished ornaments; we now propose to consider a little more in detail the literary life of its greatest dramatic poet—Adam Oehlenschläger.

OEHLENSCHLÄGER was born in a suburb of Copenhagen on the 14th of November, 1779. His father held the situation of organist and steward at Friedricksberg, a royal country-seat in the neighbourhood. This residence, which had been built by Frederick IV. after his return from Italy, animated and gay with the pomp and bustle of the court in summer, was left in winter

almost deserted, under the charge of the poet's father. The poet was left to wander at will through the lofty, magnificent and solitary apartments, to gaze on the portraits of kings and princes; and surrounded by these splendors, not his own, to pore over romances and fairy tales obtained from some circulating library in town, to which he made frequent pilgrimages for this purpose through storm and snow; or to listen to his father, who, as the autumnal evenings closed in, used to assemble his family about him, and read aloud to them accounts of voyages and travels.

At the age of twelve he exchanged the freedom of the country, and the stately rooms of the royal residence, for a narrow lodging in the town, to prosecute, or rather to commence his studies, under the care of Edward Storm, a Norwegian, a poet and a man of talent. Though Oehlenschläger's reading had been of the most desultory and least profitable kind, Storm saw in his activity of mind, and the energy with which he pursued those studies which interested him, the promise of future improvement. Even before this time he had been overheard in the chapel at Friedricksberg, when he thought himself alone, delivering extempore discourses from the pulpit, much to the satisfaction of the clergyman, who happened on one occasion to overhear his effusion from the sacristy, and forthwith advised his father to make him a preacher. Whatever he learned himself he instantly set about communicating to others. Having promised to give one of his young friends instructions in anatomy, he prevailed on him to accompany him to Friedricksberg, where he had procured the skeleton of a child for the purpose of demonstration. The friends were to sleep together in the same room; the skeleton, after the conclusion of the lecture, was left on the table; and the lecturer and his pupil had dropt asleep. Suddenly they were awakened by a knocking at the door, and lay motionless with terror, thinking that the owner of the skeleton had come in person from the tomb to reclaim his bones. Great was their relief, however, when they found that it was only the old maid servant, who came to bring the anatomist his night-shirt, which he had forgotten below!

The same activity displayed itself at school, though, unfortunately, instead of being devoted to Latin and history, it took the direction of stage-playing, dramatic composition, and pugilistic exhibitions. The latter were, indeed, in some measure forced upon him. His father, who was not very well able to defray the expenses of his education, had, as a good speculation, purchased from the keeper of the king's wardrobe a number of faded suits, out of which the young poet had been equipped for school. "There I walked about," says he, "for a long time in coats which had once figured on the backs of crown-princes, and stiff boots

which had been worn by kings, while my pantaloons were made out of the cloth which had covered some old billiard-table, now out of commission." This strange raiment, his long dark hair straggling in the Roderick-Random style over his shoulders, and his tall thin figure towering above the rest, "like the minster over the houses in Strasburg," rendered him at first the butt of the school; and it was only after bestowing a sound drubbing on some of the ring-leaders that he was allowed to wear these memorials of ancient grandeur in quiet. Once fairly naturalized, however, his liveliness and ingenuity soon rendered him a favourite. He headed their sports, and organized a regular system of stage-plays, the young poet himself being generally both the composer and the principal performer. "My dear child," Storm used sometimes to say to him, "you are a greater poet than Molière; *he* used to think it quite a feat to write a piece in eight days; *you* manage the matter with ease in one." Occasionally, some blundering comrade ruined the effect of Oehlenschläger's most impassioned scenes by some unlucky *contre-temps*. He and his comrades were one day performing a very touching piece, in which the heroine was to faint on being informed by a truculent father that she was not to wed her lover. The despairing father, who could not remember a word of his part, but who with a strange perversity had bestowed his chief attention on the stage directions, looking at the fainting lady, repeated with much gravity, "During this time the other characters support her;" and after uttering this affecting apostrophe, immediately disappeared. A well-administered blow from the prompter, however, sent him back upon the stage, and, like an application of animal magnetism, restored at the same time the memory of the performer.

So passed the period from his twelfth to his sixteenth year. During the latter part of the time he had been more diligent; praise and rewards had occasionally been bestowed upon him; he had acquired a passable knowledge of history, geography, and his mother tongue; understood German well, French indifferently, and had a superficial acquaintance with the sciences. Like Shakspeare, however, he had little Latin and less Greek. His father's first intention had been that he should devote himself to merchandize; but ignorant as he was of English, a bad arithmetician, and without the smallest inclination to commerce, it was plain that "his madness did not that way tend." To his great relief, the merchant into whose counting-house his father had hoped to introduce him, could not receive him, and so the obnoxious proposal was dropped.

Thus agreeably disappointed, he prevailed on his father to allow him to resume his studies, with the view of passing his

examination in arts, and again plunged into belles-lettres and poetry. It is rather singular that most of his early efforts should have been in the comic and satirical vein. The gaiety of youth is instinctive, not reflective, while comedy, with its exhibitions of the weaknesses and absurdities of life, is the result of an enlarged experience of society, reflection on its follies, and of those feelings of vanity and vexation of spirit which that experience and reflection give rise to. In such a mind as Oehlenschläger's, we should have imagined that the tragic or epic would have preoccupied the ground which might have been assigned to the comic or idyllic; but, probably, his choice was influenced by no deeper principle than imitation, and the chance which had thrown Holberg's Comedies, Wessel's *Liebe ohne Strumpfe* (Love without Stockings), and such parodies on the sentimental school into his hands before the grave pieces of Schiller and Goëthe.

Less singular, considering the constitution of his mind, in which vague and enthusiastic feelings were but too predominant, was the strong delight which he experienced in romance reading, particularly those in which spectres and chimeras dire formed the machinery of the story. Hoffman had not at that time astonished the world by his ghastly phantasmagoria, in which the devil and his angels seem perpetually on the broad grin, and the reader wandering among *doubles* of himself, and passing inexplicably from the regions of this lower world into a land of shadows, and from fairy-land back again to reality, feels himself throughout, as it were, in a hazy, troubled, oppressive, and night-mare dream. Weber's romantic legends of the olden time (a field from which more than one of our own novelists have borrowed without acknowledgment), he read with approbation; but for the genuine ghost story, which makes the knotted and combined locks to part, and the reader to feel as if he were undergoing the operation of scalping, Spiess was the man! Over his horrors Oehlenschläger loved to pore, till the fantastic began to overpower the satirical tendency in his mind, and the common events of life to be overshadowed by an atmosphere of terror. On the road, for instance, between Copenhagen and Friedricksberg, stood the public place of execution, in a waste field looking towards the sea, the wheel and gallows reading a moral lesson to the traveller, and the gentleman of the shade, as they past. During the dynasty of Spiess and his brethren, a criminal had been executed at this spot. Oehlenschläger had gone one afternoon with his sister and the servant to the Suderfeld, to gather some walnuts, which the gardener had still left on the topmost branches of the trees. His sister had been rather silent and gloomy during their walk;—the

sun had set, the autumn evening was closing in. Suddenly she proposed to him to go out to the field and see the dead man. Ashamed to decline following where a female offered to lead, he assented, though the nut which he held in his hand actually fell to the ground in the extremity of his terror. When they came to the high road opposite to the place of execution, his sister and the servant would go no further.

"But some irresistible power," says Oehlenschläger, "seemed to impel me on, like a bird into the jaws of the rattle-snake. I had never been there before, but now I sprang over hedges and ditches to shorten the way. I drew near to the terrific spot in the lonely field. The sun had gone down; the darkness of an autumnal evening rested upon all. I did not dare to look up. I saw only the green sward beneath me, and its risings and hollows, as I hurried over them, seemed to heave like the waves beneath my feet. At last I saw the dark pillar right before me. I looked up: a pale and bloody head grinned at me from the stake, beneath which lay a severed hand. A headless carcase was stretched upon the wheel, with the arms hanging down, and the legs covered with woollen stockings. A panic terror seized me; I took to flight; I thought the criminal was at my heels, nor did I venture to draw breath till I reached the high road and rejoined my sister and the servant."

These wanderings of a heated imagination, it may be supposed, are symptomatic of no great progress in the graver studies to which the attention of Oehlenschläger should have been directed. In Greek he utterly failed. Had he been allowed to commence with Homer, or Herodotus, or even with the historical books of the New Testament, something, he thinks, might have been done; but the doctrinal and argumentative Epistles to the Romans and Corinthians he found himself unable to master, the more so that he was required to translate them out of Greek,—not into Danish but—into Latin. Gradually he lost courage;—for now the path to distinction through the field of classical and theological attainments seemed to grow longer and more thorny as he advanced; from this side he began to feel that the Temple of Fame was shut against him.

It was during this period of despondency that the idea of devoting himself to theatrical pursuits, as a profession, occurred to him; not that he had any particular attachment to stage-playing, or any very romantic conception of the pleasures of an actor's life; for, in fact, Oehlenschläger had been himself by far "too much in Arcadia," and had seen too much of the undress of a stage life to be carried away by the enthusiasm of Dick the Apprentice. His motives to the rash act were, in the first place, as it seemed, to procure the only means of gratifying what had now become a habit, and almost a necessary of life with him, his taste

for witnessing theatrical representations:—a passion the more violent, perhaps, that he had scarcely ever had a farthing of his own wherewith to gratify it: secondly, as musical composers prepare themselves for their art by familiarizing themselves with the range and compass of instruments in the orchestra, Oehlenschläger, who seemed to feel that dramatic poetry was not unlikely to be his ultimate destination, thought that the best school in which a knowledge of stage effect was to be acquired was the green-room, and the stage itself. One path of dramatic poetry seemed at that time almost unoccupied: the success of Holberg's comedies had turned the course of Danish poetry decidedly into the channel of the comic. Tragedy, except in a few translations from Lessing, Kotzebue, and Shakspeare, had already been scarcely cultivated at all. Samsoe's play of *Dyvecka*, no doubt, by the nationality of its plot, the brilliancy of its decorations, and, above all, by the sudden death of its author, just as it was in the course of rehearsal,—and the Secretary Sanders' *Niel Ebbesen*, a melo-dramatic Pizarro-like effusion, also on a national subject, and full of "gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thunder," had excited considerable attention in their day, but failed to maintain any permanent reputation. And, in fact, by affording a means of comparison with the tragic dramas of other countries, they only served to point out more distinctly how little had yet been done in the department of tragedy.

This plan, which had haunted his brain daily for some time, was at last suddenly resolved on: his father, always too ready to gratify his whims, agreed to it; and his mother, though she would willingly have seen him devoting himself to another employment, was silent. He was introduced to Rosing, the star of the Copenhagen stage, and forthwith embarked in a course of fencing, singing, and dancing, as preparatory to his appearance on the boards. He had been too much accustomed to theatrical displays in his early life to feel any great apprehension on his first appearance, which seems to have been attended with no remarkable approbation; and though some of his subsequent performances were more favourably received, it did not seem by any means clear that the Copenhagen public would "certainly go to his benefit;" on the contrary, his appearances, generally speaking, were rather tolerated than applauded. Oehlenschläger had never entertained, from the first, any very exalted notions of an actor's life—anxious and heart-sickening "as in the best it is"—and now, more thoroughly awake to its annoyances from personal experience, he soon came to think he had reaped all the advantages he was likely to derive from it in reference to his culture as a dramatist. An acquaintance with two brothers

of the name of Oersted, the one a student of law, the other of medicine, tended to increase this feeling; the jurist did every thing in his power to induce him to abandon the stage, resume his classical studies, and devote himself to law. With the poet, a total change of profession, a transition from gay to grave, was a light matter; he ran home, procured (as usual) his father's consent, and instantly transmitted his resignation to the stage-manager in a few dignified lines, who, somewhat to his annoyance, was pleased to accept of the tender without any expression of regret.

So ended, then, the first act in the Drama of Life. The prologue had been one of dreams and visions, voyages in Fairy-land, wanderings in the region of romance; abortive attempts at serious study, successful acquirement only when success appeared hardly desirable. The elements of something great doubtless appeared from time to time to flicker through this chaos of the mind; by sudden but transitory flashes revealing themselves through the palpable obscure, but whether they would arrange themselves into shape and substance, or float about for ever in shapeless though imposing masses, seemed at first to be questionable. His theatrical life however,—the enlarged acquaintance with human character, which he had thence derived,—the tendency which such a profession, with its strange extremes, its outward splendour, its real shifts and meannesses, invariably has to sober the ideas of those who come within the sphere of its influence, unquestionably did much to regulate the fancy of Oehlenschläger, to bring forward those qualities which were likely to be really available to him, and to teach him their proper aim and application.

And now, almost as suddenly as if on the stage which he had quitted, the curtain rose upon him in a new character, that of the student of law, pursuing his studies, with the assistance and encouragement of Oersted, in hopes of qualifying himself in two years for his degree. A new incitement was shortly afterwards added to his diligence. This portion of his history is agreeably diversified by some love passages with Christiana, the daughter of the Councillor Heger, whom he afterwards married. The most singular part of the business, which is pleasingly and naturally told, was the coolness of the old Councillor on receiving the announcement of Oehlenschläger's attachment. All the poet's means, it is to be observed, were merely, as the schoolmen would say, *possible*, but not very probable, *entities;* he had not yet distinguished himself in literature; his law he could not hope to render available for years, and therefore the prospects of the lovers were any thing but flattering. It was naturally with a beating heart, therefore, that Oehlenschläger laid his proposals before the father, a musician, optician, fire-work maker, and fifty other things besides.

He might have spared himself all anxiety on the subject; for the old gentleman, after listening to the young lawyer's maiden speech on the question, coolly rang the bell for his daughter, told her in a moment how the matter stood, placed her hand in that of Oehlenschläger, and—changed the subject.

We have our doubts whether even the strong inducement afforded by the hope of future professional independence, would ever have made the poet a diligent or successful student of law; but, as if to interrupt his studies still more, a war with England, and the expedition of the British fleet against Copenhagen, in 1801, occurred, frightening the isle from its propriety, and converting all ranks for the time into volunteers. The military manœuvres were pleasant enough during fine weather; but, like Major Sturgeon's forces at Hounslow, they grumbled much at their marchings and counter-marchings when it rained or blew, and Oehlenschläger, who was an ensign in the corps, maintains that once, upon a raw and gusty day, when he was carrying the colours, the wind rose as if on purpose to vex and discomfit him. Being all philosophers too, the volunteers had a bad habit of always demanding to know the *reason* of any manœuvres they were called upon to perform. One of them, in a fit of absence, loaded his piece, but forgot to draw his ramrod, and, lost in deep thought, was coolly taking aim at his commander. The latter perceived his danger in time, and stepping up to the pensive recruit, struck his gun to a side, and observed, "My friend, when you load your piece, always make it a rule to draw your ramrod. *I will tell you the reason why:* otherwise you may shoot your commanding officer through the body!" The services of this valiant corps, however, were not called into action; the encounters were confined to the ocean; one fine summer morning they were reviewed by the Crown Prince, who made them a speech, and thanked them for the fatigues they had undergone, and the blood they had shed (from the nose chiefly) in behalf of their country; the warriors were refreshed with wine and eatables on the field; a ball followed, and next day all was peace and prosaic labour—Othello's occupation in Copenhagen was gone.

With the return of peace there was no longer any pretext for evading his studies, and Oehlenschläger now began to flatter himself that he was really making some progress in law; still, however, he continued to reconcile it with private theatricals and literary clubs, at which he became acquainted with several persons, all eminent in different ways, and most of them not less distinguished for their peculiarities of character, than for their genius or learning. Such were *Pram* the poet, clever and vain, with a literary short-sightedness which could see no merit beyond the range of its own

microscopic views,—who used to maintain, that Wallenstein was one of those pieces which any non-commissioned officer in a marching regiment might write to order, in twenty-four hours, if required; *Hieronymus Meister*, also a poet, and a determined wag, who knowing Oehlenschläger's old inclination to the marvellous, used to practise on his feelings, by sitting down to read to him some pretended romance of his own composition, and when, by a few artful and mysterious paragraphs he had roused his curiosity, suddenly breaking forth with the abruptness of the historian of the Bear and Fiddle; *Steffens*, then young and enthusiastic, since distinguished by his ability and eloquence in many departments of literature; and above all other oddities, the savage, dirty, old antiquarian *Arndt*, a German Ritson, who seemed to consider all Europe as an extensive library or museum, and kept moving incessantly from one end of it to the other, lodging every where without ceremony or invitation, invariably abusing his host, and either carrying his masses of manuscripts in his voluminous Peter Schlemihl-pockets, or burying them when they became too bulky, in different parts of Europe, in some corner of those ancient ruins, among the mouldering remains of which he lived, moved, and had his being. From this "unwashed artificer," who presented himself one day like a spectre, Oehlenschläger derived important assistance in the study of Northern Antiquities; Alf's, Frithiof's, and Vilent's Sagas he perused with attention, and guided by this strange pioneer, whose acquaintance with the past was only equalled by his ignorance of the present, he thoroughly imbued himself with the inmost spirit of the remote and picturesque antiquity, to which his researches had been devoted.

The first fruits of his new studies appeared in a small Collection of Poems, which he published in 1803, containing several Danish Ballads, somewhat modernized, in *ottava rima*, and a Dramatic Lyrical Sketch, entitled *St. Johannes Abend-spiel*, a piece somewhat in the taste of Goëthe's *Fastnacht-spiel*, though at the same time not without claims to originality, for many of the gay scenes it contains were recollections from the poet's own gaieties in the Thiergarten. This collection was shortly afterwards followed by *Freia's Altar*, a satirical comic opera, which from its literary allusions produced a considerable sensation—and by *Vaulundur's Saga*, modernized from a fable in the Edda.

Hitherto, however, Oehlenschläger had done but little to justify the bold assertion, with which, under the influence of punch or patriotism, he had one evening astonished his companions at a symposium of the club, that he would yet rescue Danish Poetry from the lethargy into which it had sunk since the days of Ewald. No sooner had he uttered this sally, than he shrunk back into his

seat, terrified at his own assurance; and yet startling as the prophecy might seem, coming from such a quarter, many of those who heard it lived to see it fulfilled. By a series of Dramatic Poems, chiefly, though not exclusively, on national subjects, he has rendered the Danish Drama an object of European interest, and placed it in a far more imposing position than it ever occupied under Ewald.

The first of these Dramas was anything rather than northern in its character. It was a successful attempt to give a dramatic form and colouring to one of those tales of the east which are the delight of our childish days; and which still, in the hands of a true poet, exercise something of their old fascination upon maturer minds. Every highway and byeway in Fairy-land; every "dingle and alley green" in that wild wood, had Oehlenschläger traversed in his childhood. Many a pilgrimage had he made from Friedricksberg through the snow to procure a supply of its wonders for winter quarters; and having once garrisoned the old palace in this way, he cared little for the imprisonment of storms from without.

> "Born in the distant North,
> Soon to my youthful ear came tidings forth
> From Fairyland;
> Where flow'rs eternal blow,
> Where strength and beauty go
> Linked hand in hand.
>
> Even in my childish days,
> I pored enchanted o'er its wondrous lays,
> When the thick snowy fold
> Lay deep on wall and hill,
> I read, and felt the chill
> Of wonder, not of cold."*

When at a later period he resolved to dramatize some of his old favourites, his choice naturally enough fell upon Aladdin. The splendour, variety, and beauty of the incidents, the artful blending of the human with the supernatural interest, the many light but effective touches of character and pathos which it exhibits, form so clear and distinct an outline for the dramatist as to leave him little to do but to fill up details, and to exhibit, somewhat more at length than in the rapid sketches of the Arabian story-teller, the feelings and reflections of the characters. Besides this he had discovered, as he thought, some fancied resemblance between Aladdin's situation and his own. He too, like the Arabian youth, had discovered in his bosom a wonderful

* From the Dedication to Aladdin, addressed to Goethe.

lamp, that of Poetry; his mind had been developed in the same irregular and eccentric course; he was in love, like Aladdin; and his mother too, like Aladdin's, had died shortly before. This analogy, remote and fanciful as it was, probably influenced his imagination, and strengthened the dramatic colouring of the tale by a personal sympathy.

The chief difficulty in the management of such subjects lies in this—that in the attempt to reduce them to the form and proportions of a European drama, the naïveté, the airy lightness of the original often disappear; the fairy groundwork looks too thin and gossamer for the tissue of reflection with which it is wrought up; and the result is, something half childish, half philosophical, an awkward imbroglio of Eastern fancy and Western sentimentalism. To avoid this elaborate failure, and at the same time to give to the subject that relief, which, like most Oriental drawings, the original wants; and that tinge at least of European feeling which seems necessary to interest the inhabitants of our northern regions, is the object, and one which has seldom been attained with success. Gozzi has not made the attempt at all. He has taken his fairy tales as he found them, and revelled in all the fantastic absurdities of the original which he rather aggravates than relieves. Tieck, in his management of such subjects, either retrenches the Oriental and the marvellous altogether, as in *Blue Beard*, and paints his characters on a background of chivalry, or renders his fable a mere vehicle for literary satire, as in *Prince Zerbino*, the *World Turned upside down*, and *Puss in Boots*. Oehlenschläger, however, has met the difficulty more fairly—the vein of reflection, the occasional satirical points or humorous touches which occur (though perhaps not strictly Oriental) are still sufficiently in harmony with the whole, while from the magical canvas on which they are delineated, the natural pathos and deep human interest of many of the incidents stand out with the same force and simplicity as in the original. There is much fine poetry in the scene where Aladdin, just at the moment when his gratitude to heaven for the blessings it had bestowed upon him is pouring itself out in prayer, is arrested by the orders of the sultan; and also in his reflections in the dungeon. The cheerfulness which at first supported him gives way before the gloom of the prison and the continued sounds of the death-watch in the wall, and he sinks by degrees into the following train of melancholy thought:—

> "How dark these dungeon walls close over me!
> How hollow is the rushing of the wind
> Howling against the tower without! 'Tis midnight—
> Midnight! And I must tremble for the dawn!

The lovely dawn which opes the eyes of men,
The leaves of flowers, to me alone is fearful;
To them it brings new life, but death to me.

(The moon breaks through the clouds and shines into the prison.)

What gleam is that? Was it the day that broke?
Is death so nigh? Oh no—it was the moon.
What wouldst thou, treacherous, smiling apparition?
Com'st thou to tell me, I am not the first
Upon whose asby cheeks thy quiet light
Fell calmly on his farewell night of life;
To tell me, that to-morrow night thy ray
Will greet my bleeding head upon the stake!
Sad moon, accursed spectre of the night!
How often hast thou, like a fav'ring goddess,
Shone o'er me in my loved Gulnara's arms,
While nightingales from out the dusky bowers
Vented our mute felicity in song!
I deemed thee then a kind and gentle being,
Nor deemed, as now, that in that lovely form
Could lurk such coldness, or such cruelty.
Alike unruffled looks thy pallid face,
On myrtle bowers, on wheel and gallows, down.
The self-same ray, that shone above my joys,
And kissed the couch of innocence and love,
Shone on the murderer's dagger too, or glided
O'er mouldering gravestones, which above their dead
Lie lighter, than despair upon the heart
Of those that yet are living!
Com'st thou here,
Thus to insult me in mine hour of need—
Pale angel of destruction, hence—disturb not
The peace of innocence i'the hour of death.

(The moon is obscured with clouds.)

By heaven she flies! She sinks her pallid face
Behind her silver curtains mournfully,
Even as an innocent maiden, when she droops
Her face within her robe, to hide the tears
That flow for others' sorrows, not her own.
O if my speech hath done thee wrong, fair moon!
Forgive me. O forgive me. I am wretched;
I know not what I say. Guiltless am I—
Yet, guiltless, I must yet endure and die.

But see! What tiny ray comes trembling in,
Like an ethereal finger from the clouds,
And lights on yonder spider, that within
Its darksome nook, amidst its airy web
So calm and heart-contented sits and spins.

The Spider sings.

Look upon my web so fine,
See how threads with threads entwine;
If the evening wind alone
Breathe upon it, all is gone.
Thus within the darkest place
Allah's wisdom thou may'st trace;
Feeble though the insect be,
Allah speaks through that to thee!

As within the moonbeam I,
God in glory sits on high,
Sits where countless planets roll,
And from thence controls the whole:
There, with threads of thousand dies,
Life's bewildering web he plies,
And the hand that holds them all
Lets not even the feeblest fall."

Comforted by the moral lesson of the spider, Aladdin resumes his courage; a striking picture of the vacillations of human feeling, alternating as the moon shows or withdraws her light, shaken from its firmness by the ticking of one insect, and restored to tranquillity by the sight of the silent industry of another.

The composition of Aladdin seems to have confirmed the impression long lurking in Oehlenschläger's mind that he would never be a lawyer; his intended bride was of the same opinion, and to poetry he now resolved finally to turn as to his natural home. By the interest of Count Schimmelmann, he obtained from the Danish government a travelling pension, and leaving Copenhagen set out on a tour through Germany, with the intention of visiting France and Italy also before his return.

He visited Halle, Berlin, and Dresden, and made the acquaintance of most of the eminent literary men of these places. Weimar, however, was with him the chief object of attraction, though death had shortly before been busy among some of its greatest names. The clear-headed, open-hearted Herder was dead; so also was the enthusiastic and noble Schiller; but Wieland, though now on the verge of the grave, still lived to greet the Danish wanderer with his cheerful smile, and to write in his Album the touching words, "Fuimus Troës:" with Goethe he enjoyed a friendly and confidential intercourse for several months; the old Duchess Amelia invited him to her parties, and he quitted Weimar at last, loaded with kindnesses and complimentary verses.

Meantime the political horizon was darkening around him, unknown to Oehlenschläger, who never read newspapers, and was totally ignorant of the rapid progress of Napoleon's armies in

Germany. Accompanied by his friends, Bronstedt and Koes, he, after spending some time in Dresden, had quietly returned to Weimar, unconscious of the storm which was about to burst upon the town. In the theatre they met Goethe, from whom he first learnt the precarious nature of their position, only when it was too late to make their arrangements for setting out for Vienna. The arrival of the King and Queen of Prussia, and the establishment of the Prussian head-quarters at Weimar soon followed: the streets were crowded with officers and soldiers, hurrying to and fro with orders and despatches: the camp was without the town, and as Oehlenschläger walked through its bustling rows in company with Goethe, he thought irresistibly of Wallenstein's *Lager*. The 14th October arrived, and now the sound of the cannon, which had for some days been heard at a distance, drew nearer. Instead of the parties of Prussian soldiers, who from time to time had been arriving with bodies of French prisoners under their charge, the Prussian cavalry were now seen hurrying by dozens through the town, inquiring in vain for the road to (what did not exist) the mountains. Soon after, the first balls from the French cannon began to fall into the town, Weimar in a moment was still as the grave, the shops closed, the streets empty, the inhabitants concealed in the cellars and lower floors of the houses; the October sun shining pale and almost as faint as the moon, through the thick sulphurous smoke of the cannonade. The French marched in without resistance, "regular as rolling water," and quartered themselves through the town. When the Royalists took possession of London, our great Republican poet interposed merely the shield of poetry between himself and the rude attack of military violence: he placed a sonnet above his door as a protecting spell. Oehlenschläger, who knew well that no "captain, or colonel, or knight in arms," in the French army, would hesitate, upon any such ground,

"To lift his spear against the Muses' bower,"

adopted the safe expedient of joining his companions in the cellar. The landlord of the Elephant, where Oehlenschläger lived, was fortunate in the guests that fell to his share. They made free enough with his brandy and kirschwasser, enforcing their application, as Bobadil expresses it, "civilly—by the sword," but in other respects the barbarous people showed them no little kindness; they mounted guard behind the door, and when a set of Bacchanalian marauders attempted to break into the house, during the pillage that followed, assisted the landlord to defend his household against the intruders.

Oehlenschläger, wearied with the anxieties and fatigues of the day, had thrown himself on a sofa to sleep. The French were

carousing in the room below, heedless of the moans of a young Silesian officer, who was expiring in a corner of the apartment. Suddenly the poet was awakened by a sound of cries from without; he started up—the room about him was as light as day—the city was on fire, and the sounds which had roused him from sleep were the shrieks of women and children. The flames had been kindled by some wretches to enable them to plunder with more facility and effect. Fortunately they were got under without much loss; but the plundering ceased only with the entrance of Bonaparte, by which time, in truth, there was little more to take. A rigid order was then issued against it, and "every day," says Oehlenschläger, "two or three volleys of musketry from the park announced the summary fate of those who had violated the prohibition."

As soon as matters had subsided into something like quietness, Oehlenschläger hastened to leave Weimar, now converted into a lazaretto, and where the very theatre was at the moment used as an hospital for the wounded. He pursued his way by Gotha, towards Paris, through a track marked by misery and desolation; the coachman drove over corn-fields thick with grain, and when Oehlenschläger remonstrated with him on his wantonness, coolly observed, "It was war-time," and, like the Lady Baussière, rode on.

In Paris, Oehlenschläger devoted himself with activity to composition. *Hakon Jarl*, *Palnatoke*, and *Axel and Walburg*, three tragedies on national subjects, were completed during his residence in that capital. Though Oehlenschläger had drunk deeply from the fountain of German literature, in his preliminary course of reading, these tragedies are no echoes of any particular school, but are full of originality and independence of mind, both in their conception and execution. The coarse Old Bailey personifications of Kotzebue, at one time so enthusiastically admired and imitated—and from their very faults always likely to conciliate a certain class of spectators—had been succeeded by the empire of the romantic in its different modes and applications. In the works of Werner, and still more of Müllner, Raupach, and others, it appears in its coarsest shape, in the garb of exploded superstitions, long since worn out as to all influence on the mind, and in the employment of a dark, inscrutable, and arbitrary fate, as the leading principle of dramatic action—in views of life, where man is represented as a puppet, driven about by an invisible hand, scared by dreams and forebodings, comforted by prophetic visions and mystic extacies. Free-will is represented as crushed at once beneath a blind unalterable fate; the victim of crime falls, not by gradual seductions and temptations, with struggles, with relentings, with remorse, but at once and for ever:—every thing seemed

arranged for him by fate itself; the victim is bound, the dagger is thrust into his hands; it is the 24th or the 29th February, the doomed anniversary of crime; the clock strikes twelve, and the murder is done, with as little free agency on the part of the perpetrator, as if it were performed by steam. Surrounded as we are, on all sides, in these fate tragedies, with infernal influences, we may truly say with Ferdinand, when he leaps into the sea,

" . . . . . Hell is empty,
And all the devils are *here!*"

In the hands of Tieck and the Schlegels, the romantic assumes a more refined disguise, though we scarcely think a less untrue or objectionable form. The dark Nemesis which stalks openly through the gloomy castles and vaults of Werner, Müllner, Grillparzer,* and the rest, is here kept in the back-ground, visible only in dim and distant outline, or shown under the doubtful twilight of a rich and balmy eve:—the masks and daggers of Werner, Ingemann, and Raupach; the ghastly presentiments of Müllner and Grillparzer are thrown aside as too coarse and vulgar instruments of excitement; but still we are left wandering in a land of wonders, to which we have been abruptly transferred, without any thing to connect us with it; still we are in the same region of shadows, calling shapes, airy tongues, and inexplicable emotions, in which we trod when under the guidance of the coarser votaries of the romantic; and though now so ening mists and variegated colours have in some measure relieved the gloom and monotony of the scene, yet the most unaccountable recollections, transitions, extacies of feeling, in short, the wonders of the mind within instead of miracles from without, continue to haunt and hover round us; the old Märchen, and devout legends of the middle ages, take the place of the half-Pagan, half-Christian superstitions of the other class; and *Guilt*, and the *29th February*, are only exchanged for something as unsubstantial in *Octavian* and the *Holy Genoveva*. But in both, the sources of action, the sentiments which influence the beings who are represented as peopling these airy regions, are so unlike those of reality; their movements are so eccentric, so little capable of being foreseen or calculated on, nay, so unintelligible when they occur;—mirth and tears, hope and terror, tenderness or stormy energy, succeed each other so unaccountably, that as the bases of any compositions

* We mention Grillparzer with reluctance, because it is only to his "Ahnfrau" that these observations are applicable, and because his Sappho shows how capable he was of appreciating the higher beauties of dramatic poetry. Byron, who did not praise rashly or readily, when personal motives did not intervene, has done justice to Grillparzer's talents in his letters.—*Vide Moore's Byron*, vol. ii.

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which aim at being generally or permanently popular, both modes of the romantic appear to us to be absolutely worthless.

Both these conventional systems Oehlenschläger has ventured, greatly to the annoyance of some of the critics of the Tieck school, to throw aside; though fully sensible of the dramatic capabilities afforded by the romantic, or the power of the superstitions of the middle ages, or of the lingering remains of yet more ancient mythologies, when judiciously kept down, and used only as an accessary to the picture of feelings and passions, as they were and are. His studies under Arndt had deeply imbued him with the knowledge of the Scandinavian mythology, and with the spirit of the elder times of Denmark and Norway. The wild, savage, straightforward energy and calm submission to their fate, when it overtakes them, which characterise those ancient sea-kings; the pure, exalted, constant attachment, or passive courage of their northern dames; the contrast of the dark and gloomy religion of Paganism, with its maxims of cruelty, its blood-stained altars and human victims, with the spirit of Christianity, its milder manners and purer precepts; or occasionally with the more temporal devices of monkish superstitions and fraud;—are themes which, in the hands of Oehlenschläger, are made to yield the most striking materials for tragedy; while his perfect acquaintance with the time is shown, not in the accumulation of minute particulars or antiquarian allusions, but in a primeval simplicity, and essential truth pervading and informing the whole. The superstitions of the time, Pagan or Christian, he also employs without hesitation; for to have omitted them as influential motives of conduct, would have been to have left out one of the most marking features in the character of the age; but they are used sparingly, not as the grand moving principle of the drama. The interest of the piece centres in real characters, actual emotions, incidents historically true or believed. Over them doubtless a certain plastic power is exercised; here a shade is softened, there the dreariness of some situation of savage force is relieved by the light which modern refinement sheds over the scene; but still all is tempered so as to blend those touches of a modern hand harmoniously with the original ground, and to preserve the spirit of the time in its simplicity of tone and colossal grandeur of form.

In "*Hakon Jarl*," a usurping heathen tyrant is opposed to the young and rightful heir of the throne, who is a Christian. The deep, steady, unflinching cruelty and bloody superstition of Hakon, are pourtrayed with a force and truth which make the reader shudder. Some of the scenes, that for instance in which, supposing it to be the will of the gods, he sacrifices his almost infant son, Erling, would not be endured on the stage in this

country; we hardly think on that of any other. The good old Horatian precept, "Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet," is, we suspect, of universal and invariable application. Yet individual scenes of this play are rich in poetical beauties, and the impression of gloom and desolation from the whole is complete and consistent. An iron strength pervades the dialogue; solemnity and gloom rest upon the scenes, as if we were really wandering in some druidical forest, and catching glimpses of warriors and priests, kings and white-veiled dames, through the dim smoke of sacrifices, and the dusky twilight of interlacing oaks and immemorial pines.

As in Hakon Jarl the piety of Christianity had been represented in contrast with the barbarity of Paganism, so in "Palnatoke" an open honourable heathen nature is opposed to the artifices of monkish cunning. The main object of the play is to paint the feelings of one hitherto conscious of an unsullied fame, but who, by having yielded to the passion of a moment, has stained the brightness of his shield by a stain which nothing but death—his own death—can efface. Having thrice detected the treacherous King in attempts upon his life, he at last yields to the demon of revenge, enters the apartment where the royal assassin is sitting to receive the tidings of Palnatoke's death, and there pierces him with an arrow from his unerring bow, for Palnatoke is the Tell of Denmark, and this play opens with a scene (founded on tradition) similar to that of the apple in the square at Altdorf. Though he feels that the treacherous monarch has deserved his fate, yet the thought that he had thus slain an old man unable to resist him preys upon his mind, and he looks for death as the only means of restoring his fame, or tranquillising the deep feeling of remorse which gnaws his mind. Knowing that he has been invited to the funeral of the King only with the secret view of arresting him, he shrinks not from going thither, and in the face of the assembled multitude avows the deed, and the motives which had actuated him, and awes them into silence by his commanding deportment. The traitor, Fiolnir, who attempts to seize him, he cuts down upon the spot, then seating him at the table with an energy which makes the very windows of the old hall shake above them, he thus proceeds—

> "Peace in the hall I say!—By Asa Thor!
> Make but one motion to lay hold upon me,
> And your hearts' blood shall answer it.
>
> [*To Swend, the young King.*
>
> Young Milkbeard,
> So thou wouldst lay thy hand upon a hero!
> Who was it taught thee, aye who taught ye all,
> Ye smooth-tongued brood, to wield the sword in battle?

Who made ye what ye are, trained ye to warriors?
I, Palnatoké!—Will ye then believe
Your father, your instructor, was a villain?
By Denmark's honour, even Walhalla's gods
Blush in the clouds and are ashamed of ye.
[*The warriors sheath their swords and sit down ashamed.*
I could depart at once. I need not render
Account to such as you; but I am come
To take farewell as would an honest man,
And silence the reports that stain mine honour.
I slew thy father, yesternight, because
By fratricide he gained the throne, because
He sold our Denmark to the priests, because
He thrice before had aimed against my life.
That is enough for my defence with you.
The hoary sinner had deserved his death.
Farewell to thee and all, I sail for Usedom.
Seek'st thou revenge? Then meet me like a man
There, with thy fleets upon the open sea,
But stain not thou thine honour, nor insult
The man who hath been more than father to thee.
I go from hence as calmly as I came,
And where is he that will impede my passage!
I may have been too hasty, may have sinned,
But the eternal Gods must be my judges,
Not men. I fall not by such hands as yours." [*Exit.*

Palnatoke is distinguished by one peculiarity—the introduction of a new unity. Those of time and place, Oehlenschläger, like most of his northern brethren, holds rather cheap, but here we have, instead of them, the unity of sex, for females are, by a sort of Salic law of the drama, entirely excluded. If, however, they are somewhat unceremoniously used in this picture of the darker ages of Denmark, they are restored to their ascendancy in his next play of "Axel and Walburg," of which Love and Constancy is the moving principle; and where a melting tenderness takes the place of that savage strength which had sparkled through Hakon Jarl, and Palnatoke. The relationship of cousins has interposed a barrier between the attachment of Axel and Walburg; to overcome this obstacle, Axel, after joining the crusaders under Henry the Lion, and distinguishing himself in Palestine, has received from the Pope himself the permission to unite his fate with that of Walburg. He returns to Drontheim full of hope; he meets his mistress in the cathedral, accosts her in the disguise of a pilgrim, ascertains her constancy, but learns from her at the same time, that the King had, during his absence, solicited her hand, and that all the weight of the royal authority, backed by the intrigues of the priesthood, would be employed to prevent

their union. Confident, however, in the force of the Papal warrant, Axel has no fears; the marriage day arrives, the archbishop and the court are assembled in the cathedral, the ceremony is about to commence,—when Knud, an intriguing monk and a tool of the king, discovers that, though the pope's warrant removed the objection of relationship by birth, it did not do away with the disability arising from their being foster-children, which, by the law of Norway, was of itself an impediment to marriage. By this objection, the object of which Axel immediately perceives, the proceedings are suddenly stopped, and the archbishop is reluctantly compelled to pronounce a sentence of separation against those whose destinies he was about to unite. The King urges that this parting should take place instantly and in his presence, but the Archbishop, who sees through the artifice, maintains the right of the lovers to bid adieu to each other alone; the King, who had been wresting the law to the utmost against the unfortunate, is compelled in this point to admit its validity against himself; and the lovers are left alone to bid each other a last farewell. We can only afford room, however, for part of the pathetic scene that follows. Walburg takes the crown of roses from her hair, and looking at it exclaims—

"..... White rose!
Fit emblem art thou of eternal love;
The ruddy glow of earth is faded from thee,
But the bright angel form remains behind.

Axel. O Walburg! Walburg!

Walburg. Calm thyself, my love.

Axel. Be calm, sayst thou? O Walburg! how hast thou
Become at once so calm and so composed?

Walburg. In the dark stilly grave all things are calm.
I was prepared before.

Axel. Prepared!—O Walburg!
Not so—for never did thy lovely eye
Beam with a brighter joy than at the moment
When in thy lover's hands thou laidst thine own.

Walburg. The eye will often sparkle clearest, Axel,
When it is full of tears!—

Axel. What—didst thou weep then?
Whence came thy cause of terror? Seemed not all
To smile upon us? Have I like a fool
Toiled ever after an ideal dream?
Have I, like Jacob, year by year toiled on
To gain my own Rebecca at the last,
And then to meet this blow!—Patience—Oh Heaven!
My fate is fearful, unexpected—'tis
A thunderstroke, and I am felled before it.
Ah! truly saidst thou Walburg, when the pilgrim

Beside thee knelt—he kneels beside the grave!
Beside the grave in truth: it *is* his goal.
Yes, thou wert right; the grave expands its arms
For him, as for a friend. What hath he more
In the wide world to look for or to gain.
My sun is set, my light grows dim and dimmer,
I grope my way on earth through storm and darkness;
O open then, mine own maternal earth,
And take thy son unto thy quiet breast,
Since Walburg may not press me to her bosom.

Walburg. O Axel! Now—for the last time on earth
Does Walburg press thee to her faithful heart.

Axel. O fate be merciful!—here let me die.

Walburg. Not so, loved youth. Yet thou must live.

Axel. And why?—
What should I live for now.

Walburg. For honour, Axel;
Think of the noble import of thy name.
Means not the name of Axel great and noble
In our old Danish tongue.

Axel. And such he would be,
If fate had not ta'en his Walhalla from him,
His own fair faithful Walburg—a reward
Such as a hero toils for.

Walburg. My loved life!

Axel. The trumpet called me to the field. I fought
Not for myself, to gain an olive wreath,
But from the clouds there bent a goddess down,
Stretching a rosy garland to my grasp,
A crimson crown of roses!

Walburg. It is faded.

Axel. I came to Rome, I saw the ancient pope;
Trembling I knelt before the lord of earth,
And drank life, hope, salvation, from his smile.
He gave the magic letter to my hand;
Ye blue and beauteous hills of Italy!
How fast ye faded from my eager eyes;
My gaze, for ever turned to the far north,
Soon saw the pallid northern streamers play,
That sparkled like the watch-lights from my home!

Walburg. Such were the feelings of thy Walburg too.
By hill and dale untired the pilgrim trod,
Far distant from his fellows, staff in hand.
The lark that soar'd above him sang of Walburg;
The rosy dawn gleamed like the glow of love;
And when, at noon, he sought the shady wood,
On every German beech or southern myrtle
He graved her name. Close over it, thou bark,
And hide the much-loved characters for ever!

And you ye Dryads, from your ancient trunks
Still sing the northern lovers' hapless fate,
To southern maidens when the evening falls,
And your green locks are quivering in the wind."

* * * * * * * *

With the assistance of the archbishop a plan is formed for the escape of Axel and Walburg. It proves successful; all obstacles are (by a pious fraud, in which the good archbishop participates) fairly overcome, and the lovers are on the point of embarking, when the news reaches Walburg, that an invading band under Erling has landed, and that the life of the king is in danger. Loyalty at once rises superior to love; Axel flies to protect the king who had injured him; and who, overcome by his generosity, sacrifices his own passion, agrees to resign to him the object of his affections, and intreats his forgiveness for the distress he has already caused. At this interesting moment the hostile squadrons throng into the cathedral where the interview between the loyal Axel and the repentant monarch takes place; Axel seizing the royal mantle and helmet, which the wounded king had laid aside, rushes forward and receives in his own breast the blows which are aimed against the king. Meantime the royal guards, under Sigurd, force their way into the church. The invaders are beaten off, and Axel, dying in the arms of victory, is shortly followed by Walburg, who, after pouring out her grief, first in a strain of calm sorrow mingled with hope, and then in a wild extatic strain of melancholy enthusiam, expires by his side.

As in Axel and Walburg he had pourtrayed the constancy, so in his "Hagbarth and Signa," written some years afterwards, he has depicted with wonderful force and beauty the omnipotence of a youthful passion. The whole interest of the play depends on the position of Signa, who falls in love with Hagbarth, who had slain her brother Alf in single combat. In its general bearings therefore her situation is analogous to that of Chimène, in *The Cid*. But how differently are these characters treated by the French and by the Danish poet! On the French stage love is nothing more than a convenient means of complicating a plot, by its collision with other feelings, and the supposed license which it affords to sudden and violent revolutions of feeling—a convenient principle for illustrating the conflict of duties. "The father softens," says the Governor of Tilbury, in the Critic, "but the Governor is fixed:" and so in the French drama, though the *woman* begins to soften, the *daughter* only becomes the more obdurate. These things are differently managed in the drama of the North: there love is viewed not as a weakness, but as a divine, irresistible sentiment, which it is equally vain and criminal

to resist, and which, when it has once penetrated, indelibly colours with its golden hues the fountain of existence. It is no longer a mere disturbing force, crossing the path of other duties like a comet and disturbing them in their courses, but a calm, celestial luminary, which in its irresistible round draws all minor objects within its orbit, and round which they are contented thenceforward to perform their humbler revolutions.

In this latter, and certainly more elevated and poetical form, has the passion been treated by Oehlenschläger in this play, which, though by no means one of his best, and far inferior in the conclusion to the commencement, must—from the deep feeling with which it is imbued, the unhesitating, indestructible attachment which it pourtrays, and the many passages of lyrical sweetness with which its scenes are interspersed, like Romeo and Juliet always have a charm for the young and enthusiastic reader. The prejudice which we should otherwise feel against the character of Signa, when, like Polyxena, her hand "*trembles* in his who slew her brother," is artfully softened by the previous representation of Alf's character;—a melancholy dreamer, a-weary-of-the-world, and anxious to rejoin the object of a youthful passion, who had died before him; so that when the visionary falls at last beneath the sword of Hagbarth, and enters on that eternity which had so long been the subject of his thoughts, we feel as if by that event he was indeed released from an irksome imprisonment—as if the door of some friendly palace had suddenly been opened to one who had long been lingering on the steps, and gazing wistfully on the treasures within through its chinks and crevices.

The following short monologue follows the scene where Signa has forgiven and bidden adieu to Hagbarth, who has been driven from Zealand by her mother, never to return under pain of death:—

SIGNA *(coming slowly back).*

"He is not here. 'Twas but my mother chiding.
The echo of his oars grows less and less;
So flies the stag unto his forest hiding,
Scared by the hunters in his loneliness.
Night comes: the moon grows bright above the sea,
The birds of eve their mournful descant pour,
'Twas here, they sing, he bade farewell to me,
And never, never, will I see him more!

I took the fatal garland from my head,
To give it to him ere he sailed for ever;
It would not be—my mother's frown forbade,
But that which once was loved is hated never.

Yet will I part what love had joined together;
As from this wreath, the last my hands shall bind,
I pluck the rose leaves, one by one, to wither,
I fling my fond hopes loose upon the wind."

In Paris, where these tragedies were composed, Oehlenschläger had an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with one who at a later period became his most determined enemy—the vain, witty, clever, but vaccillating, Baggesen; as well as with Madame de Staël and Benjamin Constant. After a short tour through Switzerland, he went, by invitation, to visit Madame de Staël at Coppet, with whom Constant and Augustus Wm. Schlegel were then residing. No very cordial union appears ever to have taken place between Schlegel and the Danish poet. The former thought the Dane too opinionated, too little disposed to adopt those views in criticism which he himself and his sect advocated; the latter thought the critic and philosopher too much attached to the aristocracy and the hierarchy, too exclusive and *exigeant* for his tastes. Schlegel read over Oehlenschläger's works and assisted him in his German translations of them, but with a cautious abstinence from any remarks on their literary merits or demerits. With Madame de Staël he found himself more at home. To her kindness, her talent, her enthusiasm, her deep and sincere love of truth, her contempt for meanness or artifice either in literature or in life, he does ample justice; making only some deduction for her vanity and her undisguised want of sympathy with the calm, the simple and the profound. If, however, Madame de Stael erred on the score of vanity—if a mote could be pointed out in her eye, it must be admitted that there was occasionally an absolute beam in that of her critic, whose conduct was really now and then perfectly ludicrous. Among other visitors, for instance, at this general literary meeting-house was Zacharias Werner. Oehlenschläger had read his *Sons of the Valley* and his *Consecration of Strength;* but with some feeling of admiration for the occasional flashes of genius which in these tragic extravaganzas broke through the " blanket of the night," he had an insurmountable and well-founded dislike to his mystical æsthetics, his violent contrasts and transitions, and the inexplicable principles of composition which he had latterly adopted and advocated. All this, on the contrary, was just the thing likely to captivate Madame de Staël, ever anxious for originality even when it was but a transition from bad to worse, and shaping, by the aid of her own fertile and brilliant imagination, a vast and magnificent outline, out of those misty and objectless fragments, which were strewed about with a certain imposing and colossal

vastness in the works of Werner and his brethren. She accordingly expressed enthusiastic admiration of his *Attila*, which he one day read aloud to the party at Coppet. A feeling of jealousy at the admiration so warmly expressed was probably awakened in Oehlenschläger's mind, which was increased by an incident which shortly afterwards occurred. The poets were walking one day together on the Geneva road, when Oehlenschläger communicated to Werner the plan of a new tragedy he was then contemplating on the subject of the life and (traditional) death of Correggio, and in return begged to know the nature of the new "Mystery," on which he understood the visionary was engaged. "Excuse me," said Werner, "I have sometimes communicated my plans to people beforehand, and somehow or other they always found their way into the newspapers." Madame de Stael, coming up shortly afterwards, asked what they were talking of. "I am scolding Werner," said Oehlenschläger, "because although I have told him the plan of my tragedy, he is making a mystery of his. Is it not too bad?" Ah!" said Madame, gravely, "C'est une autre chose; *vous avez besoin de vous former*."—

"Without answering her," says Oehlenschläger, "I turned my back and left her. She waited, expecting me to return; but as I did not make my appearance, she sent a servant to inquire for me. I told her I was packing my trunks in order to depart. She then came to me in the kindest manner, and begged me to remain and not to be angry. 'You know,' said she, 'how much I esteem you; I prize Werner on account of his poems, but you on your own account.' I assured her that her friendship did me honour, and that if I were nothing more than a promising youth, as she seemed to think, that would be enough; but that I had written as long and as much as Werner; that I did not think I had any thing to learn from him; for though he possessed genius and goodness of heart, he wanted good taste entirely, and if he went on as he was doing, would soon want good sense also: that I could not expect her to have any great consideration for me as a poet, since she was as yet acquainted with none of my works; only she might have deferred, till further acquaintance, the judgment she had pronounced as to my poetical deficiencies. She agreed with me, and so peace was concluded. Shortly afterwards she had an opportunity of perusing my *Hakon Jarl* and *Aladdin*, and then she found I had no need to go to school to Werner."

Oehlenschläger seems scarcely conscious of the childish figure he cuts through this scene; and indeed this is not the only extravagant sally of vanity in which the Scandinavian indulges. He fairly quarrelled, for instance, with the Danish ambassador, because he would not take his word for his own identity, without his passport. Leaving these follies, however, we now accom-

pany him on his long-looked-for visit to Italy. A bright sunshine seems spread over this portion of his life; his Journal seems to be written by one whom the balmy air and clear sky of the south had almost intoxicated. The sight of the Alps, he says, exceeded all the visions of them which his imagination had formed. In Parma he visited the frescos of Correggio in the churches of St. Joseph and St. John.—

"As I was gazing at the cupola," says he, "through my spectacles, the church gradually filled with persons, who placed themselves on their knees about me, and began to pray with fervour. As I wished to give no offence, and at the same time thought it would be a piece of affectation to kneel, I placed myself in a corner, and silently commenced my own devotions. I find my prayer written in my Journal, among long-winded criticisms on art, in these terms: 'O God, open and purify my heart, to recognize thy greatness, goodness and beauty, in the works of nature and of man. Preserve my country, my king, my love, my friends. Let me not die in a foreign country, but return to my home in peace. Give me cheerfulness and courage to pursue my path along this fair earth, without hating or despising my neighbour, nor weakly yielding against my own conscience to the prejudices of the world. Let me be a good poet; thou hast formed my mind for art; it is the telescope through which I acquire a nearer intercourse with thy perfections. Let me live in my works like this good Correggio, that when I am dead many a young heart may yet be cheered by my poetical pictures.' Such was the prayer, neither altered nor improved, which I uttered beneath the cupola of Correggio: the idea of writing a play on the subject of his life—an idea which I had already entertained in Paris, again occurred to my mind; and in Modena, when I saw the little fresco painting over the chimney-piece in the Ducal palace, which had been executed in his seventeenth year, it was finally resolved on."

The intention was shortly afterwards carried into effect in a play of no ordinary originality and beauty, though based on the simplest and most tranquil elements, in which southern imagery and southern feelings, the pure inspiration of art and the even tenor of a domestic and innocent life, have been caught by the poet, with the same distinctness and grace with which he had already depicted the stern scenery and sterner passions, the warlike heroes and tumultuous life of Scandinavian antiquity. Taking Vasari's (somewhat apocryphal) account of his death as the ground-work, he has delineated with perfect success, and in a style of which "the plainness moves us more than eloquence," the hopes, visions, and disappointments; the fears from without, the fightings within, as despondency or renewed elasticity of mind obtain the ascendency—the chequered life and melancholy death of that great artist. Correggio is represented by Oehlenschläger as a quiet, gentle, talented being, but of a weak bodily frame,

easily depressed for a moment by censure, as easily restored to cheerfulness by the voice of encouragement: not yet conscious of the full extent of his own talent, but feeling that nature has formed him either to be an artist or nothing else; and clinging to art through good report and bad;—calmly, and at a distance from the courts of princes, pursuing in his own village his beloved occupation, and devoting his hard-earned gains to the support of an amiable wife and child. In contrast with Correggio, a timid shrinking child of genius, stands the bold impetuous hasty-tempered Michael Angelo; blasting for a time, by a rash sneer uttered in anger, all the visions of hope with which the modest Correggio had been cheering his village solitude; while between both, and linking together these distant extremes, is placed the calmer, kinder, more practical and common-sense character of Julio Romano, alive to all excellence, however dissimilar to his own, acknowledging with the candour of true genius the superiority of another, and by his consolations raising up anew those hopes which the sarcastic tongue of Michael had so rudely scattered to the wind. Correggio himself is exhibited also in his domestic relations as a fond husband and father, cheered by these blessings in his humble home, though assailed from without by the envious persecutions of Ottavio, who entertains a criminal passion for his wife, and Battista, the meaner instrument of his master's plans. He is exhibited under all the different moods, of which a mind so gentle is capable, now almost worn out by petty vexations, now consoled by some heavenly dream, or rapt into extacy even while bending with fatigue and bodily suffering under the load of copper in which his painting is paid for, by the tints of a rainbow or the glories of the evening sun; and at last, like that setting luminary, expiring tranquilly in the arms of his son, just as the gratitude and patronage of his countrymen, on whom his productions had shed a new lustre, are beginning to show themselves in the distance, like some lingering messenger arriving too late to save the victim, but in time to place the wreath of martyrdom on the brows of the dead.

The piece to which Correggio bears most analogy is the *Tasso* of Goethe, which is to poetry what this tragic Idyll is to painting. But the natural, kind-hearted, simple, and modest Correggio justly excites a warmer interest than the more fiery, self-willed, and somewhat self-conceited being whom Goethe has delineated. Correggio's misfortunes are not owing to himself—he fights up against his fate, silently indeed, yet gallantly; nor could he act otherwise than he does, without meanness or guilt. But Tasso's misfortunes arise from a morbid sensibility to all that concerns himself, and an incapacity to comprehend, or a determination to

disregard the rules of society and the salutary influence of custom. The bridge which spans the stream of life is wide enough for him and others too, could he only be persuaded to think so, and to walk peaceably across; but to his jaundiced eye it seems narrow as that sharp-edged scythe blade which the Koran represents as the passage into Paradise; all the world seems to be in a conspiracy to push him into the stream, and so, giddy and despairing, he plunges voluntarily down. Correggio has as narrow, as rough a path to pursue; the shocks he encounters in his pilgrimage are real, not imaginary; poverty, with its icy hand, pushes him on one side, treachery spreads its trap-doors and pit-falls on the other; but he grasps his staff firmly, plants his foot with caution, and moves on uncomplaining and undaunted. The pity we feel for Tasso, as painted by Goethe, strong as it is, is akin to contempt—our sympathy with Correggio is blended with admiration.*

We pass rapidly over the remainder of his stay in Italy, which was distinguished in particular by one incident of a more adventurous nature than is generally met with in a poet's biography, namely, his falling into the river at Tivoli immediately above the cataract, and very narrowly escaping being hurried over into the abyss. The poet, who had now been separated from his country, his friends and his intended bride, for five years and upwards, naturally began to feel some symptoms of home-sickness. The sight of the Alps on his homeward journey was now as delightful to him as it had been on his entrance into Italy, though from another cause. As he approaches the Simplon, he writes as if his spirits rose with every step of his progress.

"Once more among the old gigantic hills
With vapours clouded o'er;
The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind,
The rocks ascend before.
They beckon me, the giants, from afar,
They wing my footsteps on;
Their helms of ice, their plumage of the pine,
Their cuirasses of stone.
My heart beats high, my breath comes freer forth—
Why should my heart be sore?
I hear the eagle and the vulture's cry,
The nightingale's no more.
Where is the laurel, where the myrtle's blossom?—
Bleak is the path around:
Where from the thicket comes the ring-dove's cooing?
Hoarse is the torrent's sound.

* For copious extracts from this Drama, translated with admirable closeness and freedom, we refer our readers to *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. 8.

Yet should I grieve? when from my loaded bosom
A weight appears to flow:
Methinks the Muses come to call me home
From yonder rocks of snow.
I know not how—but in yon land of roses
My heart was heavy still,
I startled at the warbling nightingale,
The Zephyr on the hill.
They said, the stars shone with a softer gleam—
It seemed not so to me!
In vain a scene of beauty beamed around,
My thoughts were o'er the sea."

In his passage through Germany his only anxiety was to revisit Goethe. Unfortunately he had but two days to spare for Weimar, and those who wish to meet Goethe in his best mood must occasionally wait a little, as seamen do for a fair wind. Oehlenschläger's account of the last interview, though somewhat long, is so interesting, and to those who have felt how often old friendships are broken, and serious misunderstandings caused, by trifles, so touching, that we cannot forbear extracting it.

"I had dedicated to him my Aladdin, had sent him a German copy of my Hakon Jarl and Palnatoke, with an affectionate letter, and I now expected a paternal reception, such as a scholar would anticipate from a master. Goethe received me courteously, but coldly, and almost like a stranger. Had subsequent events, then, extinguished in his mind the recollection of happy hours spent together, which in mine remained so dearly cherished, so incapable of being forgotten? Or were these recollections slumbering only, and peradventure might be awakened? Was I too impatient, that the son did not at once find the father he had expected? I know not. In truth, I could not suppress the pain I felt—but I thought that if I could be allowed to read my Correggio to him, our old communion and fellowship would revive. Matters, however, it seems, were otherwise arranged. When I told him, through Riemer, that I had written a new tragedy, which I wished to read to him, he sent me word that I might send him the manuscript, and he would read it himself. I told him he could not read it, as I had only a very ill written copy in my possession, full of corrections and interlineations. Such as it was, however, I gave it to Riemer. He brought it back to me, and told me that Goethe in fact found he could not read it; but that when I printed it, he would do so. This pained me, but I endeavoured to preserve my firmness and good humour. Goethe twice asked me politely to dinner, and there I was bold and satirical, because I found it impossible to be open-hearted and simple. Among other things I recited some epigrams, which I have never printed, on some celebrated writers. Goethe said to me good-humouredly, 'This is not your field—he who can make wine should not make vinegar.' 'And have you then,' I answered, 'made no vinegar in your time?' 'The devil!' said Goethe, 'suppose I have, does that make it *right* to do so?' 'No,' rejoined I—

'but wherever wine is made, some grapes will fall off which will not do for wine, though they make excellent vinegar, and vinegar is a good antidote against corruption.'

"Could we have had time only to become acquainted with each other again, all would have gone well, and Goethe would have allowed me to read my play to him. But unfortunately my departure could not be put off, and we took a cold farewell of each other. It grieved me however to the soul; for there was not a being in the world that I loved and honoured more than Goethe, and now we were parting, perhaps never again to meet in life. The horses had been ordered at 5 o'clock the next morning. It was now half-past eleven at night; I sat melancholy in my room, leaning my head upon my hand; the tears standing in my eye. All at once an irresistible longing came over me to press my old friend once more to my heart; though the pride of mortified feeling contended with it in my heart, and pleaded that I ought not to present myself to him in an attitude of humiliation.

"I ran to Goethe's house, in which there was still light; went to Riemer in his room and said, 'My dear friend, can I not speak to Goethe for a moment. I would willingly bid him farewell once more.' Riemer was surprized, but seeing my agitation, and knowing its source, he answered, 'I will tell him; I will see whether he is still up.' He returned and told me to go in, while he himself took his leave. There stood the creator of Götz of Berlichingen, and Herman and Dorothea, in his night gown, winding up his watch before going to bed. When he saw me he said to me kindly, 'Ah! friend, you come like Nicodemus.' 'Will the privy councillor,' said I, 'permit me to bid a last farewell to the poet Goethe?' 'Now then,' replied he with affection, 'farewell, my child.' 'No more, no more,' said I, deeply moved, and hastily left the room. For twenty years now I have not seen Goethe nor written to him, but I have named my eldest son after him; I have repeatedly read through and lectured upon his noble productions; his picture hangs in my room: I love him, and am convinced, that if fate should once more bring me into his neighbourhood, I should still find in him the old paternal friend. I know also that he has always spoken with kindness of me."

The poet's marriage, so long delayed by his wanderings, immediately followed his return. He read his Correggio with much approbation in the Royal Cabinet, and was shortly afterwards named professor extraordinary of Æsthetics in the University. Over the remaining part of his life we must pass hastily. He delivered public and private lectures on poetical literature during the winters at Copenhagen, while his leisure was completely filled up by assiduous and varied composition. In 1815 he was made by the king a knight of Dannebrog. In 1817 he made another tour through Germany, reviving old acquaintances, and making new, and in 1827 he was elected ordinary professor and assessor in the Consistory.

Into the controversial discussions into which Oehlenschläger

was plunged by the literary attacks of Baggesen, Grundtvig, and Heiberg, which were carried on with singular asperity, we have no wish to enter. Suffice it to say, that these quarrels of authors were carried on much in the same spirit as that between the two grammarians, one of whom wished that God might confound the other for his theory of impersonal verbs. Baggesen, the greatest of his assailants, is dead, and we need not, as Oehlenschläger himself says with feeling, plant nettles about his grave.

We can afford but a very summary glance at the other numerous compositions of a later date, by which Oehlenschläger has supported, though he has not added to his fame. His lyric poems in general are distinguished by force and simplicity of expression, a simplicity, in fact, which sometimes degenerates into common or prosaic lines; and almost always by a natural and unexaggerated vein of feeling. Of his operas and comic pieces, which form a large proportion of his writings, we cannot say so much; his humour is not striking, nor his dialogue brilliant; nor are his plots arranged with much art or dramatic effect. Some of them, however, undoubtedly contain passages of fine poetry. In his Ludlam's Hohle, (Ludlam's Cave,) a dramatic tale, which looks like a semi-comic parody on Grillparzer's Ancestress, portions of great beauty are lavished upon a merely childish and intractable ground-work. The following lines are descriptive of the force and instantaneous effect of outward impressions on the feelings and belief of the strongest minds:—

"Man is a child, and in the bonds of sense
Do all his thoughts and feelings fettered lie:
Sunshine without makes sunshine too within;—
Walks he by rosy beds and fountains by,
Falls there a cooling May shower on the leaves,
Or smiles some young and fair enchantress nigh,—
He thinks no more of graves and ghostly fears,
And life like one eternal dawn appears.
But let the bright and joyous season flee,
And cold and darkness in his chambers be,
And he stand lonely in the dreary hall,
When on the crucifix the moonbeams fall,
Or the stars glimmer through the wintry skies,
Then in his heart the ancient terrors rise;—
The cheerful world of sense at once seems gone,
The world invisible remains alone;
Nature, no more in flowery wreaths arrayed,
Glares on him with the eye-balls of the dead,
Till even eternity seems wrapt in gloom,
More dismal than the terrors of the tomb!"

"Erich and Adel" is a tragedy founded on the quarrels of two

royal brothers, the Cain and Abel of Denmark. It is not without force, and some of the situations indeed are remarkably striking, particularly that where Erich trusts himself alone in the castle of his fratricidal brother, and reveals himself to him; but the plot on the whole is inartificial, the character of Lauge, the instrument of evil, is disgusting, and that of Sophia, the heroine, light and uninteresting.

"Hugo von Rheinberg" is perhaps of a still more unpleasing character. It is the portrait of a heartless licentious infidel, of the middle ages, who to further an adulterous passion, basely murders the husband of his mistress, and in attempting to poison his own wife, inflicts death by mistake on the guilty object of his criminal attachment. Some characteristic sketches it contains, such as those of the fierce old warrior, Rupert, a genuine specimen of the gentleman-savage of those days, and his son Maurice, a perfect contrast to his father, who having studied in Provence, has brought back, to his paternal mansion on the Rhine, all the light fopperies of the *gaya ciencia*, and moves to the death which he receives from the iron-hearted Hugo with the same light heart and careless step with which he would have couched his lance in a tournament at Toulouse.

"Stärkoddir" is another of those pictures of the heroic times of Scandinavia, in which Oehlenschläger's genius so much delights to revel; but without the advantage of so interesting a plot as either Hakon Jarl or Axel and Walburg. Charles the Great, which appeared lately in one of the German Annuals, is decidedly inferior to many of his earlier productions.

Of his novels we have nothing to say. Some of them are respectable; some very indifferent, none of any striking excellence. *Non omnia possumus.* And it may be some consolation to Oehlenschläger to recollect, that our own great novelist has hardly been more successful in the drama than Oehlenschläger himself in the department of novel writing. Tragedy is clearly his true field; in that he has already gained for himself a European reputation, and by his good taste and good sense he has given a healthy, original, and, we trust, permanent tone to the literature of his country.

ART. II.—*Histoire du Congrès de Vienne.* Par M. de Flassan. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1829.

IT is in these times a prevalent remark, that the people of this country take but a slight interest in foreign affairs. Even in parliament, and especially in the House of Commons, discussions of our policy in regard to foreign nations are languidly conducted, and left to a few speakers. They cannot, by any eloquence or management, be raised into interesting debates, or produce influential divisions. During the last session, nothing could be made of Portugal or of Greece; although Portugal had recently afforded topics for the oratory of Canning, and the affairs of Greece involved a personal question. The French Revolution, indeed, of last July, did excite universal attention, as a curious and interesting spectacle, and an event likely to influence, by way of example, the domestic politics of England—a fearful topic, upon which we have elsewhere enlarged.

Judging from the debates of former parliaments, and from those slight and ephemeral publications which are said "best to show the bent and genius of the age," we should say that this indifference to foreign affairs has greatly increased in England almost within our own memory. Let us not be deemed fanciful or paradoxical when we ascribe it, in some measure, to the augmented intelligence of the people, a cause which appears to us to operate in two various ways. In the first place, the improved education of our youth and the extended studies of our grown men have been directed rather to science than to history. Whatever may have been said of the decline of science in the higher branches, what we have has been widely diffused; and treatises on chemistry, geology, mechanics, or political economy, take the place which was occupied by books of history.

But the diffusion of intelligence has also taught the people to look more sharply into their own concerns, and to reason upon politics by the light of their own understandings, and the result of their own observation. They do not always reason correctly; they often neglect remoter causes, or judge too flippantly of apparent effects. But, well or ill, they judge for themselves, and judge therefore according to what they see and feel. No political upholsterer could now be induced by the speech of any parliament man, or a pamphlet authenticated by "a person of honour," to care whether Silesia were assigned to Austria or to Prussia. He looks to the amount of his taxes, and the prices at which he buys or sells; or to the public expenditure, and the list of pensions; he is as unwilling, as he is unable, to discuss the remote

tendency which any proceeding between two foreign states has to involve this country in a war. This indifference, arising from the distance and indistinctness of the danger, is not confined to the people, but extends to their representatives in the House of Commons. It is less apparent among the peers; whose names are in more instances connected with the history of Europe, and whose leisure is greater for historical researches.

It is not for our present purpose to inquire, whether this disregard of occurrences on the continent is excessive and dangerous. One ill effect it certainly produces; it puts it in the power of any man professing to be a teacher of foreign politics, or wishing to forward an object of party, to inculcate a popular error; and it gives prevalence to misrepresentations, which an attentive consideration of facts would readily detect.

We dedicate this article to an examination of some positions affecting our foreign policy, which have been repeated, again and again, in parliament and out of parliament, if without serious contradiction, so also without justifying evidence.

The work which we have placed at the head of our article, was published at Paris towards the conclusion of the reign of Charles X., by M. de Flassan. This writer had been in the Foreign Office at Paris before the Revolution, and emigrated in 1791, but was subsequently Historiographer of Foreign Affairs under Bonaparte, and was attached to Talleyrand at the Congress of Vienna. He has evidently a perfect knowledge of his subject. This work contains the most complete history of the proceedings of the Congress which has appeared either in France or England. Except from the speeches of Lord Castlereagh, we have hitherto known but little of the detailed progress of the complicated discussions, and the workings of the conflicting interests, which occupied the European powers after the downfal of Bonaparte. By M. de Flassan, as it appears to us, they are fairly given. His work is chiefly narrative, with perhaps less of interlocutory remark than is usual with a Frenchman. He is avowedly a Royalist: and has an evident disposition to approve; and it is pleasing to observe the ample justice which this French writer does to the disinterested policy of England.

But as our view is not confined to the Congress of Vienna, we shall give no analysis of M. de Flassan's work; though we shall largely avail ourselves of it, in endeavouring to deliver the Foreign Policy of England from the misrepresentations to which it has been exposed.

It is not unfrequently asserted, without reply, that Mr. Pitt commenced and continued war for the restoration of the Bourbons;—and that during the continuance of that war, England espoused the cause of the despots against their people.

Farther, it is said, that at the peace of 1814, and in the arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, the same so called illiberal policy was adopted and extended, with the connivance and participation of England, represented by Lord Castlereagh;—and that England was a party, assisting if not contracting, to a league of sovereigns for the repression of liberal and popular institutions, under the name of the Holy Alliance;—that Mr. Canning, when Secretary for Foreign Affairs, disconnected England from this alliance, and gave her powerful support to the cause of liberty in Europe;—that the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen returned to the illiberal policy of Lord Castlereagh.

It is added, that, by this change of policy, England has lost the influence which, under Mr. Canning, she possessed upon the continent;—and it has even been asserted, that the late administration professed the principle of interference in the affairs of foreign states,—while the present Cabinet have avowed their intention to pursue the opposite policy, of non-intervention.

If these positions do not follow, easily and smoothly, one from another; if even some of them are with difficulty reconciled to others, the fault is not with us. We must deal with them as we find them.

The statement regarding Mr. Pitt's policy is of no great importance, in reference to any practical question, or to any existing statesman. It was used by the Whigs in their character of followers of Mr. Fox, when contrasting his system with that of his rival. Mr. Pitt was for despotism and the Bourbons; Mr. Fox for freedom and the people. Mr. Pitt would interfere in the form of foreign government; Mr. Fox would leave each nation to choose its own government. Interference, the principle of the Tories; non-interference, the watch-word of the Whigs.

How consistently this representation of the politics of their sect is adduced by those who did or do compose the Whig party, we shall hereafter afford the means of judging. It is enough for us now, that whatever may have been the policy of Mr. Fox, that which they ascribe to his rival was neither avowed nor pursued by Mr. Pitt. On the contrary, it was by that division of the Whigs, which joined him at the commencement of the war of 1793, that he was vehemently, but vainly, urged to make the restoration of the Bourbons an object of the war; to this day, the disciples of Burke and Windham impute to him as a fault the disregard of that advice; and some, we believe, of his most ancient colleagues were at least inclined to its adoption. Mr. Pitt was in the right. If this great statesman has been justly called a minister of expedients, the appellation can only be justified by the variety of means whereby, under varying circum-

stances, he pursued his object. He neither varied his object, nor changed his principle. The deposition of the Bourbons was not the justifying cause, nor could their restoration be the justifiable purpose, of the war. And no consideration of the advantage to be derived from the zealous co-operation of the French Royalists, or their foreign abettors, could induce Mr. Pitt to assert as a principle of England's policy, that which had not truly been his motive, and which was at variance with his political creed.

But a charge less obsolete, and more plausibly bearing upon recent times, is this,—that during the progress of the revolutionary war we espoused the cause of the despots against the people, and supported old and rotten governments, where there was a necessity as well as a desire for renovation. This position, brought as a charge, is equally unjust with the first. It is no doubt true, that, partly owing to the nature of the weapons wielded against us, from the fraternizing decree of 1792, to the attempt to revolutionize Egypt; and again, in the second part of the war, to the usurpations in Spain and Portugal, our measures did sometimes assume the character of a defence of ancient institutions. The revolutionary government of France began by exciting revolts in every country, as it were from the mere abstract love of revolution; they soon made it the means of extending their own power and territory. In the earlier periods of the war, and before this aggrandizement had become more decidedly and assuredly the object of our enemy, the discontented in this country were too well disposed to co-operate with the revolutionists of France. Thus, the foreign war, and the measures necessary for repressing sedition at home, became inseparably connected; and it was a legitimate and strictly English object to prevent the extension of the revolutionary principle. The re-establishment of the ancient dynasty was one obvious method of destroying the hostile and dangerous government; and, for this reason, encouragement was offered to its supporters in France;* and it was more than once avowed as a desirable, never as an essential, object of our wishes.† Our successive allies in these contests were, naturally, the heads of the great monarchies. *They*, moreover, or some of them, had entered into the war with the avowed purpose of crushing the revolution; but it was enough for us to obtain their co-operation, without examining its origin. To inquire after abuses in their national institutions, or to ask whether these sovereigns administered gently their great authority, would have been equally absurd, and inconsistent with the objects of the alliance.

* See the King's declaration, 29th October, 1793. Parl. Hist. xxx. 1057.

† Lord Grenville's letter to M. Talleyrand, 4th January, 1800. Parl. Hist. xxxiv. 1198.

During the progress of the contest, its character underwent a great change. France acquired institutions, not boasting of antiquity, but imitating in all other respects those of ancient Europe. The object of her ruler, now become imperial, and in form as well as in truth despotic, was not to overturn thrones, but to depose kings, replacing them everywhere with princes of a new dynasty, taken from his own family, or the staff of his army. Where the new government altered the constitution, the alteration was not always in favour of the people; some appearance of freedom might, perhaps, be assumed, while the power of the government was really more tyrannical. Doubtless, this extension of power was, as in the instance of the military conscription and the anti-commercial decrees, used for the efficient conduct of the war; but one consequence was, especially in regard to commerce, that the interests of the English government and people became connected with those of the *people* of many foreign countries, in opposition to the interests, or at least to the adopted policy, of their *rulers*. In Holland and in Germany this was eminently true.

In one instance, even while Mr. Pitt yet lived, our government found it politic to encourage a revolt. Spain had been forced by France into the war. There appeared in her American colonies a disposition, since completely manifested, to throw off her yoke. It was entirely consistent with Mr. Pitt's English policy to encourage and assist the colonies, in order at once to weaken our enemy, Spain, and to raise up nations in the western world with whom England might have a friendly and commercial intercourse.

Not long after this, Spain herself rose against the king whom France had placed upon the throne of Philip V. England flew to her assistance, and ensured her success. There have been strange misapprehensions of the nature of this contest. England was, no doubt, in the situation of abetting a revolt against an existing government; but the object of the contest was, not to establish more liberal institutions, but to restore an hereditary monarch; not because he was hereditary, but because his rival was the friend of France, and the battle of Spain against France was fought under his banner. Ferdinand was an arbitrary and bigoted prince, and the priests were among his most zealous advocates. Those who fought for him were not in general attached to new or liberal institutions. There was in some Spaniards a disposition of very slow growth to freedom and reform; but these were not the Spaniards who chiefly co-operated with England, still less were they the men who restored Ferdinand to his throne. The circumstances of the war made Ferdinand our ally, despot and bigot as he was; not because he was a despot and a bigot, nay, not even because he was legitimate and hereditary, but be-

cause his alliance furnished the most efficient means of opposing and overcoming the despot of France.

Circumstances partly similar, but greatly strengthened by an old and intimate alliance with the House of Braganza, connected us in Portugal also with ancient and legitimate monarchy.

Of the powers of Europe, of those even which had in the outset been the most vehemently opposed to innovation, some had become connected with the new dynasties, and all had at different periods withdrawn themselves, in some instances only for a time, from the general coalition. England herself, when the revolutionary principle was no longer in action, and when she was no longer under engagements to allies, had made peace with the new government of France. The war when renewed assumed the character of resistance to aggression and aggrandizement, unsupported by the weapons of democracy. By degrees, all the principal and some of the secondary powers became leagued with England against the too powerful sovereign of France. Resistance to France, and finally to her ambitious chief, was the common bond of union; yet England, to the very last, refused to adopt the cause of the Bourbons as her own, nor did she herein differ from the other powers. They continued, on the contrary, to treat with Bonaparte almost to the conclusion of the war. Nevertheless, the ultimate success of the allies was instantly followed by the restoration of the exiled family, and England found, in 1814, the security for peace which she had contemplated in 1800, when Lord Grenville regarded the restoration of the ancient line of princes as the best and most natural pledge of its reality and permanence.*

Thus, in France and in Spain, the restoration of the ancient and legitimate house of Bourbon was consequent upon the efforts and councils of the other ancient and legitimate monarchs. Hence the principle of legitimacy and hereditary succession derived additional support, and ancient institutions came again into fashion. The spirit of innovation had desolated the fields, destroyed the commerce, thinned the population, and overturned the altars and the thrones of Europe. It was natural that those who had at last mastered this mighty power, and annihilated its creations, should cling fondly and firmly to the institutions which survived; and that those princes, who were to receive back the territories which had been torn from them, should adopt, as the leading principle of their settlement, *restoration* of all that *had* been, unchanged and unreformed.

In some countries, and principally in France, the relative

* His note to Talleyrand of 4th January, 1800. Parl. Hist. vol. xxxiv. p. 1198.

power of the people was much too great to allow this principle to operate; but the very prevalence of the newer doctrines and more liberal institutions in France increased in the view of other powers the dangers of innovation.

But it is here to be remarked, and the observation has a peculiar reference to the policy of England, that in latter times the ancient institutions had been overturned, not by the spirit of freedom, but by the spirit of universal despotism. An attempt was made to unite all Europe under one commanding chief; and it became not only a natural object, but one perfectly justifiable, politic and necessary, to prevent the repetition of an attempt, so dangerous to the independence of nations, which had well nigh been accomplished by Bonaparte.

In the settlement of Europe, under this extraordinary combination of mixed and opposing dangers, England was invited to assist; nor, indeed, could she avoid it without abandoning all the objects for which she had contended. She was not now likely to be affected, at least so it appeared in 1814, by the spread of revolutionary principles. Those principles had lost much of the wildness and folly which in the French revolution almost brought discredit on the name of freedom, and indisposed sober men to changes, however innocent or beneficial; and there did exist among the people of some of the continental states, especially in those of Germany, a rational desire to ameliorate their institutions, upon principles of which England could not disapprove without disavowing her own constitution. This commendation, we believe, is not applicable to all the states in which revolutions were afterwards attempted; but those were states in whose proceedings England's interest was very remote.

The true policy and chief object of England was to prevent the establishment of a government in FRANCE which should, either through the revolutionary or the despotic principle, again endanger the peace of Europe. In minor continental arrangements she had not a very near concern, though it cannot be altogether denied that every hereditary monarchy has an interest in the preservation of hereditary right. A country like England, wherein that right has been set aside with great advantage to the whole nation, cannot, nor can even the sovereign of that country, consistently assert the indefeasibility of the principle of legitimacy; yet not only the monarch himself, but the people, enjoying the benefits of an hereditary government, may fairly disapprove and lament frequent and inconsiderate interruptions.

A minister of England, therefore, without feeling all the horror at the name of revolution which an Austrian councillor might entertain, might prudently join in the desire to avoid revolutionary

movements. And still further, feeling it to be the duty, as Mr. Canning said, of an English minister to look to the interests of England alone,* he might justifiably desire that the domestic peace of states should be at all events preserved, knowing how apt internal disorders are to lead to foreign wars.

Thus various and difficult were the considerations for England when she took part with the great powers of the continent in the settlement of Europe.

It is important to observe that her intimate connection with these great powers began, not with the arrangements consequent upon the peace, but with the operations for concluding the war. She had done very much, thanks to the Duke of Wellington, towards the downfal of Bonaparte; but she could not have accomplished this without her allies, nor could the alliance have been successful without a mutual understanding among all the parties of its spirit and purpose, from which understanding no single power was afterwards at liberty to depart.

In the previous operations, as well as in the final settlement, the interests of England were committed to Lord Castlereagh, of whom Lord John Russell tells us, in the "Letter to Lord Holland on Foreign Policy," of which a new edition was recently published, (and to which, as embodying the charges against Lord Castlereagh's system, we shall have frequent occasion to refer, in the subsequent part of this article,) that, "in the opinion of all impartial foreigners, he has done more harm by his negociations than any diplomatist of the continent."

A foreigner at once impartial and well-informed as to English affairs is not easily to be found.† We, speaking as Englishmen, and with reference to English interests, affirm that Lord Castlereagh, placed in a situation of importance and difficulty such as few English ministers have filled, did, faithfully and prudently, his duty to England. Lord Castlereagh was meritorious, in a degree not sufficiently known, in bringing the war to a successful conclusion. Among the sovereigns and commanders with whom he was associated, some, either not possessing sufficient energy

* Speech of Mr. Canning at Plymouth, October, 1823. "The end which I confess I have always had in view, and which appears to me the legitimate object of pursuit to a British statesman, I can describe in one word. The language of modern philosophy is wisely and diffusely benevolent; it professes the perfection of our species, and the amelioration of the lot of all mankind. Gentlemen, I hope that my heart beats as high for the general interest of humanity—I hope that I have as friendly a disposition towards other nations of the earth as any one who vaunts his philanthropy most highly; but I am contented to confess that in the conduct of political affairs, the grand object of my contemplation is the interest of England."

† See in Mr. Brougham's Speech of 30th April, 1823, a curious illustration of the ignorance of English affairs and Englishmen which prevails even among the most intelligent Frenchmen. Parl. Deb. vol. viii. p. 1533.

and decision of character, or feeling too little zeal for the cause, wavered at important moments, when nothing but the judicious management of Lord Castlereagh persuaded them to move. Having the unbounded confidence of his king and of his colleagues in the cabinet, he was enabled to speak for England, in a tone forcible through the character of the country, and influential through his own persuasiveness. We speak advisedly in saying that he did important service to his country and the alliance, of which his own generosity has intercepted and suppressed the praise. He has permitted transactions to be characterized as instances of blundering and heedless diplomacy, which were in truth prudent, skilful, and productive of great results. He could not have illustrated his own merits without betraying the vacillation of others, and he chivalrously bore the blame which their timidity deserved. We believe this to be the history of the "Russian Dutch Loan."

The influence which the character of Lord Castlereagh had upon the public events of his time, induces us to bestow upon it a few more words. He was a singular and remarkable man. He had more, and he wanted more, of the qualifications of a statesman and orator, than any man of equal eminence. He was greatly deficient in knowledge. He had not studied history, and he had not supplied its place by abstract political science. In one sense he had no principles; he had no fixed rules of conduct, drawn from experience, or suggested by theory. It was partly owing to these defects, that he was singularly free from prejudice. He could see with precision and acuteness of observation the object of his present policy, and he would pursue it by all the means likely to be successful. Though referred to no systematic rule, those means were generally successful; as his oratory, though neither classical nor even grammatical, was eminently persuasive. This power of persuasion he owed to the chivalrous bravery and sense of honour which belonged to him, to a noble courtesy of deportment, and conciliating suavity of manner. But these amiable qualities were accompanied by a fixed unity of purpose. In parliamentary debate his sole view was to get the business done. Unless he knew that a reply was requisite for carrying his measure, he would bear any taunt or misrepresentation, the case always excepted of an attack upon his personal honour, of which he was tenderly jealous.

In like manner, when arranging with able and wary diplomatists the complicated affairs of Europe, he kept sight of his English objects, and exerted his influence for those objects alone.

But his demeanor of high society and captivating manners

led to an intimacy with the allied monarchs, which, perhaps, involved him in an apparent participation in schemes not entirely consistent with the policy of England. His urbanity forbad the expression, and, perhaps, his indifference to all but his own purposes forbad even the entertainment, of an objection to proceedings of which he ought not to have approved. This indifference, probably, was increased by the absence of historical recollections and of speculative plans of policy. But we affirm, that it never led him to compliment away the interests of England, while it assuredly kept in good humour the allies, whom it was desirable to conciliate.

We will now examine the proceedings of Lord Castlereagh after the termination of the war, and particularly at the Congress of Vienna. Our object is to show that England did not pursue, either at Vienna or in the subsequent measures of Lord Castlereagh, an *illiberal* policy with respect to the affairs of other nations; that she did not adopt the system described by Mr. Gally Knight as *repressive;* but that throughout all those transactions "the interests of Great Britain were steadily pursued," and constituted the sole object of British policy.

Now what were the leading points of Lord Castlereagh's proceedings at Vienna? They were taken, as is truly stated by Lord John Russell,* with very little variation, from a paper drawn by Mr. Pitt† in 1805, at the formation of the coalition which was dissolved at Austerlitz.

The objects of Mr. Pitt were thus stated:—

1. "To rescue from the dominion of France those countries which it has subjugated since the beginning of the Revolution, and to reduce France within its former limits, as they stood before that time.

2. "To make such an arrangement with respect to the territories recovered from France as may provide for their security and happiness, and may at the same time constitute a more effectual barrier in future against encroachments on the part of France."

He added,—

"The first view with respect to any of the countries which may be recovered from France, must be, to restore as far as possible their ancient rights, and provide for the internal happiness of their inhabitants; but in looking at this object they must not lose sight of the general security of Europe, on which even that separate object must principally depend. Pursuant to this principle, there can be no question that whenever any of these countries are capable of being restored to their former

* Letter to Lord Holland, p. 9.

† See the communication made to the Russian ambassador, 19th January, 1805.—*Parl. Hist.* xxxi. 78.

independence, and of being placed in a situation in which they can protect it, such an arrangement must be most congenial to the policy and feelings on which this system is founded: but there will be found to be other countries among those now under the dominion of France to which these considerations cannot apply; where either the ancient relations of the country are so completely destroyed that they cannot be restored, or, where independence would be merely nominal, and alike inconsistent with security for the country itself and for Europe."

Such were the views with which Mr. Pitt prosecuted the war, with a success very ill-proportioned to the zeal and energy displayed on his part; and such were the views which Lord Liverpool and Lord Castlereagh retained, when the union of the European monarchs, and the improved efficiency of the British army, had at last accomplished that which Mr. Pitt had in vain pursued. Their success certainly imposed upon the allies a difficult and an odious task.

It had probably never happened, not even at the period of the treaty of Westphalia, that the destinies of so large a portion of Europe came into question. Countries inhabited by nearly 32,000,000 of persons, (as is stated by M. de Flassan, vol. i. p. 175,) had been conquered from Napoleon or his allies by the powers who had coalesced against him. Had these several countries been conquered by the separate arms of the respective powers, each would have had as complete a right to annex its own peculiar conquest to its own territory, as England had to retain Ceylon or Trinidad. In the present case, the conquests had been made jointly, in a war urged for a common purpose; and the main business of the Congress consisted in so disposing of them as to accomplish the objects of the war. The universal restoration of every country to the exact state in which it stood before the war was neither easy nor desirable. At what period was the war to be considered as beginning? The conquests had not been made by France in the war which was now concluded, but in a succession of wars conducted at various periods since 1791;—not one of the powers, not even England, had been, throughout the whole period, uninterruptedly at war with France. Was the Congress to go back to 1791, returning Europe to the situation in which France, beginning with the smaller states, had been able almost to enslave her? But it is needless to ask this question, since the changes had been so frequent and so complicated, as in some countries not only to eradicate the desire, but to destroy the possibility, of a return to the identical situation in which they had stood in 1791. The Congress, then, attempted no such restoration; their avowed object was to prevent that over-

whelming ascendancy of one power, from which they had, after unparalleled exertions, just escaped. Assuredly, in the appropriation of the territories which were at their disposal, they did take into consideration the degree in which the several powers had been useful and faithful to the alliance; and in this they were perfectly justified; but it was an object subordinate to that of security, and, in no case, we believe, inconsistent with it.

The separation of Belgium from the government and influence of France was an important object with the English ministers, both in 1805 and 1814. It was also with both a material point to re-establish Prussia as a powerful state. In Mr. Pitt's plan these two objects were united—the Netherlands being a part of the territory to be assigned to Prussia. Lord Castlereagh proposed their assignment to the new kingdom of Holland. The object was the same in both cases, and was truly, though not exclusively, English; being that of providing a barrier against France on the side of Holland, and keeping out of the hands of France a country from which she might greatly annoy either England or the Dutch Provinces. The situation of that country, as well as the ancient alliances between us, have always made Holland an object of interest to us, and her weakness by land a matter of regret. Excepting Portugal, there is no power with whom we had been, and were likely to continue, more uninterruptedly upon good terms. And as Holland had become since 1805 a compact sovereignty, capable of receiving an addition of territory, it was natural that she should appear, rather than Prussia, the power to which the Low Countries might advantageously be assigned.

It would be injustice to Lord John Russell's reputation as an acute observer, not to mention that he saw and stated in 1819, the great difficulty of preserving the union between Belgium and Holland; and he considered the Belgian people ill-used by the Dutch government in its subsequent administration, as well as by the allies who exacted the union.

We admit the general truth of his remarks, and we are upon the whole inclined to think that the assignment of Belgium to Prussia, as suggested by Mr. Pitt, would have more completely and safely answered the desired purposes. Yet the increase of the strength of Holland was a very natural and politic object on our part; it was also a fit object with us to keep Belgium out of the hands of France. But we erred in considering Belgium as an addition of strength to Holland. It certainly was not such an addition of strength as enabled the King of the Netherlands to defend it against France; and we might assuredly have foreseen, that in

case of an encroachment by France, England would have been the first power called upon to assist its ancient ally, and certainly we could have done nothing single-handed. Whether Prussia would have protected the Netherlands for the Dutch must have depended upon various temporary circumstances; whereas, had Belgium been Prussian, the great military strength of that state, and its intimate union with the other continental powers, would have rendered encroachment much less probable. It is, however, to be observed, that the scheme of annexing Belgium to Holland had been settled at Chaumont in 1814, between England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, and that France had consented to it.* Austria declined all connection with the Netherlands, but it does not follow that she would have been pleased, any more than France, with the establishment of Prussia in these important provinces, nor might that establishment have been unobjectionable, with a view to the independence of Holland herself. Nevertheless, it may be admitted, that the arrangement actually made has been unfortunate; and we do not deny that some of the ill-consequences might have been foreseen. In defending Lord Castlereagh from the sweeping charges of Lord John Russell, we do not maintain that he was infallible, but we cannot acquiesce in any degree in the objections made to his conduct in this particular, without observing that it is not very easy to name a settlement of the Netherlands which would have been both practicable and politic.

It is not necessary to discuss here the Belgian question as it is now agitated, but its present state affords an apt illustration of the difficulties attending it, and lightens in no small degree the charge to which Lord Castlereagh is subject, for having suggested an arrangement not entirely successful. It would, perhaps, have been enough for our immediate purpose, that there was no question between "liberality" and "repression;" that in which England took a part was a mere question of external policy, and so far as the proceeding had any reference to internal institutions, our interference was on the side of the people.

The annexation of Genoa to the dominions of the King of Sardinia was specifically one of Mr. Pitt's plans, having the truly British object of strengthening the barrier against France on the south-east. Vain attempts were made to show that English faith had been pledged to set up and maintain, after the conclusion of the war, the old republican government; whereas it was clearly shown—1st. That no promise or permanent guarantee had been given even by the unauthorized English general; and 2d. That

* Hist. du Congrès, i. 233, 234.

the Genoese did not, by co-operating with our troops, entitle themselves to a redemption of the promise if it had been made. We do not dispute the correctness of Lord John Russell's statement, of the aversion of the Genoese to their connection with Turin; an aversion, however, not greater than that which is mutual among the inhabitants of many towns and districts under the same ruler, and which renders highly improbable, if not impracticable, the favourite scheme of Italian union. Nevertheless, we admit that some of the changes of territory were to be viewed with regret: but those who impugn them ought to put themselves in the situation of Lord Castlereagh, and tell us what other arrangements they would have made tending to the same great purposes. The remedy was sometimes disagreeable, because the disease had been complicated and severe.

The re-construction of the Prussian monarchy was one of the leading objects of Lord Castlereagh's policy, again following Mr. Pitt; and his exertions mainly contributed to its accomplishment. So long as France is our most probable and formidable enemy, so long will the maintenance of the Prussian power be the policy of England. These, with the independence of Swisserland, were the principal objects of the English Minister.

It appears to have been at one time Lord Castlereagh's object to give more of substantive independence to Poland; he at first contemplated the re-establishment of a Polish kingdom under a separate prince, and with this view would have consented to the transfer of the entire dominions of Saxony to Prussia. (*Flassan*, pp. 52—56.) The opposition naturally made by the three powers, especially by the Emperor of Russia, to the Polish scheme, and the determination, to which the British Parliament as well as the French government contributed, to moderate the cessions required from Saxony, rendered this plan abortive. And the British minister contented himself with requiring, what was conceded, perhaps, with more readiness than sincerity, that the Polish subjects of the three powers should be treated *as Poles*, and preserved in their own customs and habits. But Lord Castlereagh never affected to urge either of his propositions respecting Poland on the score of national right, or the abstract love of liberty. His real and assigned motives were, a fear, in the first instance, lest Russia should be too powerful, and secondly, lest the discontents of the Poles should disturb the tranquillity of Europe. Lord Castlereagh really had no arguments, whereby he could have urged this point as a *sine quâ non* of England, or as one wherein, as in the case of Holland and Prussia, her interests were directly and undeniably concerned. But that Lord Castlereagh sacrificed this, or any other point, to a vague promise of commercial advan-

tages, as has lately been asserted,* there is neither proof nor probability. None such, we believe, either underwent or required discussion.

It is stated, by the author of the work before us, that it was another object of England to procure for the states of Europe more free constitutions.

"La Cour de Londres s'annonca au Congrès avec une intention prononcée de prévenir de nouveaux envahissements, par la création de fortes barrières politiques et militaires. Elle dirigea particulièrement son attention sur la conformation du nouveau royaume des Pays-Bas, regardé comme un des meilleurs gages de sa sûreté personelle, à l'égard de la France. Elle se montra zélée pour l'indépendance Hélvétique et pour la sûreté de l'Italie, et *favorisa les réprésentations nationales, comme tout ce qui pouvait tendre à garantir les droits des peuples.*"—Vol. I. p. 51.

We admit, without hesitation, that this last, not being a British object, was probably urged without much force. But its very statement as an object shows how strangely Lord Castlereagh is charged with upholding "illiberal" principles at the Congress of Vienna. The truth appears to be, that questions of internal government came very little into discussion at the Congress, but not a single case can be named in which England took other than the liberal side.

Probably, whatever might have been her inclination, she could not have done much. Her influence at the Congress is asserted by its French historian to have been very great,† but its operation must naturally have been less effectual when applied to an object, neither requisite for her own interests, nor connected with the purposes of the confederation. It should be recollected that the influence of England was chiefly owing to her national character, and that of her plenipotentiary, and of her general, who was also a plenipotentiary. If she made an unpalatable proposition to any one of the great powers, she had nothing to give by way of consideration. She could only urge her wishes and opinion, and the general principles of the Alliance. Although, therefore, this species of influence was more creditable than any other to England and her minister, it was necessarily less powerful.

The charge of disregarding national feelings and destroying national independence, in the transference of territory from one Sovereign to another, is a totally distinct charge; and one, if it be a charge, to which Lord Castlereagh is unquestionably liable. No treaty of peace, after an extensive war, has been unattended

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* "Thoughts on the Present State of Foreign Affairs."

† Vol. I. p. 207.

by these cases of transfer; and although, from our position, we neither witness the addition of territory to our islands, or the transference of any part of them to another power, we have been accustomed, under all governments, not only to sanction similar transfers between other states in Europe, but to be ourselves participators in them in other parts of the globe.

One of the errors into which many politicians fall is to imagine that the Allies, in waging war for the liberties of Europe, professed or pretended to contemplate the absence of domestic tyranny. This would indeed have been *interference* neither necessary nor expedient. The freedom of nations consists in the independence of one nation upon another, and this indeed is the sense in which the word is mostly used by the ancients.* There is no meaning in Lord John Russell's sentence—"The arms which the people had given were used to defeat the people's wishes." Of what people does he speak? It might with more plausibility be said, that so far as the Allies did contemplate internal affairs, their professions were not, any more than their subsequent practices have been said to be, on the side of the people as against their rulers. The preservation of "social institutions from daily revolutions" was mentioned in one of the declarations among the desired results of the settlement of Europe proposed by the Alliance.† But it would be another mistake to deduce

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* Even Sir James Mackintosh is not altogether free from the charge of something like misrepresentation on this head. In his speech of the 4th of February, 1823, (*Parl. Hist.* VIII. 74,) he quotes from the last speech of King William the expression "liberty of Europe," as if it related to internal freedom. He must have known that freedom from the power of Louis XIV. was the object of King William's contemplation.

† Declaration of Chatillon, March, 1814. The following are extracts from the several Treaties and Declarations of the Allies:—

Convention of Reichenbach, 16th of June, 1813.—"Their Majesties (of England and Russia) animated with the desire of restoring independence, peace and prosperity to nations."

Declaration of Allies at Frankfort, 1st of December, 1813, states their intention that France should be "great, powerful and happy," with "an extent of territory which France under her kings never knew;" and goes on thus, "but the Allied Powers also wish to be free, tranquil, and happy themselves. *They desire a state of peace which, by a wise partition of strength, by a just equilibrium, may henceforward preserve their people from the numberless calamities which have overwhelmed Europe for the last twenty years.*" . . . . . "They will not lay down their arms until *the political state of Europe be re-established anew—until immovable principles have resumed their right over vain pretensions—until the sanctity of treaties shall have at last secured a real peace to Europe.*"

The Treaties of Chaumont, 1st of March, 1814, between Great Britain, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, speak of the "*war undertaken for the salutary purpose of putting an end to the miseries of Europe, of securing its future repose by re-establishing a just balance of power,*" and to be prosecuted "in order to obtain for themselves and for Europe *a general* peace, under the protection of which the rights and liberties of all nations may be established and secured."

In the Treaties of Vienna, 25th of March, 1815, after Bonaparte's return from Elba,

from these expressions the conclusion, that either the war or the treaties were directed against the liberties of the people.

We have already said that the anti-revolutionary disposition on the part of the Allied Monarchs might naturally be excessive; we nevertheless avow our conviction, that the purposes of those monarchs at Vienna were, *bonâ fide*, such as they professed, and that these were the natural and necessary results of their successful struggle against France. But all for which we contend with confidence and anxiety is, that England was no participator, either by the formal treaties which her minister signed, or through any understanding or connivance, in schemes subversive of internal freedom; and we will now apply this assertion to the proceedings subsequent to the Congress,—to the treaties which form the special subject of Lord John Russell's Letter, and to the transactions which have occurred under those treaties.

Soon after the Congress had finished its labours, the three great powers of Russia, Austria and Prussia concluded the famous treaty which, from its specific reference to the dictates of their holy religion, has been styled the *Holy Alliance*.

There cannot be a more harmless document than this treaty appears upon a mere perusal of it. If there be a disposition to style it a piece of harmless absurdity, we shall not quarrel with the expression. But we confess ourselves weak enough to believe that the Emperor Alexander, in proposing this singular compact to his brother sovereigns, was actuated by the motives which are expressed in it; and there is reason for believing that it was adopted under the influence of a female favourite, who united some laxity of moral practice with an unusual degree of strictness and even enthusiasm in matters of religion.* The three monarchs bound themselves to take the Christian religion as the guide of their conduct, to consider themselves towards their subjects and armies as fathers of families, and themselves as members of one Christian nation. The only particular stipulation, if stipu-

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the Allies resolved "to apply to that circumstance the principles of the treaty of Chaumont;" and, consequently, renew the engagement to preserve against every attack "the order of things so happily established in Europe;" and they then agree to employ all their forces against Bonaparte, and against all those who shall have already joined his faction, or shall hereafter join it. On signing this treaty Lord Castlereagh declared, that "it is not to be understood as binding his Britannic Majesty to prosecute the war with a view of imposing upon France any particular government;" this is "in conformity to the principles upon which the British government has invariably regulated its conduct." Russia adhered to this declaration.

* See in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, Vol. III. p. 689, an anecdote illustrative of the religious origin of the Alliance. Fearon tells us, that in the New York Forum, Alexander was deemed "the most virtuous and magnanimous monarch ever known;" and "the holy league a wise, pacific and humane combination."

tation it can be called, is contained in the first article, which runs thus:—

"Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures, which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the three contracting monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity, and considering each other as fellow countrymen, they will on all occasions, and in all places, lend each other aid and assistance, and regarding themselves towards their subjects and armies as fathers of families, they will lead them, in the same spirit of fraternity with which they are animated, to protect religion, peace, and justice."*

The King of England declined to enter into this alliance; taking advantage of its inconsistency with the constitutional usages of this country, being signed by the sovereigns themselves, not their ministers. In announcing this refusal to the House of Commons, Lord Castlereagh observed, or left it to be inferred, that the government had no other objection to the treaty,† and certainly substantial objection there could be none, though we own that we should have been sorry to see the signature of an English minister at the foot of a treaty which is liable to the imputation of cant, if not of blasphemy. We do not know whether this treaty has at any time been invoked by any of the contracting parties,—probably not.

But in the year 1818 England was a party to treaties more consistent both in form and substance with the usages of Europe; these treaties, concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle between Austria, Russia, Prussia, France and England, are often confounded with the Holy Alliance: from which however they differ, not only in the absence of all affectation of notions not usually avowed in treaties, but in containing more positive and precise stipulations as to the mode of effecting that which was equally the object of both, and indeed of all the treaties from 1813, namely, the preservation of the peace of Europe.

In Lord John Russell's letter, written soon after those treaties were concluded, he speaks of them in these terms.

"The first remark made by every one, upon reading the acts of Aix-la-Chapelle, must be, that they entirely supersede the old balance of power. That balance was constituted by the separation of Europe into two equal, or nearly equal, masses of territorial power. Each of these masses found its interest in maintaining its own respective equality with its opposite. Peace was the result. If occasionally disturbed by the preponderance of one great state, or by the changing sides of any of its members, the principle of a balance continued always at work, and it soon recovered itself.

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* Ann. Reg. 1816, p. 381. † Par. Deb. xxxii. 350.

"Now whatever may be the advantages of the new system over the old, it has not that which has been last mentioned. It is not one of balance, for there can be no balance where all the powers are on one side. It takes for its bases the union of the chief sovereigns of Europe in a common alliance; if that union be disturbed in one of its parts, it must fail in all. The system has no principle of self-recovery.

"From this view of the subject it would appear that the treaty and declaration of Aix-la-Chapelle amount in fact to nothing. They contain a mutual assurance of good will, but they provide no remedy like the Triple Alliance of 1668, or the Barrier Treaties of later times, if the harmony of Europe should be interrupted. They declare to the world, in pompous terms, that the five powers have no immediate intention of going to war. Such is the first appearance of the Quintuple Alliance."

Lord John Russell's notion of the nature and operation of "the old balance of power," is to us quite unintelligible. He speaks of it as something definite, systematic, and universally understood, whereas it really was nothing but a mode of expressing that which is also the principle of the alliance of 1818,—namely, that no one state or confederacy shall be so powerful as to overcome all others. This was a principle not established by any general compact among nations, but arising out of the common interest of all, especially of those states whose weakness or situation forbad their attempting to obtain the mastery. England in particular has been party to several treaties of defensive alliance, (that of Hanover for instance in 1726,) occasioned, not by any actual or apprehended attack upon her territories, but by the formation of confederacies among other powers, which appeared to threaten the safety or the interests of all others. And on such occasions it has been usual to speak of asserting or restoring the balance of power. By such treaties the several powers of Europe were frequently ranged in two great parties, and, unquestionably, each of these parties desired to maintain or increase its own strength. It is not true, as Lord John Russell would appear to assert, that these two parties, or "masses of territory" had, throughout any long period, the same or nearly the same component parts, or that the application of the principle of the balance was uniform in the understanding of the several powers. But the most startling of Lord John's propositions is that "peace was the result." That the several struggles between the European powers always ended at last in peace is most true; war does not last for ever; but it cannot be said that, under the "old balance of power," Europe enjoyed peace, in so remarkable a proportion to war, as to claim for that system a peculiarly pacific tendency. In truth, it was not a system. What Lord John Russell calls "the principle of a balance" was nothing but the

working and counter-working of the desire of aggrandizement, the principle of self-defence, the jealousies and the rivalries which actuate kings and states. The appearance in any one power of a desire of universal empire, or of a disregard of national independence in the pursuit of its own ambitious objects, naturally united others in opposition to that one power. But of the states which came into this union, avowedly for a common and generous cause, some were usually actuated by the consideration of the separate interests of the nation, or perhaps the personal interests of the sovereign. We are confident that an examination of the histories of our Elizabeth and William will show that these princes, to whom a highminded and generous regard for the independence of nations has been popularly ascribed, never acted otherwise than according to Mr. Canning's maxim, or pursued other interests than those of England alone. But as our noble author has not illustrated his positions by any reference to historical facts, we must wait for an edition in which he shall so support his theory, and at present content ourselves with challenging him to that proof.

The alliance of 1818, he says, cannot have the advantage of a balance, "because all the powers are on one side." Here, no doubt, the author is mechanically correct; and if *the balance* were the thing desired, he would be politically correct also. But he falls into the very common error of confounding the end and the means. The end is the peace of Europe, or rather the security of each individual state, and it matters not by what system that end is obtained. But it is not true that "the balance of power" is neglected in these alliances. On the contrary, their very basis is, that no one state should be too powerful for the rest. This object is effected by a compact among all the great powers, and the objection seems to be that the powers have all co-operated in this arrangement, instead of marshalling themselves in hostile array, some on one side and some on the other. They were all at peace; they had no differences which they could not reconcile; there was no one of them, and there could be no other power, by which the independence of the rest was threatened. Into what stipulation could they have entered, if as much enamoured as Lord John Russell of the balance of power? The truth is, they adjusted the balance with unusual anxiety. They took care that no one at that moment should have overwhelming power. They stipulated for the preservation of the equilibrium, but they knew, as statesmen and as men, that its real security must consist in the same principles of human conduct which had operated in former times. Their system has precisely the same "principle of self-recovery" as the system, if

it be one, of Lord John Russell. The alliances of Aix-la-Chapelle, we are told, provide no remedy like the Triple Alliance of 1668, or the Barrier Treaties of later times, if the harmony of Europe should be interrupted. The League of 1668 between England, Holland, and Sweden, had the definite and peculiarly British object of effecting the security of the Dutch, by preventing the establishment of French authority in the then Spanish Netherlands. With this view the three powers agreed to propose certain terms to France and Spain, and to turn their arms against the party which should refuse to comply. Of this measure it is not for us to consider the wisdom or the success: it is obviously not a case in point, as illustrative of any peculiarity in the old system. It might indeed be cited in favour of more recent exertions for separating the Netherlands from France. But really from an author of a less distinguished reputation, it would appear to be brought forward, in the present instance, for a display of diplomatic lore. The same remark applies to the Barrier Treaties, which had nearly the same object as the alliance of 1668. Nor did either of these conventions propose to "provide a remedy if the harmony of Europe should be disturbed;" their objects and their stipulations were equally limited.

Now what was the character and purport of the Alliance of 1818? Had it the character of nothingness which Lord John Russell at first ascribes to it; or did it, according to his amended view of it, guarantee the restorations of Louis and of the French Charter, and did it "bind us to go to war for the Bourbon cause, and to interfere in the internal concerns of every state in Europe?" Is it true that the alliance therein differs from "the ancient system," of which "internal institutions never entered into the composition?"

Is it true that in reference to the "Balance of Power" the Alliance of 1818 "amounts to nothing," but that it guarantees all the arrangements of Paris and Vienna, and binds England to interfere in any case of infraction?

We maintain, and we have the high authority of Mr. Pitt for the opinion, that by the late settlement of Europe the best possible care was taken of the Balance of Power; and therefore if it be true that we have guaranteed all the details of that settlement, Lord Castlereagh did more for the Balance of Power than Sir William Temple, King William, or any statesman of the old school. But it appears to us that the allies carefully avoided the guarantee of every particular transaction. They declared their intention, generally, of preserving peace, continuing to act in concert, and conferring together as occasion should arise, with a

view to peace and the good understanding between them. Lord John Russell tells Lord Holland that on looking at the declaration of the allies, he will find that they "guarantee the security of those transactions upon which the peace is founded."* The use of this word in the declaration, and its omission in the stipulation, strongly confirm our view of the intention of the allies, not to bind themselves to a specific guarantee of every one of the numerous and complicated transactions which the Congress had sanctioned; but to assert as the general object of their union "the maintenance of peace, and the guarantee of those transactions on which the peace was founded and consolidated."†

But it is stated by our noble Author, that we have specifically bound ourselves to go to war for the *Bourbon* cause: his Lordship quotes for this no part of the treaties or declaration of 1818, but goes back to the treaty of November, 1815, in which a temporary engagement was taken for the maintenance of good order in France, and of those political circumstances, the interruption whereof had rekindled war in Europe.‡ Even here, there was no guarantee of the Bourbons; the engagement was not *for* any particular state of the government, but *against* that which experience had shown to be dangerous to Europe. Indeed, the sagacity of Lord John Russell himself only enables him to say that, in a supposed case of an attempt by Charles the Tenth, when he should succeed to the throne, to restore absolute monarchy in France, "*it is impossible to say what we may be called upon to do.*"§—It is to be observed that we are now speaking of the treaties of 1815 and 1818 without any reference to subsequent events; we might otherwise ask Lord John Russell to

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* p. 3. The treaty, or rather protocol of 15th November, 1818, declared—1. The resolution of the five great powers, "never to depart, either in their mutual relations, or in those which bind them to other states, from the principle of intimate union which has hitherto presided over all their common relations and interests." 2. That this union can only have for its object "the maintenance of general peace, founded on a religious respect for the engagements contained in the treaties, and for the whole of the rights resulting therefrom." 3. That France concurred in the maintenance of the system. 4. It provided for occasional meetings of the powers, to treat in common of their own interests.—*Annuaire Historique*, 1818, p. 425.

† Parliam. Deb. xxxix. 179.

‡ The treaty of Paris, 20th November 1815, stipulated for the temporary occupation of certain military positions along the frontiers of France by a large force. The allied sovereigns promised "to support the King of France with their arms against all revolutionary convulsions tending to overturn by force the state of things actually established, and which would thus threaten anew the tranquillity of Europe. * * * They confided to the known prudence and direction of the Duke of Wellington, the determination of the time and mode in which it would be proper to employ the troops," of which, with a confidence, highly honourable to England and her General, they gave him the command.

§ p. 5.

consider what the Duke of Wellington, one of the negotiators of Vienna, *has* done in the case which he supposes.

We shall, equally without having recourse to the illustrations suggested by later events, notice the assertion, that by them "we are bound to interfere in the internal concerns of every state in Europe." He supposes that if any of the provinces which had changed masters under the treaty of Vienna "attempt to improve the form of their government, or revolt against the abuses of power, there can be no doubt but that the amphictyonic council of sovereigns would take cognizance of the offence." There is nothing to warrant this conclusion, the guarantee of territorial possession being a matter quite separate from a guarantee of an internal constitution. Of the latter there is not a word in the treaty, in the sense ascribed to it by Lord John. It might be more reasonably said, as indeed it elsewhere has been said, that we stipulated for the preservation of the liberties of certain states, than that we undertook to assist in enslaving them. In regard to France, it is not necessary to repeat, that a revolutionary principle had connected itself with a principle of war and conquest; and so long as this connection should continue, self-defence dictated our resistance.

We are the advocates, and we shall presently show that all our recent governments have been the advocates, of a principle of non-interference in the affairs of other states. We make no other exception to this rule, than such as the "old system" allowed. The instances given by Lord John Russell of internal changes with which our government did *not* interfere, prove nothing but the opinion of those governments that those changes did not concern them. But for a justification of interference where the change does threaten danger to others, we are content to refer his lordship to an elaborate essay on his favourite balance of power, avowed by the present Lord Chancellor Brougham;* we cite this essay with the more confidence, because it contains a systematic answer to the observations of David Hume, who in *his* essay on the same subject, expresses an opinion much in conformity with that which we entertain. To our minds, however, the answer is unsatisfactory, and the historical illustrations appear to us rather to bear out our view of the principles of European, we might say, of human policy.

But the true question is—not whether the alliance of 1818 could fairly bear the construction put upon it by Lord John Russell,

* Edinburgh Review, vol. i. In his work on Colonial Policy, Lord Brougham avowed himself the author of this article.

nor even whether the other allies did so construe it, either when made or at a subsequent period—but, whether *England* was at any time engaged by it, under Lord Castlereagh's superintendence, in an unjust or impolitic transaction. No such instance has been adduced, and we confidently assert that none can be found. We might safely admit that the members of the "Holy Alliance" did, at an early period after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, evince as well in their acts as in their language, a disposition to repress liberty and liberal opinions; we might join in the censures so largely bestowed upon Prince Metternich, for his unqualified declaration in favour of "what exists;" or in those upon the King of Prussia for his appeal against the freedom of the press. In these matters England had no part; they were German, not European, concernments; and we could not have meddled in them without sinning against the doctrine of non-interference; or, if we had taken any part, it must have been on the side of repression, according to the theory of the Lord Chancellor, and to the opinion of Prussia that "the tranquillity of Europe depends upon Germany and the repose of Germany."* But Lord Liverpool's cabinet did not answer this appeal; whether they gave any opinion upon these proceedings, or upon those which related to the establishment of free constitutions in the German states, we are necessarily ignorant; all that we do know, all that is necessary to know, is, that not an English shot was fired, or an English shilling expended, in consequence of the Alliance of 1818.

In two prominent cases, the aid of England was more distinctly invoked by her allies; how did Lord Castlereagh answer this appeal?—France, on what motive is not important, probably for the sake of employing her army, was about to invade Spain, with the avowed intention of restoring to the King a more absolute power over his People. The rest of the Allies encouraged and supported France, and acknowledged that the occasion was one in which their alliance called upon them to interfere. England distinctly and peremptorily refused, in terms, which elucidate, beyond all possibility of misunderstanding, the sense in which Lord Castlereagh had concluded the alliance.

"Admitting that the occurrences in Spain had seriously extended the range of political agitation in Europe," he contended that they did not appear "likely to menace other states with that direct and imminent danger, which has always been regarded, at least in this country, as alone constituting the case which would justify external interference." * * *

* Count Bernstorff's Circular, in Annuaire Historique, 1819, p. 550.

"In this alliance," says Lord Castlereagh, "as in all other human arrangements, nothing is more likely to impair, or even destroy its real utility, than any attempt to push its duties and its obligations beyond the sphere which its original conception and understood principles will warrant. It was an union for the re-conquest and liberation of a great proportion of the continent of Europe from the military dominion of France; and having subdued the conqueror, it took the state of possession, as established by the peace, under the protection of the alliance. It never was, however, intended as an union for the government of the world, or for the superintendence of the internal affairs of other states.

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"We shall be found in our place when actual danger menaces the system of Europe; but this country cannot, and will not, act upon abstract and speculative principles of precaution. The alliance which exists had no such purpose in view in its original formation. It was never so explained to parliament; if it had, most assuredly the sanction of parliament would never have been given to it; and it would now be a breach of faith, were the ministers of the crown to acquiesce in a construction being put upon it, or were they to suffer themselves to be betrayed into a course of measures, inconsistent with those principles which they avowed at the time, and which they have since uniformly maintained both at home and abroad."*

Comment would only weaken the force of this plain, English, decisive exposition of the views of England, and of Lord Castlereagh.

The case of Naples is equally pregnant.—Austria, Russia, and Prussia, had circulated from Troppau, a memorandum on the affairs of Naples and of Portugal. This paper, after referring to their successful contest against revolution, and their desire for "the unalterable maintenance of the spirit of those treaties to which Europe owes peace and the union between its states," proceeds thus:—

"The powers exercised an undisputed right when they considered of joint measures of precaution against states in which an overthrow of the government, effected by rebellion, even considered only as an example, must give occasions to a hostile attitude towards all legitimate constitutions and governments. The exercise of the right became the more urgent when those who had come into this situation endeavoured to communicate the misfortunes which they had drawn on themselves to the neighbouring countries, and to spread around them rebellion and confusion. In such an attitude and in such conduct there is an evident breach of the compact which insured to all European governments, besides the inviolability of their territory, the enjoyment of those peaceful relations which exclude every reciprocal encroachment."

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* Lord Castlereagh's Confidential Minute on the Affairs of Spain, communicated to the Monarchs of Austria, Prussia, France and Russia, in May, 1820.

After stating that the monarchs had invited the King of Naples to a conference at Laybach, the circular informs the world, that

"France and England had been invited to participate in this step, and it is to be expected that they will not refuse their concurrence; as the principles on which the invitation is founded, are perfectly conformable to the treaties they have formerly signed."

The Allies vouch in conclusion that—

"they desire nothing but to maintain peace, to free Europe from the scourge of revolution, and to prevent or to lessen, as far as is in their power, the evil which arises from the violation of all principles of order and morality."*

The mention of England in this paper occasioned the issue of a circular by Lord Castlereagh, to which great importance has justly been attached. Therein he protests, on the part of England, against the principles of the Troppau declaration, as leading to a much more "frequent and extensive interference in the internal transactions of states than can be reconciled either with the general interest, or with the efficient authority and dignity of independent sovereigns. "They do not regard," said Lord Castlereagh, "the alliance, as entitled under existing treaties, to assume in their character as allies any such general powers."

While he admitted that other states, especially Austria and the Italian, might feel themselves differently circumstanced from England, and might find it necessary to interfere, for their own security, he denied that England was called upon by her treaties, to acquiesce in the general measures proposed by the Allies. "They (the British government) have never understood the treaties to impose any such obligations, and they have on various occasions, both in parliament and in their intercourse with the allied governments, distinctly maintained the negative of such a proposition." In proof, he referred to the negotiations at Paris in 1815, at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818, "and subsequently to certain discussions which took place in the course of the last year." . . . "No government," it was said, "can be more prepared than the British government is to uphold the right of any state or states to interfere where their own immediate security or essential interests are seriously endangered by the internal transactions of another state;" but it could not be admitted, "that this right should receive a general and indiscriminate application to all revolutionary movements, without reference to their immediate bearing upon some particular state."†

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* Troppau, 8 Dec. 1820, Annuaire Historique, p. 735.

† Parl. Deb. iv. 283. Annuaire Historique, 1820, p. 629. Idem, 1821, p. 627.

Can it be pretended for a moment, that the minister who published this document, and the minute respecting Spain already cited, involved England in the schemes of aggrandizement, or of oppression, ascribed to the Continental Powers? or, if England had at any time been caught in the trammels of the Holy Alliance, can it be denied that in January, 1821, she had been completely disengaged from them? Even if she had at any time, (which we do not admit,) given the Allies too much encouragement in their objectionable schemes, it is clear that on the very first occasion in which her co-operation was invoked, she peremptorily and publicly refused it.

She remained strictly neutral, according to that principle of non-intervention of which we have heard so much from the government of which Lord Holland forms a part, and to which Lord John Russell is officially attached. That "the name of the English minister was affixed to every act of injustice and tyranny perpetrated in Europe,"* is not true. These are mere words in the eloquent peroration, with which Lord John Russell concludes his letter, and they are fit to be placed in company with the charge against England, of "pursuing her course, totally regardless of the cries and supplications of the people of Europe." We have no precise idea, nor, we presume to say, has Lord John Russell himself, of the cries, or of the people, intended in this oratorical flourish. But we say, with Mr. Canning, that it was the duty of an English minister to disregard such cries, unless the wrong which excited them was prejudicial to England's interest.

Lord John Russell concludes by asserting, that the system of 1818, which he miscalls the system of the Holy Alliance, and represents, in equal contradiction to its terms and to the practice of the Allies, as "a general and mutual guarantee of all the governments now subsisting on the Continent,"—"does not afford any security against the preponderance of any one state, inasmuch as any great accession of territory to one of the powers must be agreed to by the Allies, for fear of provoking insurrections and revolutions." The ministers, of whom Lord Holland is one, appear to think otherwise. It would seem that they are prepared to oppose the preponderance of one great power, whose aggrandizement is most dangerous to England; and that with this view they invoke the treaties of Vienna, and the Alliance of Aix-la-Chapelle! They have accordingly been lectured, in the House of Commons, in the very words with which Lord John Russell schooled Lord Castlereagh. We trust that they will find it

* Letter to Lord Holland, page 45, 46.

equally easy with their predecessors to reconcile their proceedings with their duty as English ministers.

We had intended to trace the history of our Foreign Policy, through the times of Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington. We postpone this intention at present, on account of the space which it would occupy; but we shall speedily return to it. We shall therefore carry our present observations no further than the administration of Lord Castlereagh; simply reminding our readers, that Mr. Canning, soon after his accession to the Foreign Office, took occasion to explain the policy of the government, in respect of foreign affairs. He accompanied his exposition with these memorable and decisive words:—

"He should, however, act unfairly to that government of which he was so recent a member, if he did not reject any praise which was bestowed upon it, at the expense of those by whom it had been formerly composed. He was compelled in mere justice to say, that upon his entering the office which he had the honour to fill, he found the principles upon which the government were acting, reduced into writing; and this state paper formed what he might be allowed to call the Political Creed of the Ministers. Upon the execution of the principles there laid down, and upon that alone, was founded any claim he might have to credit from the House."*

This state paper was Lord Castlereagh's circular of January, 1821; to it, and to that memorandum on the affairs of Spain which we have also cited, we refer for a correct exposition of England's views in the Alliance of 1818, concluded when Lord Liverpool, Lord Castlereagh, and Mr. Canning, sat in the cabinet together. These papers contained, not (like Lord John Russell's letter) a speculative or critical explanation of terms, but distinct evidence of policy pursued. Adopted as his political creed by Mr. Canning, they were doubtless followed by Lord Dudley as well as Lord Aberdeen. Lord Palmerston, the Foreign Secretary of Lord Grey's ministry, also copies these papers in setting forth his principles, and thus, we trust, tardy justice will be done, by all parties, to the memory of a most efficient and much calumniated minister.

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* 24th Feb. 1823, Parl. Deb. viii. 241.

ART. III.—1. *Erste Sammlung Lettischer Sinngedichte.* Ruien, 1807. 12mo.

2. *Zweyte Sammlung Lettischer Sinn-oder Stegreifs Gedichte,* 1808. 12mo.

3. *Palzmareeschu Dseesmu Krahjums.* (Lettish and Palzmarinian Songs and Epigrams.)

WE are indebted to the kindness of Sir Walter Scott for the use of these interesting volumes. A note of the illustrious possessor says:—"The collector of these very curious popular songs was a Livonian clergyman, who had no more types than would set up one sheet of his work at a time, which he afterwards wrought off with his own hands. They are therefore singularly rare, as the impression could not but be extremely small, and as besides they were never designed for sale. I owe this copy to the friendship of Mr. Robert Jamieson." The name of this zealous and laborious collector was Gustavus von Bergmann. He was the pastor of the small town of Ruien in Livonia. The third volume (which has at the end the date of its completion, 1807, 13 Sept.) is the work of the Rev. Fr. Daniel Wahr, a country clergyman of Palzmarien, also in Livonia. The volumes are thin duodecimos, consisting altogether of less than 200 pages, printed on very coarse paper, and with very indifferent German types; but they contain songs, versified proverbs, and aphorisms, amounting to nearly a thousand, and present a most curious specimen of the popular poetical literature of the Livonian, Esthonian, and Lettish people.

We can hardly do better than translate the unpretending introduction of the indefatigable clergyman, before we proceed to select for the use of our readers some of those productions which he has dragged into such poor publicity as could be given by the uncirculated and almost unknown pages of an untutored and unregarded idiom.

"There are to be found," says he, "among the *Letts*, a simple-mannered and now-existing people, songs and sayings of the ancient time, which they esteem as sacred; and which, as I fancy, have been hitherto overlooked. Some of these poetical remains which have been preserved by being transferred from tongue to tongue, I have gathered together, lest they should finally perish and be forgotten. I do not pretend to compare them with the master-works of Greece and Rome; but they have a simple charm—a philosophical attraction about them, were it only that they are the sole literary possessions of a people to whom the art of writing is unknown. They will present some obvious outlines, some imitations of nature far differing from the stiffness of that bookish wisdom which we are forcing upon mankind. If the short songs of Lithuania merit the praise of Lessing for their heartiness and tenderness, I put in a similar

claim for the songs of Lettland. Their sensibility and originality have been the admiration of all who have studied the ancient language in which they are clad. I call on fellow-labourers to unite with me in rescuing from forgetfulness the poetry, the proverbs, and the mythology of this time-honoured nation."

It was this appeal that called forth the little volume of the Pastor Wahr;—and the devoted labours of Pastor Bergmann, in producing the first collection of 238 compositions, brought other coadjutors forward, and enabled him to produce the second volume, which contains 252 pieces in addition.

Adelung, in his Mithridates, (v. ii. p. 696,) calls the Lettish language Germano-Slavonic, and pronounces it to be the result of the union of the Teutonic and Slavic tribes on the borders of the Baltic. He supposes that the Gothic dialects maintained themselves up to the sixth century, when the constantly increasing influx of the Slavonians caused a mingling of blood and of dialects, of which the Lettish tongue and the Lettish people were the proceeds. The Slavonic portion, however, of the language, has by far the preponderancy; and its grammatical construction is so peculiar, that Dobrowski and others have not been willing to receive it as the result of a union of two separate races, but as the representative of a distinct and independent people, while some have asserted that there was yet a third tribe (the Finlanders), whose associations with the inhabitants of Lettland, helped to form the Lettish race and language. There is, however, good reason to believe that the Finnish additions are all of a comparatively modern date. There are few of them in the dialects, such as the old Prussian Lithuanian, which have the closest affinity with the Lettish. The Lettish is the language of Liefland, Courland, and Semgall, and is spoken with the greatest purity in the Mittau district. The best grammar and dictionary are those of Stender, whose authority has been followed in the later editions of the Scriptures.* In the pronunciation the accent invariably falls on the first syllable.

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* G. F. Stender's vollständige Lettische Grammatik. Mittau, 1783, 8vo. Lettisches Lexicon, in 2 Theilen.

As a specimen of the modern language, we give the Lord's Prayer with a literal version under every word:—

" Muhssu Tehws Debbessis, Sswetchts lai tohp taws wahrds; Lai nahk pee mums
Our Father in heaven, Sanctified let be thy name; Let come by us
tawa Walstiba, Taws Prahts lai noteek ka Debbessis tà arridsan wirss Semmes; muhssu
thy kingdom, Thy will let fulfil as in heaven so also over earth; our
deemschka Maisi dohd mums schodeen; un peedohd mums muhssu grehkus ka arri
daily bread give us to-day; and forgive us our sins as also
mehs peedohdam ssaweem parradneekeem; un ne eewed muhs eeksch Kahrdinaschanas;
we forgive our debtors; and not lead us into temptation;

We will give verbatim translations of the first ten compositions in the first volume line for line, and afterwards select from different parts of it such verses as seem to be best worth preserving. The first is obviously the plaint of an orphan child.

"Ak Deewiñ! Ak Deewin!
Peezell mannu tehw' ar maht?
Es ſuhdsetu raudadama,
Ko man darra ſwefcha maht?
Duhrehm ſitte, mattim rahwe,
Kahjahm ſpehre appakſch benki.
Duhrehm ſitte guldamees
Mattim rahwe zeldamees. R."

"Dear God! Ah, dear God! (diminutive)
Wake! father and mother!
Weeping did I complain
Of what the strange mother did to me;
She struck me with her fists, she tore my hair,
She trod me with her feet beneath the stool,
She struck me with her fists ere I went to bed,
And she tore my hair when I rose."

The second is an autumnal song:—

"Arraji
Ezzetaj'
Dsenneet garras birsenes:'
Ihkſa bija ſchi waſſar,
Semmi dseed
Lakstigalla. W."

"Plougher!
Harrower!
Bring home long birch branches
To the earth,
Sings the nightingale."

The meaning of which is,—Bring home wood for the winter fires, for the nightingale is singing his farewell.

The third is very charming:—

"Ar pukki laiwin' irru
Pretti sawai Lihgawiñ:
Lai nahk manna Lihgawin,
Kà pukkite seededama. K."

"The boat decked with flowers
Is coming towards my love!
Let my love come to meet it,
For she is a flower."

The fourth introduces one of the most important personages of the ancient Lettish mythology—*Lihgo*, the God of Love. His festivals were held on the 24th of January, and it was then usual for the young to pledge themselves in marriage. The bride wore a garland made of ears of wheat and blue corn-flowers, and the bridegroom a hat of martin-skin, with many-coloured ribbands. The introduction of Christianity did not completely put a stop to the festival, though it was transferred to St. John's day. But even to this hour the old usages are observed, and in the songs of the peasantry the names of Lihgo and St. John are grotesquely blended. Throughout the whole of Lettland, in the evening of St. John's day, there is a festival of flowers. Maidens go about in procession crowned with wreaths, and carry wreaths of blue corn-flowers to the houses of their acquaintance, singing as they

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bet atpesti mums no Launa. Io tew peederr ta Waltstiba, tas Spehks un tas Gohds but free us from evil, for to thee belongs the kingdom, the power and the glory muschigi muschos."
everlastingly in eternity.

go, in a monotonous tone, "Lihgo! Iani! Lihgo! Iani!" i. e. Cupid and the Evangelist.

"Ak Jahniht Deewa Dehlin!
Ko tu weddi wesumâ?
Lihgo! Lihgo!
Meitahm weddu selta krohni,
Puiſcheem zaunu zeppuri.
Lihgo! Lihgo!" K.

"Ah! John! Son of God!
What art thou leading in the cool eve?
Lihgo! Lihgo!
I bring the maid with the golden crown,
The youth with the martin-skin cap.
Lihgo! Lihgo!"

The fifth runs of itself into verse:—

"Ne weens mannis ne sinnaja
Kur es gauschi raudaju:
Gan sinnaja peedurknite
Kur ſlauziju aſſaras." K.

"No one! no one knew from me,
Where I wept so bitterly;
There was one who knew full well
When and why those torrents fell."

The sixth was probably sung at the house of the lord and master. If sung when not overheard, it would be evidence that he possessed the good opinion of his vassals.

"Deews dohd muhſu Kundsinam,
Wilnoht rudsus tihrumâ,
Ar lastehm ſadsiht klehtinû." R.

"God give to our dear lord,
Clean,—overflowing rye,
May it pour by lasts (i.e. in abundance)
into his granaries."

We think the seventh natural, tender and poetical. There is an arch and simple humour in the last line which cannot be easily misunderstood.

"Dwehſelite mihla,
Nahz pee mannim drohſcha:
Glabba mannu naudas makku,
Reds ko es tew dohſchu;
Kad es gulleht eeſchu,
Tad es muttes dohſchu.
Kad es augſcham zelſchohs,
Pateizibu dohſchu:
Zeppuriti nemſchu,
Ar labbu riht dohſchu.
Nu ar Deew'
Mihla Meit'
Wairak es ne atnahkſchu." R.

"Sweet spirit! (soul)
Come thou to me,
Thou shalt keep my gold purse,
See what I will give thee—
When I go to sleep
I will give thee a kiss!
When I rise
I will give thee my thanks.
I will take my hat,
I will say to thee, good morning,
Beloved maiden!
And—I will not come back."

Cranes are a very common Slavonian poetical accompaniment, and they are amusingly introduced in the eighth song:—

"Dſchrwes kleeds,
Meitas dseed,
Duhnuppites mallinâ;
Dsehrwes kleeds ne ſchaujamas,
Meitas dseed ne weddamas." W.

"The cranes croak,
The maidens sing,
By the banks of the Duna's stream;
The cranes croak but cannot be caught,
The maidens sing and cannot be led
forth, (i. e. to marriage)."

The ninth tells a sad story; but it is not without bitterness, and its *moral* will be intelligible to those who know the situation of the unhappy peasantry of Lettland.

"Darbineeki! darbineeki!
Wilks apehde waggariht'
Samettami pa graſchami,
Pirkſim jaunu waggariht." R. K.

"Labourer! labourer!
The wolf has eaten the overseer.
We'll make a pile of pennies high,
And another overseer we'll buy."

The tenth is one of the longest of all these compositions. It is in the style of the narrative Slavonian ballad, and records several superstitious observances, which are current even now among the Lettish people.

"I went two days into the forest,
And found there nothing good.
I will go on the third day,
And will find a black colt.
I will spring upon his back,
And will ride up the highest mountain;
I will ride down the mountain's side,
Into a beautiful birch-tree wood.
I will ride out of the birch-tree wood,
And will gather a handful of twigs;
The dogs shall stay behind in the village,
Three chaste maidens come forward,
Two conduct me,
And one leads my colt;
They lead the colt to the stable,
And me to the chamber;
To the colt they give a manger of oats,
To me a table of the linden tree,
They cover it with a white cloth,
And when they have spread the table,
They prepare me a bed of hay,
And bid me rest.
In my sleep I marked
What the village maidens did,
One sewed, another knitted,
Another spun silken yarn,
The fourth,
The youngest,
Fed the pigs.
Give me, mother! the maiden
Who feeds the pigs,
For if thou give me not the maiden,
I shall die of grief for her,
And where will ye bury me?
Bury me in the garden of roses,
Under the roots of the rose trees;
Then shall golden roses grow
All around my grave.
Then came two sons of God,*
They broke two branches (from the rose trees),
They took them to Mary's church,
They placed them on Mary's altar;
And Mary said,
Young spirit!
He died of grief for a maiden."

A counterpart to this ballad, with exceedingly little variation, is printed in Stender's grammar as current in Courland. It has somewhat more of polish about it than the version we have given, and is introduced in the conversational form, thus—

"Brother, whither art thou going, and why hast thou apparelled thy feet?"

It represents the hero as being enamoured, not of the young lady who fed the pigs, but of her who spun the silken yarn, and it introduces the mother of the maidens assuring the youth that if he die he shall be buried under the rose trees. It brings the story too to a happy conclusion, for it says—"The maiden of the village adorned herself with flowers and came forth at break of day to the (marriage) festival."

No. 14. A Song to a Young Warrior.

"Mount thy war-horse, bliss betide thee!
Far from thy Lettish loved one's side!
Sleep with thy faithful sword beside thee,
As with thy faithful Lettish bride."

* Atjahj *diivi deewa dehli*, meaning ἀγγελοι, or messengers, persons appointed to a divine mission, or to announce any thing fated to happen.

22. The Soldier's Farewell.

" When shall I return—O say!
When with green the hedge-stakes sprout—
When the hard stones melt like clay—
When the granite rocks leap out
From the stream, and in its spray
Feathers sink. My parents! then
Will I seek this land again."

47. Anticipation of a Soldier's Fate.

" The bird is singing, brother sweet!
He has been singing loud and long.
Go listen, sister! and repeat
To me the story of his song.
The bird is singing of a lad,
That's hastening to the war-field now.
' Go, sister! to the garden glad,
And wreathe a garland for his brow.'
The story may begin with song,
But it will end in tears and sorrow.
Nay, sister! weep not—for ere long
We meet on some delightful morrow.
Or I will send my steed to thee,
When I am far—too far removed,
And thou wilt ask him—' Where is he—
The brother I so fondly lov'd?
Where is thy rider?'—he will tell
Of lands where war is wasting wide,
Where human blood-streams rivers swell,
And mortal corpses bridge the tide.
I saw my brother in the fight,
I saw him battling with his lord,
With five bright bands his hat was dight.
A sixth was waving from his sword!
The field was strew'd with men at rest,
Hewn down like oaks. I saw the spear,
The murderous spear in many a breast;—
And all was horrid silence there."

138. " Merry squirrel—on the tree,
Lend thy furry cloak to me;
I am fighting for my lord,
And my bed's the hard, hard board."

159. " Young man! of what art thou thinking, bending thus on thy sword. Ah! there is much cause for thought—so young—and bidden to the wars."

230. " Sleep is coming—gentle sleep—
Strange it is that joy and grief
Each in turn from slumber keep—
Yet resistance is but brief."

Characteristic of manners are the following :—

52 and 53. " The dogs are barking—guests are coming—hasten maiden to thy chamber—comb thy long hair—rub thy soft cheeks—put a garland round thy head."

64. " My father and mother slept at night by the banks of the Duna —they rose early and found a linden tree—they broke off a branch and flung it in the Duna—it floated on the stream, and played with the winds that ruffled the water—it reached the sea, and a fisherman took it into his boat—he brought it to Mary's Church, and laid it on the altar of God."

71. " Ah! Ah! Truly these are joyous times—the maidens are tipsy —their bosoms are bare. I am an excellent cup-bearer, and I enjoy the task. Where shall we go to tell our tales? Let us go to the hay-loft, for the hay is green and sweet-smelling—it is soft to the feet—and nobody hears. Ah! Ah! Deewin! when we come out are we not Gods?"

104. " Let's part—the hopes of love were vain
No joys from union spring;
Let's tear the golden cloth in twain
And break the wedding ring."

123. " My mother while she rocked me in the cradle invoked the raven and the crow. Let him be a great man—let him be a great brewer of beer."

125. An Imprecation.

" Linden leaves shalt thou devour,
Fenny swamps thy drink shall be;
None will give the sweet hay-flower,
None the fountain stream to thee!"

There are many sharp attacks on the dishonesty of the merchants and shopkeepers, as thus:—

136. " The money is lost in the drinking pot—
Was it lost in the drinking pot, all?
No! the portion the Riga merchant got
Was, to tell you the truth, not small."

163. " Storm, storm, thou God of thunder! break down the bridges of the Duna. Let no Pole, let no Littavian, come into this land of Mary," *i.e.* Liefland.

147. " I'll not go to Limbaskó
Even to find a husband—No!
The Limbaskians all are proud,
Old and cold, and furrow-brow'd."

177. " Two boats with golden coins lie at the bottom of the sea—they lie at the bottom of the sea, with all their crews. Had I the golden coins which are lying in the bottom of the sea, I would buy the castle of Riga, and all the soldiers that are in it."

181. " The house is smoking—the house is smoking—our brother is

brewing beer. Saddle the best horse in the stable—and away to enjoy our brother's beer."

188. "Let us, brother! drink five cans of old barley beer. Let us begin the day by drinking—and drink till the last of the evening."

202. Does the sun ever shine brighter than through our chamber window? Are there as many good men in the world as we *five*?* Thou, brother, I brother, thy wife and my wife."

211. Those were happy times when I was a goatherd. I ate milk—I drank milk—with milk I washed my face. The wolf came down upon the flocks in the forest—I was in the thicket with my love."

214. "Mother! cover my bosom with a kerchief—lest the lads of the village should lay their hands upon it."

237. "I'll go to Riga, mother!
And thence to Germany go—
For here in Liefland, mother,
There's nothing more to know."

Of amatory poems the following are not unpleasing specimens:—

28. "Let's go! my maiden! when it is summer walk on foot—when autumn comes I will buy thee a goat, and thou shalt ride at thy pleasure."

76. "I blushed like a barberry as I entered thy door. I saw my heart sitting at the end of the table—I wished to approach, but she was gliding away. Tell me where thou didst sleep last night—with thy mother—or another mother's daughter. I slept beneath a pine tree, and had no covering but the pine-branches. Maiden! wert thou mad? Why didst thou not tell me? I would have sent thee a pair of linen cloths, a pair of white woollen blankets, a pair of sheets, and a pair of linen caps."

94. "Be honest, maid! don't treat me so—
But answer frankly—Yes! or, No!
If yes! O fail not love to bring
Thy golden, plighting, nuptial ring.
If no! give back that ring of mine—
I only gave it thee for thine."

135. "Maiden! of the smile so sweet,
I am hungry—give me bread.
Take I dare not—when I said
To thy mother—let me eat—
No! she said—and shook her head."

152. "Sister! Sister! come and peep
On my dwelling. Come and see
Where I sorrow, where I sleep,
All is drench'd in tears for thee."

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* Which means—there are not *five* good people in the world.

165. "Fresh, fresh is the morning breeze—
Red, red is the rising sun—
Like these is the burning kiss
From the lips of the lovely one."

210. "Chaste and pale I long have grown
By the streamlet's side—
Make some loving youth mine own,
Near the Duna's tide."

226. "I heard the apple-tree, while it pray'd,
'When autumn comes let the lovely maid
Gather the fruit from my branches high,
And hang her yarn on my boughs to dry.'"

The volumes are filled with sad evidence of the oppressions exercised by the feudal lords upon their vassals,* as for example:—

24. "The Lord has taken my brother to be judged. O let justice bring justice to my brother—let God make the truth appear!"

27. "It is the great man's pride to be
A trampler on the poor man's head;
Fling God of Love! an alder tree
Across the path where great ones' tread."

100. "Germans! laugh not at my subjection. My Lords force me, and I must go; but I go shedding the bitterest tears."

186. "Let the Lords flog old men with branches of the apple-tree. If they would take young maidens to punish them, how the land would wonder."

Some of the Poems are rather racy Epigrams than anything else. Some are full of humour, and others of them have a proverbial pithiness which makes them well worth perusing:—

77. "With horse that's white, and wife that's fair,
I'll not torment my life;
To wash my horse I could not bear,
Nor yet to watch my wife."

85. "We have three brothers—each went to melt us a spoon. Our father's brother brought us one of iron; our mother's brother one of silver; but our *own* brother said, 'here is a service of gold.'"

121. "I went behind the hill to sow oats. I went behind the hill that Appenits might not see me; but Appenits is a clever fellow, and Appenits had got up into a tree."

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* So sad is their situation, that a writer uses the following language: "I shall say no more of the belief of a people who have been ruined by German oppression, and with unnatural harshness kept for more than six centuries in an enslaved, wretched, and half-barbarous state. Under the tyranny of feudal lords they have nearly lost their all, and a nation whose numbers are constantly reduced by their wretchedness is now passing slowly away."—*Mone.* § 17, p. 66.

A wolf's soliloquy is this:—

139. "Zummum! I go wearily over the fields the long, long day. The peasant has hid himself amidst the branches of the tree. The devil must have possessed him, or a witch must have forced him there."

140. "O tale of mirth! O tale of woe!
The pig has crush'd the sleeping maid—
'Twas all her fault, it must be said,
Why did she to the pig-sty go!"

184. "Many a man is not a lord who rides in lordly stile. Many a man had a thief for his father, and for his mother a cast-away."

207. "I should like to know some secrets. We have clever lads, who without a shilling shine in dollars."

219. "The girl is as proud as proud can be,
She sings not—she talks not—but looks so big;
And yet with her pride and haughtiness, she
Has nothing to do but to feed the pig."

Some of the superstitions of the Lettish people are recorded here:—

144. "When the thunderbolt and thunder
Smite both son and mother under;
Making music with her keys,
I some future day will please."

217. "Witch, bewitch me! Envious ones, envy me. You cannot hurt me.
My colt has on his shoulders a blanket which bears a star."

We may mention here that Pastor Gustavus, who wrote a book in 1644, on the river Wohhendo, states, that he had heard from "the mouth of ancient peasants" the following prayer, which the people were accustomed to accompany with the sacrifice of an ox, whose flesh they distributed and devoured:—

"Dear Thunderer! We offer thee an ox with two horns and four legs; we pray thee for our ploughing and sowing, that our corn may become gold-yellow. Scatter all the black clouds elsewhere over great morasses, tall forests, and wide wastes. To our ploughers and sowers give fruitful seasons and gentle rains. Holy Thunderer! watch over our fields; may they have good straw beneath, good ears above, and good corn within."

Henry the Lett, who wrote in the 13th century, says,

"A certain Lieflander came by night out of the thicket to Daniel of Sydegund, and said, 'I saw the God of the Lieflanders, he who prophecies unto us of coming things.' It was an image which from the breast upwards grew out of a tree, and he said to me, 'The army of the Lithuanians will advance to-morrow.' We dare not obey thy invitation."

We cannot afford the same space to the collection of Pastor Wahr. As the first ten poems are only quatrains, they will give

a very fair idea of the whole, and we will extract a few of the more remarkable from the after part of the volume.

" Bahlīņôs ſehrstedama
Leepu lappahm zellu klahju,
Kâ irbite notezzeju
Sauſajahm kahjinahm.

Irbe ſwelpe eglaina'
Es arr ſwelpu ezzedams,
Es gaid' irbes istekkoht,
Istekk zeema seltenit.

Leepu lappu zellâ kaiſu
Bahlelihnu gaididam'
Wehjsch nopuhte leepu lappu
Bahlelihns ne atnahze.

Dseedadama zetlu gahju
Kâ zeelawa rakstidama
Deews dohd man nu ſatiktees,
Tik wehligu tehwa dehlu.

Wissi landis man apſmehje
Ka man masa lauduwihn,
Ta man aude audeklihnus
Kâ tohs leddus gabbalihn.

Nawa ohgas, nawa reekstru,
Mannâ zella mallinâ,
Ko neſſiſchu ſehrstedama
Masajam Bahlīņam.

Kupla leepa leijinâ
Pilna baltu ſidrabin
Tai waijag prettineeka
Dischan' daila ohsolin.

Sauzin ſauze ais uhdenu
Woi ſauz manni mahmulin
Leeli wehji balſu neſſa
Raudadama ne dsirdej'.

Ne behda tu tauteet,
Ka es tahda masa bij,
Man i' selta gredseni,
Taws waigs trihzinahs.

Pilli pirsti abbâs rohkâs
Brahla pirkti gredsenin
Pa weenam notezzej'
Pee ta tautu netiklihſch."

" Going to visit my brethren,
I covered the path with linden leaves,
And I ran like a partridge
With dry feet.

The partridge chuckled in the pine wood,
I chuckled by the harrow—
I waited for the partridge to come forth,
And there came forth the gold of the village.*

I scattered the leaves of the linden tree
On the path where my brother should go—
The wind blew the linden leaves—woe is me!
And my brother he came not—no.

I went singing on my way,
Writing like a wagtail;†
I wish that I had for my guide
A son of his father worthy of my wish.

They laugh'd—they laugh'd aloud to see
The lad with his lass so nice;
But what care I since she wove for me
A garment as white as ice.

Not berries, not nuts,
Do I bring from the way-side,
But I will bring me to visit you
My beloved young brother.

I saw a beautiful linden tree,
With its leaves of silvery sheen;
I wonder if she has an enemy
Some oak tree proud and green.

There was a voice from the other side of the stream,
Was it my mother's voice?
A high wind carried the sounds away,
I could not hear for weeping.

O trouble thee not that I'm so small,
O grieve not that I'm so weak,
Sweet love! the light of my rings shall fall,
And glisten upon thy cheek.

I had the fingers of both hands
Covered with rings which my brother gave me,
And I have given them away one after another
To the beautiful unworthy youth."

---

* *i. e.* The maiden.

† A Lettish proverb, taken from the fact that the wagtail leaves the marks of his feet on the sand. Hence *Bahlelihnu gaididam.*

There is much fancifulness and novelty in this—

16. "Thou art capricious little bee!
And not a flow'ret bends to thee—
But as I wandered with my maid,
To us the hedge-snake bowed his head."

Song to a false maiden:—

17. "Thou of the ruddy countenance—
Thou first of all the maids in dance—
Thou once wert mine—now treacherous one!
Thou seek'st another father's son."

A girl's soliloquy:—

18. "Knitting I knitted a pair of gloves,
Shall I give them to my young brother?
No; I will give them to the mist-eyed* youth,
For my mother spoke of him kindly."

This is a happy and well-imagined contrast, with a very obvious moral:—

21. "With my feet have I trodden down
A young, decayed oak tree;
With my hand have I defended
A poor old man."

The lover disappointed:—

45. "The flower—the flower—the bride—the bride—
Is to another bosom gone;
O fool! to let the time and tide,
Which might have made her mine, pass on."

The next shows that the ardour of the honey-moon is passed:—

"Sleep! my bride,
Sleep on my arm—
But if thou weary it,
I shall wake thee to turn the mill."

This is exquisitely ironical:—

50. "The sun is looking out upon the hill,
He promises a long, long day—
Because a fair youth is mounting the hill,
And he will find a chaste maiden before the evening."

We give the next for the purpose of showing how easily the transfer of an unadorned thought sometimes takes place from the simple poetry of one language to that of another, without the addition or the subtraction of a single word:—

56. "Gahiu, gahiu ſcho zeltinu!
Stahwedama, dohmadam';
Woi arr buhſchu, woi ne buhſchu,
Ta zelta gahieiin.

"Shall I go—yes or no!
Silently I thought;
On this way—aye or nay—
Shall I go or not?

* *i. e.* Blue-eyed.

With a piece of sound philosophical morality we conclude the extracts from these singular volumes.

73. "Youths and maidens! hear my strain,
Live with honour ever;
Wealth when lost you may regain,
But lost honour never."

HERDER, in his *Volkslieder*, has given six *fragments*, as he calls them, of Lettish songs. Fragments they are not, being as complete as the popular poetry of the Letts ordinarily is. The first and last of his selection are good.

"Lovely sun! O why dost linger—
Why so late thy rising?
On yon mountain-side I tarried,
Warming orphan children.
Tinkling was my horse's bridle,
And my harp strings too were tinkling,
When I rode to foreign countries,
Sounding,
Bounding:
Many a lovely maid I looked on,
Fair as flowers and fresh as roses—
Luckless youth! if thou art single,
Thine are grief and sorrow;
To thy bosom take a maiden,
All life's joys come with her."

Herder also introduces a Lettish Song to Spring, *(Frühlingslied)*; but the accessibleness of his works to our readers makes it less incumbent on us to transfer their contents to our pages. Yet, in passing, we cannot excuse ourselves from paying a tribute to the industry which sought and the exquisite poetical tact which transferred to his own rich language so many beautiful compositions from so many and such remote sources. No man was ever more completely identified with the subjects which occupied his thoughts—no man had a purer taste, or a richer expression;—all his soul was poetical, and trained to draw forth all the harmonies

"Von grossen vollen Herz
Der tönenden Natur."

Of Lettish popular poetry Herder says—

"The poetry and music of the Letts are both remarkable, and stamped with the character of nature, which is and was their instructor. Their poetry has rhymes, but only single rhymes. Rhymes may be made by repetition of the same sounds. Besides the poems used on public occasions, they have a great deal of impromptu verse, which is full of that satirical and sometimes wicked wit which is found in the English street

ballads. Their amatory songs have that sensibility which is so intimately associated with melancholy—they so happily avail themselves of every interesting incident,—they touch so effectively all the sources of tenderness as to produce a wonderful effect on the feelings. The want of double rhymes does not grow out of any inaptitude of the language, since they often occur in their religious hymns. Their music is coarse and unpolished. They select one or two young maidens, who sing the text, which the listeners join, in a sort of monotonous accompaniment, somewhat resembling the bass notes of the bagpipe. The singers seldom raise their voices above *a third*, preserving the same tone to the end of the text, when the bass singers take the octave from the key-note, and so continue to the end. *Miklahs*, or riddles, are a favourite sort of poetical composition, and was even more so in former times. We know how all antique people have indulged in this amusement, and how many ancient writers have preserved specimens of it. Readers who know what attention is required to discover in one thing the hidden resemblance to another, not to overstep the exactitude of the *tertium comparationis*, and what precaution is needed for the choice of appropriate terms—so that the listener may, on discovering of the riddle, instantly recognize their aptitude, will be surprized to find in a rude and uninstructed nation a wit and cleverness which would do honour to civilization itself. Some of their riddles are perfect in every particular, and are of high antiquity—this is an example, 'the Poppy.'—

(1.) I sowed—and as I sowed, I grew,
(2.) And as I grew I became a maid;
(3.) And as I became a maid, I became a young woman;
(4.) And as I became a young woman, I became an old wife;
(5.) And as I became an old wife I got my eyes,
(6.) And through my eyes I walked about.

"This riddle represents the different ages of the flower: (1) the seed; (2) the blowing when the flower is used for maidens' garlands; (3) the drooping of the petals, when the appearance of the poppy resembles the coif of womanhood; (4) the falling of the leaves; (5) the seeds in the poppy-pod; and (6) the falling out of the seed from the seed vessels. There is among the Letts an irresistible poetical tendency, and my mother did not deny that half the language was poetry. It sounded, she said, like a table bell, while the poetry of the Germans was like a churchbell. She owned that the meanest Letts, when in an agreeable mood, prophesied or composed verses. Some have said that the Letts still preserved fragments of ancient romantic (hero) ballads, but this my father denies. The genius of the language, the genius of the people is pastoral. If they have a garland, it is a garland of hay, or at most of corn-flowers. I believe that the heroes of the north are domestic heroes, having enough to fight against at home in fighting against the climate; they may be well fitted for heroes, but where is the evidence of it. They would be well off by remaining what they are if they found among themselves a resting place in freedom and fame. But in Courland both liberty and slavery have their home." "My father," continues Herder, "was no great Lettish scholar; but he who understands a language in its breadth and depth, has a right to speak about it. He declared that he

had found no traces of hero songs, but yet that there was evidence that their remotest ancestors had sung them, and where is the people, he asked, that have not sung them? He had collected a sheaf, as he called it, of simpler songs, of which I possess his translations * * In these songs there is a simple peasant-like nature and something eminently characteristic."—vol. i. p. 87—92.

Of Littavian poetry, not unfrequently confounded with Lettish, Herder's volumes contain several remarkable specimens. The Littavian language has so close an affinity with the Lettish that it would scarcely be right to pass over the literature of Lithuania in complete silence, or to lose the opportunity of enabling our readers to compare their ballads with the simpler songs which have occupied the earlier part of this article. Two will suffice for this purpose.

THE MAIDEN IN HER GARDEN.

Sing cheerily, sweet maid!
Why dost thou answer no!
Hang not on thine arm thy head—
To stone 'twill stiffen so.
How should the maiden sing?
Song is the child of peace—
My garden is a waste,
A very wilderness.
Roses are swept away—
The banks in ruins lie;
White lilies trod in clay,—
And all the dews are dry.
Weary, O weary then,
Bearing a faded wreath,
Sadly I turn'd again,
And sank beneath.—vol. i. 111, 112.

In this there is obviously more of refinement in the sentiment and of polish in the expression than in the Lettish compositions. The next is more in the popular strain.

THE LOST BRIDAL RING.

" I rode to the fisher,
I sought out the fisher,
I wish I were his stepson!
And then by the shore I
The wet nets extended,
And wash'd my hand in the water.
Alas! from my finger,
There fell in the water,
My bridal ring fell in the water.
O supplicate, lov'd one,
The wind, the north-wind,
O supplicate weeks, twice counted.
Perchance it has driven
The ring from the bottom
To thy belov'd one's meadow.
Then comes the maiden
Across the meadow,
She comes to the rue-tree garden.
O tarry, thou lov'd one,
Fling down thy sickle,
O fling it among the corn-heaps.
And fling thy whetstone
Among the corn-heaps,
And tarry awhile thou lov'd one.
I thank thee, maiden!
I thank thy coming!
I thank thy pity,
And thy soft language.
Good day! good even!
O kind, kind mother!
Canst thou a bed provide me?
I'll not refuse thee
A bed, but never
Again will I show thee kindness.

Among the theories which have been agitated as to the origin of the Letts, Mr. Parrot in his *Versuch einer Entwicklung der Sprache, Abstammung, Geschichte, Mythologie und bürgerliche Verhaltnisse der Liwen, Lätten, Eesten,* &c., has put forward the fancy that the Lettish is one of the branches of the great Celtic family. As respects Mr. Parrot and many other writers on the

early history of nations, the old adage *Ex nihilo nil fit* may be safely translated "Out of any thing any thing," and assuredly all other absurdities shrink into diminutives when compared with the absurdities broached by some authors on the affinities of languages and the deductions they draw from them. They have the art of confounding every thing, of distorting every thing, of understanding every thing. They can show that words the most unlike have in fact the closest resemblance, and can prove to demonstration from his name alone that Mr. Arkwright is a lineal descendant of Noah, or that Eusebius was a pair of spectacles. We knew a learned man and a minister of state in Spain, who wrote a book, a quarto volume, to explain that *Gott erbarme ich dein armes Würmchen*, was a Cantabrian inscription, at least 2000 years old, and that it celebrated the religious rites performed in a Biscayan temple in that remote period. The simple fact was that a drinking vessel had dropped into a well in Biscay, perhaps a century ago, where it was discovered within our remembrance. It had some rude heads for ornaments and the German prayer as above. Our antiquarian and etymologist at once decided that the heads represented heathen priestesses, and the inscription recorded their religious observances; so with a little torturing and twisting, after some years hard study, he gave his version of it to the astonished world, avowing that the meaning was "The priestesses of the temple pour libations to the god of the sun." In the same ingenious way Mr. Parrot makes out his Celtic etymologies as to the Caucasus. *Cauc*, says he, Celtic for mountain, *as*, Celtic for origin, *us* Celtic for men, what can be clearer Cauc-as-us, to the very letter, mountain of the origin of men; or if that does not please, is there not, quoth he, the Esthonian *Käu* to go, *Kaas* company, *usse*, out, clearly meaning the place whence the company of mankind first went forth? By such guesses any one word in any language may be traced to any other language.

Such volumes become wearisome, and almost indispose one to listen even to the sensible suggestions which sometimes fall from these valorous etymology hunters; and, but for this sort of deformities, Mr. Parrot's book is crowded with very interesting matter. When he gets hold of a word, his faculties are wonderfully bewildered, but he has notwithstanding managed to write very sensibly and eruditely about divers instructive things. Of all perils none are so perilous as those of the man who is chasing derivations, and the course he generally allows himself is unbounded. Authorities are not wanting for shifting every letter in the alphabet, and by this approved and received hocus-pocus any one word may be changed into any other. When Mr. Parrot as-

sumes the Biscayan and the Celtic to be kindred tongues—when he confounds the Erse and the Finnish—when, in a word, he is in the *lucus a non lucendo* humour—it is mere waste of time to be tracking his painful footsteps; but when laboriously turning over the fragments of traditional or recorded history, he brings forth vivid images of the past—when out of the ruins of obscure bygone times he gathers up materials for future record, and presents a vivid outline, if not a perfect picture, of an obscure and oppressed people—it is impossible not to sympathise with his affections, and to honour his labours. We do not mean that the early part of Mr. Parrot's inquiry, which respects the language of the Lettish people, is wholly without merit. He gives there some curious facts amidst many ludicrous and extravagant guesses. When a man has formed a very decided theory, especially on a subject not susceptible of the most satisfactory evidence, facts get a sort of *caoutchouc* character, and are very comfortably stretched to meet the projected purpose. But we cannot, at all events here, enter into the remote history and idiom of the Lettish people.

Of the ancient mythology, and religious observances of the Lettish people, Parrot has collected many curious particulars. He says they worshipped a species of Trinity, long before the introduction of Christianity. Their religious services were performed in groves in the open air. Their principal god was named Thorapilla or Thorawivita, who has been sometimes identified with the Thor of the Goths. "He was the thunderer," says Mone, "dwelling in woods, where he had his own sacred tree. He is invisible and has the wings of a bird. He is the first producer, and is imaged by the sun. They fancied that he had quitted their country to withdraw to the island of Oesel, when Christianity introduced to them a new divinity. They worshipped fire as the representative of the deity, which they kept continually burning on the tops of the highest mountains. In thunder-storms the priests held assemblies to ascertain the will of the divinity, which they proclaimed to their followers." The habit of sacrificing animals to their divinities continued even as late as the end of the seventeenth century, when it was visited with very severe penalties by Frederick the Second of Prussia. Meletius has preserved the prayer addressed to Pergubri, the third person of the Trinity, on the day of his festival. "O Pergubri! thou it is that sendest the winter away, and bringest back the beautiful spring. It is thou who coverest the hedges and the meadows with green, and claddest the hedges and the forest with leaves."

The hospitality of the Lettish people was early celebrated. Duïsburg says of them in his Chronicle—"They treat their

guests with all possible hospitality, and have neither food nor drink in their dwellings which they do not bring forward."* They punished robbery with death, though we find in the thirteenth century that the murderer was released on the payment of a fine. Polygamy was practised among them. Death in combat was deemed highly honourable. They burnt their dead, and says the Chronicle — "Exequias cum lamentationibus et potationibus multis more suo celebrabant."—cap. v. pars ii. Their personal property, their arms, their hunting instruments, and sometimes even their wives, were burnt at their funeral pile. Their ashes were gathered into urns, and *tumuli* raised over those of their most distinguished men. Their dress was simple, their sports hunting and fishing. They were unacquainted with alphabetic writing, and recorded events on pieces of wood in characters universally understood among themselves. Of these ancient proverbs a few have come down even to our days, and with some of these, the concentrated wisdom of a people, we must conclude these *disjecta membra*.

A true child weeps before the fire-place—a bastard behind the door. (i. e. Nobody cares about illegitimate children.)
You cannot make a soup out of a handsome face.
It is not every cock that is perched.
Wet land wants no water.
Boast not of the day till the day is come to an end.
Two hands upon the breast, and labour is past.—(i. e. Death is come.)
To taste the sweet you must eat the bitter.
Sing a good song twice.
Where is the wolf's nest in winter?
Death can take nothing from an empty room.
Youth sows, age reaps.
Women have long hair, but short thoughts.

ART. IV. — 1. *Römische Geschichte.* Von B. G. Niebuhr. Zweiter Theil. Zweite völlig umgearbeitete Ausgabe. (Roman History. By B. G. Niebuhr. Second Volume. Second completely re-modelled Edition.) Berlin. 1830. 8vo.

2. *Ueber die Entstehung, Entwickelung und Ausbildung des Bürgerrechts im alten Rom.* (On the Origin, Development and Improvement of Civic Rights in Ancient Rome.) Von Dr. W. Eisendecker. Hamburgh. 1829. 8vo.

THREE years have now elapsed since it was our grateful task to communicate to the British public the earliest account of the first

* "Hospitibus suis omnem humanitatem quam possunt, ostendunt, nec sunt in domo suo esculenta vel potulenta quæ non communicent eis illa vice."

volume of the re-modelled edition of Niebuhr's Roman History. With joyful anticipation we then looked forward to the speedy appearance of the second volume, which the author intimated stood in need of but little alteration, and to that of the succeeding volumes at reasonable intervals. Time flowed on without our hopes being realized; we heard with dismay, a feeling doubtless shared by every scholar, of the conflagration of Niebuhr's dwelling,—were cheered by his public assurance that, though a part of the perfected manuscript had been lost, the collected materials for the history, down at least to the first Punic War, had been saved, that his spirit was unbroken, and his zeal undiminished. At length the second volume made its appearance in a totally re-modelled form, but scarcely had we had time to peruse and to admire it, when tidings of the death of its illustrious author overwhelmed us with regret, and, we feel no shame to say it, made the very sight of his work disagreeable to us for a season.

Niebuhr is dead, and has not left his fellow behind him. His immortal work remains a monument of the vanity of human designs and expectations. Twenty years ago, in the vigour of life and full of confidence in his mighty powers and resources, he announced his intention of tracing the history of Rome "from the night of remote antiquity, in which all that the most anxious inquiry could aspire to, was to discern the chief masses of society in ancient Italy, down to the period when a second night buried in almost equal darkness all that had been seen to arise, grow old and decay." After some years of reflection he saw that this plan, considering *his* mode of treating his subjects, was too extensive, and he fixed his goal where the Roman "people had incorporated millions with itself, and had imparted to them its language and its laws; where it ruled from the rising unto the setting sun, and the last of the kingdoms that proceeded from Alexander's conquests was become one of its provinces." Such was his language in 1827, and such the goal which he reasonably set to his labours; but *Dis aliter visum,* he has reached no farther goal than a little beyond the capture of the city by the Gauls. The "Roman History" remains a magnificent and highly finished portion of a grand design; it is no *Torso,* no ruin of whose restoration we might despair, but entire and complete as far as it goes; the architect has left his plan and a perfect specimen of his mode of execution; he who planned and commenced the erection of St. Peter's, we should recollect, was not the same with him who brought the edifice to its termination. Though we do not believe that there is any man at present in Europe adequate to continuing the Roman History in a manner corresponding to what has been done by Niebuhr himself, yet we are convinced that such a man will arise;

the example of Niebuhr will stimulate many to exertion, and the history of the Eternal City will, we make no doubt, be at length fully and clearly displayed. For the present, we would conjure his friends to give to the light, with as little delay as possible, such pieces and fragments as they can find, provided they are so far complete as to do no injury to his fame. We, of course, only mean such as relate to literature; for we abhor the vile practice which disgraces our own country, of giving to the world the familiar letters, the careless or confidential effusions, of men of eminence, the very moment they have breathed their last.

What distinguishes Niebuhr above all the scholars of his age, is the union of the most extensive knowledge with the most acute critical spirit and the deepest political sagacity. The history of the whole world, not merely in its outlines, but even in its minutest details, is continually present to his mind; he feels and knows that man is everywhere the same; and hence in his works, not alone do the political institutions of republican Italy and free Greece cast a light on those of ancient Rome, the proceedings of a British parliament explain those of a Roman senate, and the cantons of Switzerland, and the almost unknown Ditmarsh—the author's native province—lend their aid in explaining the principles and maxims of parties, and the political regulations, in a different region, and among a different stem of the human race. In this mode of treating history, we say that Niebuhr is without a rival; all others, when writing the history of any people, content themselves with tracing it independently and distinct from those of all other nations and races. The great political feature of Niebuhr's mind is the abhorrence of oligarchy—a very different feeling from the love of democracy; and surely this is a token of his true political sagacity, for never yet was oligarchy any thing but baneful to the country in which it had fixed its seat; it checks all development, impedes all improvement, mocks all economy of the public revenues, and regards the people as its enemies, and their possessions as its prey. No where are its blighting effects more powerfully traced than in the pages of Niebuhr, and every one must feel his public virtue invigorated by the perusal of them. This alone, did his deserts not go beyond it, would entitle Niebuhr to fame; but when we contemplate the number of points of Roman history, and of history and antiquity in general, which his researches have placed in the light of truth, the probable solutions which he has given of several apparent historic enigmas, and the new line of inquiry and discussion which he has marked out and pursued to a great extent, we cannot stop at that point in our praises; and we must acknowledge that it is probably reserved for posterity to discover adequately the extent of his merits, and his influence on historical and political science.

Doubtless many a one who has long received the tale of the early days of Rome as Livy and Dionysius have narrated it, and who, though he may not perfectly believe that Romulus and Remus were the sons of Mars, makes little doubt of the truth of their exposure by their uncle, and of the first inhabitants of Rome having been about as respectable as those of Sydney Cove, who believes in the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii, in the Grecian origin of Tarquinius, and the servile origin of Servius—such a one, we say, will be apt to join the chorus of spirits in Faust, and cry

" Weh! Weh!
Du hast sie zerstört,
Die schöne Welt,
Mit mächtiger Faust,
Sie stürtzt, sie zerfällt!
Ein Halbgott hat sie zerschlagen!
Wir tragen
Die Trümmern ins Nichts hinüber,
Und klagen
Ueber die verlorne Schöne.
Mächtiger
Der Erdensöhne,
Prächtiger
Baue sie wieder."

and the desire is complied with; for though the poetic illusions which had gathered around the early days of Rome are dispelled, the real dignity and splendour of Roman story are not thereby impaired; on the contrary, while the theory (and it can be but a theory) advanced by our historian gives the adequate solution of many difficulties which are inexplicable on the principles of Livy and Dionysius, it shows to a demonstration the extent of power and consequence to which Rome had attained under her kings, and the misery into which she sank when under the sway of an oligarchy. What is very remarkable is, that while the early history of Rome, as it is usually related, is shown to be devoid of historic truth, the pleasure which we find in perusing it is thereby enhanced rather than diminished. There is in fact a high degree of enjoyment in the contemplation of fictions which have long imposed upon mankind and have become venerable by time, and in comparing them with the truth or with probability. We learn to view them in their pure poetic character, as distinct from history as are the feuds of the Zegries and Abencerrages, or the romantic details of what are called historic novels, and pass with a sort of internal triumph from their brilliant and deceptive details to the simple narrative or probable conjecture. It was doubtless this consciousness, this internal pride as we may term it, which made Malcolm Laing (as we are informed by Sir James Macintosh) enjoy the perusal of Ossian even after he had demonstrated the forgery; and every one who has experienced this pleasure will assent to this assertion of Niebuhr when rejecting on valid grounds the narrative of the bold and constitutional opposition made by Horatius and Valerius to the tyranny of the Decemvirs. " So long," says he, " as ancient literature finds susceptible minds, it will be

read in Livy, and that with still greater inclination when an accurate idea of the ancient relations has become common property."

Niebuhr was not actuated by the love of paradox, as has been insinuated by a late critic, who compares him with Hardouin, and mocks at his attempts at breaking the tranquillity of our slumber as we reposed in undoubting confidence on the bosoms of Dionysius and Livy. Neither were his organs of destructiveness so strongly developed as to make him pull down for the love of pure mischief. He does not say in a tone of shallow arrogance, like a certain *pert* if not *dull scoffer*, "I have gone through this history as a man would go through a wood, with an axe on his shoulder, and fell trees. Here they lie, and the votaries, if they can, may replace them. They may, perhaps, stick them in the ground, but they will never grow." He only says, or may be supposed to say, to this effect in a calm sedate tone—

"The narratives which have been transmitted to us as the early history of Rome are improbable in themselves, and at variance with what we know to have been the state of society and of the constitution; they are in character the same with those of other ancient nations, which we know to be fabulous; they have all the hue of poetry. Am I not, therefore, justified in rejecting them, and endeavouring, from the materials used by the Roman historians, much of which they misunderstood, and from such other fragmentary information as has been preserved, and guided by the analogy of the Greeks, and of other nations somewhat similarly situated with the ancient Romans, to advance a theory more in harmony with the institutions of early Rome than are the narratives of Livy and Dionysius? I express strongly my conviction of the soundness of my views, because they are the result of long and anxious attention devoted to the subject, and many matters which are dim and obscure to others appear in a strong and harmonious light to my more accustomed eyes. Yet I seek not to force my conviction on others. I know that *magna est vis veritatis et prævalebit*, and that if my theory is correct it must be generally adopted; and surely I may claim credit for being able to discern, and for being perfectly convinced, that no man who has any conception of, and passion for, true fame, will ever attempt to gain a reputation by advancing paradoxes—that is, theories of whose truth he is not satisfied himself. I at the same time must say, that it argues but little modesty in any one, who, it is evident, is but superficially acquainted with the history of Rome, and utterly ignorant of the distinction which has been so justly and fully established between the mythic, the mytho-historic and the historic, to set me down as a mere vendor of paradoxes who secretly laughs at the credulity of his readers."

Such might be the language of Niebuhr, and it cannot be replied to him as was so eloquently done to the person alluded to above, "You have gone through the wood, with the best intentions in the world to cut it down; but you have lost your way on the Mountains of Lebanon, the goodly cedars whereof, lamenting the madness and pitying the blindness of your rage against them, have turned the blunt edge and the base temper of your axe, and laughed unhurt at the feebleness of your stroke." He has been guided by the love of truth, his object has been to kindle a steady beacon for the guidance of future inquirers, not to raise a flame with straw and brambles, which crackles and dazzles for a few minutes, and then goes out, leaving us in greater darkness than ever; and such powers and such attainments as his could not fail of their object. The regal portion of the Roman annals is, as will appear more and more every day, removed for ever out of the domain of real history, and the truth is only to be replaced by conjecture. Niebuhr has given what appears to him to be the most probable account of Rome's origin and early days; this account may be carped at, be rejected, and others substituted in its stead, but assuredly no future historian of Rome who values his fame will relate the tale as told by Livy and Dionysius for real history. Yet it must be told, and always will be read with pleasure, but with a perfect understanding of its real nature, just as we may read the Chronicle of Archbishop Turpin, or that of the Cid, though well knowing that the one does not contain the real history of Charles the Great, or the other the veritable exploits of the renowned Ruy Dias de Vibar; for there is always something highly agreeable in tracing the vestiges of truth which lurk in fiction, or have given origin to it, to say nothing of the charms inherent in its very nature.

We are told, that the feebleness of the attacks made on them by the German professor only proves the truth of the narratives of Dionysius and Livy. It is time for us to give over sneering at the Germans, to whom we are in general as confessedly inferior in the higher branches of knowledge and in solid learning, as we are superior in the lighter walks of literature. Whom have we to set in competition with Niebuhr? National partiality to be sure has attempted to place Mitford by his side—a dwarf by a giant, a mere political bigot by a philosopher—Mitford, whose work the Germans would not condescend to translate beyond the third volume, we believe, though they *did* make that of Gillies a part of their literature. No! we have not as yet the equal, in the department of ancient history, of men far inferior to Niebuhr. But if we are implicitly to follow the guidance of Livy and Dionysius, we should be glad to know which, for they

do not always agree; and Cicero, who was as good a judge as they, followed different annalists; the judicious Dio Cassius is also frequently at variance with them. What is of more importance, their narratives are frequently clearly and visibly at variance with possibility. We give an example from Niebuhr's second volume, which will serve to show at once the fidelity of Livy to the old romantic tradition, the attempt of Dionysius to get rid of improbabilities, and the judgment and sagacity of Niebuhr in detecting and exposing the slight foundation on which the whole narrative rests.

In the year 296, the Æquians, in violation of a truce, ravaged the lands of Lavici and Tusculum. Ambassadors were sent from Rome to remonstrate against this breach of faith, but Gracchus Clœlius, the Æquian general, treated them with the greatest *hauteur*, telling them to make their complaint to the oak which shaded his tribunal, that he meanwhile would attend to something else. The ambassadors, taking the oak and the gods to witness of the violated truce, returned to Rome. A consular army, under L. Minucius, was sent to the Algidus against the Æquians, but the unskilfulness or inactivity of the consul was such, that he suffered the Æquian general to close him in amidst the hills. Five horsemen, who broke through and escaped before the Æquians had completed their works, carried the tidings to Rome, and the whole city was thrown into dismay and despair.

As was usual in times of imminent danger, the senate resolved to create a dictator. The hopes of the state lay in L. Quinctius Cincinnatus, who dwelt beyond the Tiber, where he cultivated with his own hands a farm of four *jugera*, on the spot afterwards called the Quinctian Meadows. When the messengers of the senate arrived, he was engaged, with nothing on him but an apron round his waist, either in ploughing or in making a ditch. He inquired how things were in the city, they begged that he would put on his *toga* to receive the message of the senate, he desired his wife Racilia to fetch it out of the cottage to him. When he was dressed, they saluted him as dictator, and informed him of the state of affairs. Getting into the boat in which they had come, he crossed over to the city, his three sons, his friends, and relations, and the greater part of the patricians came to meet him, and conducted him to his house.

Next morning, by break of day, the dictator appeared in the Forum; he nominated as commander of the cavalry L. Tarquitius, a man of noble birth and distinguished valour, but poor, like himself, and who had in consequence of his poverty always been obliged to serve on foot. He then ordered the shops to be shut, and all business to cease. Those who were of the military age

were directed to supply themselves with provisions for five days, to cut each man twelve stakes, and to appear in arms at sunset on the field before the city. Others were meantime to employ themselves in preparing the food of those who were to march. All was done as required, and the dictator and his army set forth. On the way he reminded them that their brethren had now been three days shut in by the enemy, and exhorted them to quicken their pace. The standard bearers moved on rapidly, the soldiers followed cheerfully, and by midnight they reached the Algidus. When they came close to the camp of the enemies, the dictator ordered his men to halt, and having ridden forward and reconnoitered it, he directed the soldiers to pile their baggage, and forming a line withoutside of that of the Æquians, to begin to dig a ditch and cast up a rampart. The soldiers commenced their work, raising at the same time the Roman war-cry, which pealing through the night-air unheard by the Æquians, reached to the camp of the consul, and filled the besieged Romans with joy. Minucius, judging that the dictator's army must be actually attacking the enemies, exhorted his men to aid in their own deliverance, in consequence of which they sallied forth and fell on the Æquians, and the combat lasted through the remainder of the night. In the morning the works of the Romans were completed, and the Æquians saw themselves completely enclosed. The dictator was preparing to attack them, when they sent to sue for mercy, which was granted on condition of their surrendering in chains Gracchus Clœlius and his principal officers. The Æquian army passed under the yoke; the camp and all that it contained, except the tunic which each man wore, became the prey of the victors. No share was given to the troops of Minucius, and he was himself obliged to lay down his dignity. There were no murmurs,—the liberated soldiers saluted the dictator as their patron, and presented him with a crown of gold of a pound weight. He entered Rome in triumph. Quinctius would have laid down his dignity immediately, but for the approaching trial of M. Volscius, on which his authority was deemed requisite for intimidating the tribunes. He, however, laid it down on the sixteenth day after he had received it, though he might have legally retained it for six months.

" This tale," says Mr. Niebuhr, " will as little stand the measure of historic possibility as one belonging to the regal period; but that measure should be applied just as little here as there. The poet, whether he sang or told it, needed not to consider that when five paling-stakes were a heavy burden for the hardy soldier, the people of a common levy must have sunk completely under the weight of twelve—that so great a number could only be employed, in case of the circle being so large that

when the soldiers were all placed in a line a fathom of ground came to each; in which case, to say nothing of the length of time requisite for each to complete his piece of the ditch and rampart, a sally of the Æquians, who were much superior in strength to Minucius, in any one quarter, would have burst the whole—that no courier could have got over the distance from Rome to the Algidus, (more than 20 miles,) between sunset and midnight,* and here the question is of a column of heavy-armed and heavy-laden men. But he counts neither the steps nor the hours; still more may he smile at the objection, that the Æquians must have been struck with deafness and blindness when the Romans could go round about them, cast a snare round them undisturbed, and not be impeded by them in their task of entrenchment. For doubtless this did not proceed according to the ordinary course of human affairs; God had smitten them so that they neither saw nor heard; they did not perceive the war-cry which pealed in the ears of those whom they held enclosed; he paralyzed them: this was the result of the arrogance which had emboldened the afflicted to apply to Him for aid. He had augmented the natural strength of the Romans, so that they completed the entrenchment between midnight and the first break of day, after that night-march of upwards of twenty miles succeeding the toils of the preceding day, and they were still fresh enough to make an irresistible attack on the enemy in his entrenchments, in which he had stayed quietly till the sally of the besieged."

Here are improbabilities enough to startle any one, yet they never seem to have struck Livy, and they are related by Hooke and his French predecessors without a shade of suspicion. We suppose that we are now to set at nought the criticism of the German professor, and humbly acquiesce in the certainty of the miraculous narrative. But then it may be said, there is the account given by Dionysius, which is not at all at variance with probability, why not adopt that? Simply because it is not at variance with probability. It is a plain specimen of what the Germans call *pragmatismus*, that is, the attempt at reducing fiction to truth, a practice of which the futility will be acknowledged by all who have well considered the nature of mythic history, the narratives of which are only to be regarded as poetic superstructures, raised on a slender basis of truth. Who could with reason seek any more truth in the tales of the celebrated Theban wars than this?—namely, that a Peloponnesian army, from what cause we know not, though possibly from the cause which is assigned, once marched against Thebes, where it was defeated, and that some years afterwards the attempt was resumed and proved successful. All the details must be regarded as mere fiction. So in the present case, all that belongs to history in it is, that the

* It was about the beginning of September, so the space of time could not have been more than five hours. Few could go from London to Windsor in that time.

consul Minucius was defeated on the Algidus and shut up in his camp, and was relieved from his perilous situation by an army which was sent from Rome to his aid. As the loss had been sustained and the danger incurred through his fault, he was obliged to abdicate, and L. Fabius took the command of the army in his place. That the relief was led by Cincinnatus, as dictator, *may* be true, yet it is not unlikely that it was conducted by Fabius, who took the command of the liberated army, and that it was ascribed to Cincinnatus, in order to conceal the odious circumstance of his having been created dictator solely against the *Plebs*, to control their eagerness for constitutional reform, and to procure the banishment of the accuser of his son, the turbulent and domineering Cæso. The *Fasti Triumphales*, no doubt, mention his triumph, and give the date of it; but they do the same for those of Tarquinius Priscus and Servius Tullus. Much weight cannot therefore be reposed on their testimony.

This tale gives us an opportunity of pointing out a remarkable feature in the early Roman history, as it has been transmitted to us, and which Niebuhr was the first to observe, namely, that owing to poverty of invention in the Roman annalists and story-tellers, the same circumstances are frequently related of different persons and different times; very generally it is a piece of real history thrown back to the unhistoric times, and robbed of its harmony and accordance with probability. It was thus that many of the events of the real Veientian war of the year 277 were transplanted back to the mythic one of Porsenna. In the present instance, the circumstance of Cincinnatus being engaged in rustic toils when the envoys of the senate came to him, and the lamentation which Dionysius puts in his mouth, of the poverty which he and his family were likely to undergo, in consequence of his being taken from the cultivation of his little farm, had been already related by that historian on the occasion of his consulship, to which it manifestly belongs, if true; and the whole tale of the hemming in of an army by the Roman general, and the surrender of its commander, the Æquian Clœlius, is told again by Livy, when twenty years afterwards it occurs in a much more historical form, the town of Ardea being the scene. It could not well be the same Clœlius who twice met the same misfortune, for he who was led in a Roman triumph of the olden time rarely escaped the executioner's axe.

We have gone into this subject thus minutely, in order to show what the real nature is of those narratives of Livy and Dionysius, to which we are required to yield implicit credit, and to give a specimen of the manner in which they are sifted and treated by the only critical narrator of the Roman history. He does not

relegate them from his pages,—for they are a component part of the history as it has been delivered to us,—neither does he, by employing the wretched system of *pragmatism*, deprive them of their poetic beauty, to give them an appearance of probability; he relates them as poetic legends, showing, at the same time, what may with safety be regarded as the historic foundation on which they rest. And we are convinced, that by this judicious mode of procedure they are not robbed of a single particle of their charms in the eyes of readers of taste; on the contrary, they will be perused with additional pleasure when their real nature is understood, and we cease to look in them for the features of historic truth, our gratification will be undisturbed by the shock of improbability, and we shall read them as we read the Ilias or the Lay of the Nibelungs, merely as pictures of life and manners. For another remarkable and well-established instance of poetry taking the place of history, we refer the reader to the story of Camillus, as narrated and explained by our author.

"It was," says Mr. Niebuhr, "one of the most important problems of the First Part to demonstrate that the history of the regal period is completely unhistoric. I have explained the tales which pass for such, and collected what had been shivered from them and scattered about, in order to restore the manifold forms which they once presented; not as if this brought us any nearer to historic knowledge—for the monuments which it left behind it testify for the magnificence of the kingdom of which the seven hills were the seat; the memory of its history has been purposely annihilated, and to fill up the vacuum, events of a narrow sphere, as it was present to the Pontifices after the Gallic times, set in the place of the perished deeds of an incomparably greater period. Even Fabius, beyond all doubt, knew nothing more than the tale which has come down to us, and he could hardly have found anywhere but in the writings of foreign nations genuine accounts; which, however, could not be made to harmonize with that narrative, and were therefore useless to him. On the other hand, his age was in possession of a real history, though grown fabulous in many parts, from the time of the insurrection of the commonalty; and though this has come down to us only in a very imperfect, distorted, and arbitrarily wrought form, it is from henceforward my joyful task to undertake the restoration of a genuine, consistent, and, in all essential points, complete narrative."

We thus see that, as we have above asserted, Niebuhr is not actuated by the pure love of mischief and desire of rooting up all established opinions. In this point he differs from Beaufort and his followers, who, because they found some of the narrations of the period antecedent to the capture of the city by the Gauls at variance with probability, at once rejected the whole as fabulous. This, however, was a very hasty and unphilosophic mode of proceeding; the notices for the century preceding that event are too

numerous, too brief, (for, as Niebuhr justly observes, " tales are invented, not single notices, in great number,") and even in some cases bearing too many apparent marks of incredibility to be the produce of fiction. Our author regards them as furnishing the materials of real history; it remains to consider what they are, and how they were preserved.

Livy, when commencing the second half of the first decade of his history, observes that what he had previously related was obscure by reason of antiquity, and resembled objects seen at a great distance. This obscurity he attributes to two circumstances; one, that writing was rare in those times—the other, that the little which was preserved in the *commentaries* of the Pontifices, and the other public and private monuments, had *mostly* perished in the conflagration of the city by the Gauls. Where then, we may ask, did the writers whom Livy followed get the detailed accounts of the expulsion of the Tarquins, the secession of the Plebs, the exploits of Coriolanus, and the tale just related of the dictatorship of Cincinnatus? manifestly from the tales or ballads handed down by tradition: but this by the way. Livy was, as Niebuhr thinks, led to express himself thus decidedly by the circumstance of the *annals* of the Pontifices having commenced at that calamitous event, which had also probably induced Claudius Quadrigarius, one of the annalists whom he followed, to begin his work at that point, regarding all previous to it as little better than fiction. But this only testified his want of critical discrimination; for there was surely no external evidence to justify him in rejecting the genealogical tables of the Manlii and Quinctii, and the other patrician families whose dwellings were on the Capitol, however sound criticism might lead to a rejection of some of the events and details which they contained. He might also easily have seen that the best writers on the Roman public law had derived notices of events from the books of the Pontifices, of whose genuineness there could no more be a question than of that of the Twelve Tables, or of the laws and treaties belonging to those times, on which no doubt has ever been thrown.

We are in fact to recollect, first, that several patrician families—that is, those to whom all the high offices of the state were almost exclusively confined, who had the priesthoods and commanded the armies, and who were consequently most interested in preserving the memory of public events—dwelt on the Capitol, and therefore suffered no loss of any of the records which they may have possessed; and, secondly, that the Gauls did not march to Rome immediately after their victory at the Allia. Abundance of time was thus given to the Romans who dwelt in the lower parts of the city to save the portable part of their property, and

it is hardly credible that the proud patricians should have been so utterly dejected, or so careless of the glories of their name, as not to carry the records of them to their refuge on the Capitol, or to the towns of Latium or Etruria.

What then were the written monuments possessed by the patrician families? They were, in the first place, the *census-rolls.* These were kept by every family any of whose members had discharged the office of censor, and, as the results of several census taken before the capture of the city have been preserved, and they are such as, though now explicable, must have sounded quite incredible in the ears of the later Romans, their genuineness is exposed to no suspicion—forgery always aiming at credibility. In the next place, there can hardly be a doubt of those families who had had consuls among them having kept consular Fasti, in which remarkable events, especially those of the year or years which were of importance to *them,* were noted down. These were completely distinct from the pontifical annals—yet they were also annals, but formed by various persons, partly contemporary, partly, especially in the earlier portion, drawn from domestic sources, or from those of other families: hence there was frequently a confusion in their chronology. It cannot be said positively whether any contemporary *fasti* of this kind, for the time of the secession, had been preserved; but it is quite manifest that none such went back to the first year of the republic and institution of the consulate. As an aid to the memory these fasti connected the events which they recorded with the Capitoline æra and the consuls of the year. Some of these brief notices have been preserved; such as the following (Livy, ii. 19): "*His consulibus Fidenæ obsessæ, Crustumenia capta, Præneste ab Latinis ad Romanos descivit.* Besides the Fasti, there were the well-known Funeral Discourses, an institution apparently peculiar to Rome, and probably of the most remote antiquity, in use evidently long before the capture of the city, a little before or after which the honour of having such pronounced over them was communicated to the women. In these the actions of the deceased were naturally related at greater length than they could be in the dry Fasti; the battles which he fought were detailed, the sieges which he conducted described at length, the part which he enacted in the civil commotions fully displayed. These were kept in the *Atrium,* along with the genealogy. Livy and Cicero, it is well known, speak disparagingly of these documents as sources of history; but their censures apply chiefly to those which went through and related the deeds of the family up to the most remote times, and here of course fiction was at liberty to play her pranks, but such was evidently not the character of

those composed in the early times, when the history from the expulsion of the kings was almost fresh in the public memory. It is manifest that several of the narratives of the century before the capture of the city have been derived from these family records of the Valerii, Claudii, Fabii, Quinctii, and Servilii. Of these, those relating to this last family are entitled to implicit credit; those of the Fabii, which are much more detailed, rest on a foundation of genuineness, but it is curious that the tales of the truly noble Valerii are the least deserving of credit. Their genealogy was equally corrupted; both were lost and restored in the same manner. "But the living traditions, by means of which the times of their forefathers were common property, were preserved among those who escaped the sword of the Gauls, and if Livy meant these, he was certainly justified in saying that the preservation of events was committed to the memory."

Such then were the sources remaining for a history of Rome for the first century of the Republic, and the portion of his work which Livy devotes to that period answers precisely to the character of a work constructed mediately or immediately from such materials. We here have the scanty notice, such as that given above, from the dry Fasti, beside the full but incredible narrative, the production of family vanity or of popular fiction, joined with accounts of censorial enumerations of the people, evidently unintelligible to the historian and his contemporaries.

The progress of the Roman annals was in this manner. While a country is without a literature, many a one is urged by that love for preserving the memory of the past, which is inherent in our nature, to write down a brief account of the events of his own time. Gradually these private chroniclers seek to outdo their predecessors; they take in a greater number of events, and relate them with greater details, and as each chronicle should begin at the beginning, they look for materials in older annals, of which they relieve the meagreness, by incorporating traditional tales. This is exactly the course of the Florentine annals, which, commencing with the dry scanty notices, mingled with tales and fables of those published by Lami, were extended and made more detailed in the chronicle of Malispini and its continuations, which were completely obscured and cast into oblivion by the new form given to the materials which they contained by Villani. Though the progress cannot be thus traced in ancient Rome, it was questionless the same; and the annals in which Coruncanius and the Marcii of the fifth and sixth centuries read the deeds of their fathers corresponded to the Malispini, in which Dante read all that is of importance in the corresponding portion of Villani.

In the time of the second Punic, or as it is more justly called, the Hannibalian war, a higher class of writers appeared. The Fabian family was distinguished above all others by its taste for art, and its cultivation of the Greek language and literature. There can hardly be a doubt of the Fabii having kept a chronicle of the kind which we have described, and Niebuhr regards the account of the campaign of Q. Fabius Rullus, in the year 451 (454 ?) as being evidently derived from contemporary sources. Fabius Pictor, the historian, was one of this family, and he, as well as his contemporaries Cincius and Atilius, wrote in Greek, not, as may well be supposed, for the edification of their fellow citizens, but with the laudable desire of elevating the Roman name and nation in the eyes of the supercilious and vain-glorious Greeks. As the power of Rome and the use of the Latin language were by this time extended over all Italy, Latin historians were required, and we accordingly find that by the end of the century in which Fabius and Cincius wrote, they were become numerous. The variations among these writers prove the multiplicity of the chronicles whence they derived their materials: the same is evinced by the circumstance of each of them having written the entire ancient history, for unquestionably it was not their object to display their peculiar views or the graces of their style; each found some materials which had not been used, and which enabled him to make what he deemed important additions to the history. These writers reach down to even the times after Sulla. One of them was the notorious Valerius Antias, so dishonourably distinguished by his falsifications and fictions.

The censor, L. Piso Frugi, attempted in the beginning of the seventh century to be the Ephorus of Rome, and by the pragmatizing process to reduce the old tales and traditions to the form of real history. He was however unsuccessful; the spirit of the age was still too poetical to tolerate a frigid lifeless narrative, he left annals, as Cicero says of him, *exiliter scriptos*, and the old annals were still worked up as before. The series of these annalists closes with C. Licinius Macer, the contemporary of Cicero, whose influence on the history which has come down to us was extremely great. It may thus be shown. The speeches of Livy and Dionysius are evidently to be regarded as rhetorical expansions of those which they found in others, but we often meet in these harangues allusion to circumstances which do not occur in their histories. As Livy in particular never admitted a circumstance into his narrative which he had not found in some preceding annalist, we may be sure that such were not mere fictions or fancies; it is also probable that the old annalists had not art enough to introduce set speeches, whereas Macer, as

Cicero tells us, delighted in them. Macer was like Piso, a statesman, and therefore naturally took pleasure in tracing the progress and alterations of the constitution; books on the constitution like those of Cincius were among the earliest written at Rome, and C. Junius, named Gracchanus, from his friendship with the younger Gracchus, had written a history of the constitution and the magistracies, which went as far back as the regal period. Now there are many things in Livy and Dionysius which could only have been derived from the work of Gracchanus, but which they could not have taken immediately from it, or else they would hardly have passed over other matters of equal importance which it contained. Supposing them, however, to have obtained these particulars through the medium of Macer, who had carefully used the work of Gracchanus, and whom they treated like the other annalists, taking some circumstances from him and passing over others, the phenomenon is easily explicable, and the speeches alluded to are merely *rifacciamenti* of those which they found in Macer. Dionysius, we may observe, says nothing whatever of Gracchanus in his list of the authors whom he read preparatory to writing his history, and if *he* neglected him, we may be very certain that Livy treated him with equal disregard. As for the anonymous annals, they were no longer to be had, they had vanished as soon as a classical literature had been formed. Fabius and the later annalists were the only sources from which the two contemporary historians, whose works have come down to us, derived the materials, which they worked up into a uniform and regular narrative. The annalists of the seventh century were as completely thrown into the shade by the splendour of Livy as Poggius and Leonardus were by that of Macchiavelli, or Echard and Baker by Hume, and the Roman history was henceforth read and believed as it was related by him and Dionysius. Dio Cassius alone broke loose from this state of dependence, and returned to the ancient tradition in the work of Fabius; he also made considerable use of that of Gracchanus, which was well known and studied by the lawyers in his time, "as the history of the constitution was his constant object."

We now let Mr. Niebuhr speak in his own person:—

"It *(the history of the constitution)* is also mine; and the highest aim of my criticism is to come near the conception which Fabius and Gracchanus had of the constitution and its alterations; beyond doubt their view was perfectly correct. But we may venture to think that our age separates fable from reality in a more satisfactory manner than theirs did. It is, therefore, no presumptuous undertaking to endeavour to discern, in the narratives of the historians, what is the result of their mistakes, prejudices, or arbitrary mode of relating; what is original;

what portion of the matter which they found in the annalists is to be referred to each of the sources just mentioned; and for the time before the destruction of the city, whether from borrowed or fabricated writings. Yet even if the books of the seventh century, from which no circumspection had as yet removed the most flagrant contradictions, were still in existence, this separation could not be made so perfect as that an absolutely complete history in the simplicity of a chronicle should thence arise. For often, indeed, what really happened has been preserved in the annals along with the legend; and this last, which has been inserted, easily and perfectly detaches itself: but it has still more frequently, and that very early, completely taken the place of the annalistic truth, and so completely driven it away that not a vestige of it is remaining, and no ingenuity could accomplish its *palingenesis*. It is easy to prove that the taking of Veii by means of a mine is altogether a fable, but the real manner in which it was done is not to be conjectured; whereas on other occasions this is neither difficult nor uncertain.

"The place of many a step which is wanting may be discerned with the greatest certainty in the history of the constitution; what precedes and follows, mark it out like the *data* for a problem. On the other hand, peculiar difficulty comes here in the way, owing to the circumstance that not a few of the most important notices, derived, too, from the very best authorities, seem devoid of sense, because those who have preserved them did not understand their meaning. Dionysius worked out for himself representations which were utterly false, and expressed the very reverse of what they should imply, because he never suspected that he had not the fundamental idea of the constitution, and did not resolve to give up the solution of the enigma; Lydus stutters out words without ideas. But if the deceptive medium is known which had distorted the objects to the eyes of the judicious inquirer, and it is conjectured what it was that the simple narrator must have heard, then such enigmas are converted into consistent testimonies, which afford a foundation for farther conclusions.

"We cannot conceal from ourselves the fact, that these inquiries into the changes of the constitution, still more those into other particular events, will hardly convince the generality of readers in the same manner as the examination of its original forms. These last exhibit themselves for centuries in their expressions, and even by their alterations; and what is not mentioned in the history of one people, analogy exhibits in kindred nations; the former are a single event depending on caprice and casualties, at least on resolves, and doubtless the true is not always the probable. But the inquirer, before whose eyes bent on it for years with ever renewed, unaverted gaze, the history of misunderstood, disfigured, perished events, has gained existence and form out of night and mist, as the scarce visible airy form of the nymph in the Slavonian tale is converted to that of an earthly maiden by the earnest, longing gaze of love—before whose unwearied, conscientious examination it has gained a more and more perfect consistency, and that immediate revelation of the reality which emanates from actual existence—he may demand that another person who only casts a transient glance on the region where he lives

and dwells, should not dogmatically deny the justness of his views because he does not see them. The learned naturalist who has never quitted the town will not recognise the course of the game which guides the woodman, and whoever, at the time when Benvenuto's eyes had after months accustomed themselves to see, had entered his dungeon and maintained that the captive could no more distinguish objects in the dark than he could—had certainly made a very erroneous estimate.

"The history which will occupy the present volume was given up and despised after the abundance of impossibilities and contradictions which the prevalent narrative contains had been exposed. Indeed no man of sense could hesitate which course to adopt, if there was no other choice than that of maintaining it, such as it was, or of renouncing it altogether. The best of things degenerates in the course of time, frequently of a short time, and objectionable matter attaches itself to it; the silly zealot, who will then compel us to do it homage, as we did before it was falsified and had degenerated, alienates from it that reason which might restore its real nature, and thus recall the former love, that reason which can do without but cannot tolerate any thing absurd. The historic criticism which only separates the bad, which replaces the legend on its proper ground, ensures a recognition of its nobility, and thus secures it from mockery and derision, gains for the Roman history, from the period of the conclusion of the league with Latium, as much matter and authority as belong to many of those of much later periods, which like it are unillumed by contemporary accounts."

We have given this extract that the reader may plainly see what Niebuhr's real conception of the Roman history is, and how far removed he was from blind scepticism and from the love of paradox. We should not have deemed it necessary to take so much pains to vindicate him on this head, were it not for our knowledge of how much the opinions of readers in general are swayed by the decisions and assertions of popular journals. It is good to endeavour to obviate the prejudices which may thence arise, though we feel confident that the progress of knowledge will not be impeded. The true character of Roman story is now made known; the fables which adorn its early portion will and must ever continue to be read, but the time will hardly ever arrive when they will again claim belief.

The history in this second volume commences with the bond of alliance entered into between the Romans and Latins, in which the perfect equality of the terms in which the two nations stand, proves convincingly the absolute independence of Latium at this time, and, consequently, the decline of the Roman power since the suppression of the regal dignity. The account of the alliance is preceded by an inquiry into the constitution of the Latin confederacy, which throws considerable light on those of the Italian states in general, for the states of the peninsula had a strong resemblance to each other in their social institutions, which, though

in a great measure resembling those of Greece, were still essentially distinct from them. All the institutions of Rome were Italian; they were not Roman inventions: they had either been in use from the foundation of the state, or they had been adopted from some people who had retained them when Rome had lost them. We must recollect that the Romans were the only people of the peninsula, except the foreign Tuscans, who had adopted the regal form of government. The establishment of the republic was in fact a sort of reversion to original forms.

The consideration of the power exercised by numerical relations in the states of antiquity leads M. Niebuhr to the just solution of many a historical enigma. So it is in the present case. The Latium which now entered into alliance with Rome was but a part of that Latium which was included in the treaty with Carthage, and which, consequently, had acknowledged the supremacy of the Roman monarchs, and though the sites of some of the towns mentioned as belonging to it are unknown, enough remains to show that its boundary line was as follows:—It began at the sea to the west of Laurentum, ran along then parallel to the Tiber and crossed the Anio, then reached the northwest of Nomentum, included the district of this town and of Corniculum, Tibur and Præneste, ran over the hills which separate the waters of the Anio and the Liris, including the Algidus and Velitræ, and following their southern branch in an easterly direction reached the sea to the east of Circeii. Now in this Latium we find the names of thirty towns enumerated, and yet of the thirty towns of the original Latium, seven, which were conquered by the Roman kings, do not appear in it. How is this to be explained? Simply by attending to the numerical principle. The ancients did not regard a state as composed by the union of separate parts, they held that its internal constitution was to be regulated by the nature of the whole, and the hereditary rule of each people. The Dorians' number was three; Homer mentions them as thus divided in Rhodes and in Crete: and the same number meets us every where that we find them. The Ionian primary number was four, each of whose units being divided into three gave a sum of twelve, which number was to be found in Achæa, their original country, in their colonies in Asia, and in the Attic Trittyes. We have two lists of the Achæan towns, one given by Herodotus (i. 145), the other by Polybius (ii. 41), in which, though the sum total is the same, namely twelve, the names of the individual towns do not correspond. This is easily explained, by recollecting that Egæ and Rhypes, which appear in the list given by the former historian, had sunk into insignificance, while Leontium and Kerynea, which Polybius names in their stead, had grown into

importance, and, therefore, justly and naturally taken their place; the political wisdom of the Greeks being as it would appear of a different kind from that of our own sapient legislators, who could never be brought to see the equity of transferring the political rights of Gatton and Old Sarum to Leeds and Birmingham. In Asia, though Smyrna early became Ionian and left the original twelve towns far behind in wealth and reputation, it could never get a place in the union (no vacancy having occurred) until the ancient prejudice gave way, and it was admitted as a thirteenth town. In like manner thirty was the Latin number; we meet it in the Roman tribes, in the Alban towns, and in every re-modification of the Latin state, though the names of the towns are not always identical, and thus the enigma is easily and simply solved.

The numerical principle conducts Mr. Niebuhr to some curious discoveries respecting the Hernicans, a people who were, seven years after the Latins, joined in alliance with them and the Romans, and on the same terms. The Hernicans were of Sabellian race, and that *four* was the Sabellian number is thus shown: the cohorts of both the Hernicans and the Samnites contained each 400 men; their regular army of 16,000 was composed of four legions each of 4000 men; the army which the Samnites sent to the defence of Palæopolis consisted, as we are told by the historian, who was ignorant of their military regulations, of 4,000 men; that was plainly a legion. The Marsian confederacy was composed of four peoples, and that just so many went to the formation of that of the Samnites is nearly proved by the number of their legions. Thence our author confidently asserts that every free Sabellian people must have been divided four-wise, and, consequently, the Hernicans, which he considers to be proved by the notice of the 1000 colonists sent to Antium, the joint conquest of the three combined nations; for there 400 Hernicans represented the four Sabine stocks just as the 300 Romans did the three tribes of the houses, and the 300 Latins the three *decuriæ* of the Latin towns, each Hernican receiving of course but three-fourths of the lot of a Roman or a Latin. He even ventures to conjecture that the number *twelve*, which so frequently occurs in Roman affairs, may have owed its origin to the union in Rome between the Latins and Sabines, and the combination of their fundamental numbers three and four, and that hence the introduction of the year of twelve months was ascribed to Numa. Four then being the Sabellian number, the towns of the Hernicans must have been either 4, 16, or 40; they were, we know, more than the first, and the notice that 47 towns took part in the celebration of the Latin Feriæ, is decisive for the second; the only question being whether they were the 30 Latin towns, the 16 Hernican

and Rome, or whether the Hernican capital, *Dives Anagnia*, bore the same relation to the 16 inferior towns, as Alba to the 30 Latin ones. We thus see what has been gained for history by this attention to numbers, namely, an additional proof of the Sabellian origin of the Hernicans, and a satisfactory account of their number and power, which entitled them to an alliance on equal terms with Rome and Latium.

The nature of the political constitution of Latium is a question of no slight importance, for all the nations which Rome encountered in Italy were confederations, and the uniformity which runs through the fundamental forms of the Italian peoples, justifies us in assuming, that if the constitution of the Latins is ascertained, we have a key to those of all the others. We are, then, to inquire, did the Latins form, like the Achæans, one single and undivided state? or was their union similar to that of the Seven United Provinces, or the United States of North America? so that when the deputies of the towns met to consult, they were not furnished with full powers, as the final determination remained with the senates of the different towns which had sent them? The manner in which the number of the towns is given might lead to this last view, but its intenability appears at once from a consideration of the manner in which the Roman and Latin soldiers were united in the *manipuli* or companies. Each manipulus consisted of 60 men and 2 captains, that is, of 2 centuries, each of 30 men, commanded by its centurion. As Tarquin the Proud had, in order to form a close union between the two states, directed that each manipulus of the combined army should be composed of a century of each nation, it is evident that the Latin century, like the Roman, consisted of 30 men, and as the Roman century was formed by each of the 30 tribes sending a man to it, so the Latin century consisted of a man from each of the 30 towns of the union; hence, then, it follows that the Latins were distributed into classes like the Romans, and that each class sent the same number of centuries into the field, and consequently, though the bond of union between the Latin towns was not by any means so close as that among the Roman tribes, it was such as to constitute Latium a single state.

In a confederation like Latium, the national diets form a prominent subject of consideration; and the discussion of this point also serves to throw light on the general political forms of Italy. It appears, then, that, as in the original Rome, in the colonies, and in the municipia, the senate of each Latin town consisted of 100 members divided into 10 decuriæ, each of which sent its head, or decurion, to the general diet of the nation, which was held at the well and grove of Ferentina, in the valley under the present Ma-

rino. Each city, therefore, sending 10 deputies, the national congress consisted, like the senate of Rome when the three original towns were united, of 300 members. Like the Roman curiæ and the plebeian tribes, the Latin towns were divided into classes, originally of different rank and importance; and hence we hear so often of the *decem principes*, who were sent on embassies and employed on other important affairs;—these were evidently deputies of a class corresponding to the Ramnes at Rome. The 300 deputies alone did not compose the national assembly; we read of the concourse of the people to the diets of the Latins, the Hernicans and the Volscians. These were not drawn thither by mere curiosity, or by the attractions of the fairs which were always held on these occasions: they went to exercise their sovereign rights,—for the decrees of the national council were of no more effect without the presence of the people and its confirmation of them, than those of the Roman senate upon laws, or war, or peace, till adopted by the centuries. The *ecclesia* of the Greek confederations was of a similar nature; the people from the different towns attended it in great numbers, and every person, who was privileged to speak in the assembly in his own town, was at liberty to get up and deliver his sentiments there; but as in their own towns the votes were taken by phylæ or tribes, and not by single voices, so at the national assembly they were taken by towns, otherwise the inhabitants of the place (if a large one) where the diet was held would have had an overwhelming majority; the same was the case at Rome, where such members of a tribe, whose *region* lay at a distance from the city, as were present, had their full weight in the assembly, the voting being by tribes; both in Greece and Rome the assemblies were, properly speaking, representative. Such, also, were the diets of the Latins, the Volscians, Hernicans, and Samnites.

Each town of the Latin confederacy had its chief magistrate, called a *Dictator*, and as the national senate was formed from those of the several towns, so analogy leads to the inference that one of these was invested with that dignity for the entire state, just as one of the petty kings of the twelve Tuscan towns was regarded as the head of the nation. This is all that may be collected with any certainty on this point; it is quite fruitless to inquire whether all the towns, or only some, and which, were entitled to this honour, and whether the office was conferred by election or taken by rotation. When the Latins reformed their state after the capture of Rome by the Gauls, they appointed, probably in imitation of the Roman consuls, two prætors to command their armies, but in all the preceding period the dictator was the civil and military head of the nation. He alone could offer the sacrifice on the

Alban Mount, and preside over the *Feriæ Latinæ;* and it was the Latin dictator who concluded the alliance with Rome in the consulate of Sp. Cassius, which last, we may observe, alone swore to the treaty at Rome, evidently because his colleague was gone to do the same among the Latins—a convincing proof, if such were wanted, of the perfect equality and independence of the two nations at the time—though Livy tells us that the cause of his absence was an expedition against the Volscians.

The treaty of alliance with Latium, which existed on the original brass plate in the days of Cicero and Macer, and a considerable portion of whose contents is given by Dionysius, affords our author an occasion of discussing the important subjects of the colonies, the Isopolity, the municipia, and the *jus Latinum,* or Latin rights.

Colonization is the result of over-populousness or of internal feuds in a state, or it results from views of commerce or of territorial acquisition. Most of the Grecian colonies owe their origin to the first three of these causes, those of the Romans were occasioned by the last, which, with the preceding one, has been the cause of the sending forth of colonies from modern Europe. A Grecian colony was essentially distinct from a Roman one. When any of the assigned causes made a portion of the population of a Greek town quit their country, they always fixed on some distant situation, where they either built an entirely new town for themselves, or, exterminating the former inhabitants, seized on their dwellings, reducing such of them as remained in the open country to a state of serfship. In all cases, whether the colony was formed by a decree of the state, and led by an *Oikist* appointed by the government, or retiring before a superior faction, bade a final adieu to the natal soil, it was free and independent, though in the former case it usually retained a dutiful regard and respect for the mother-town, exhibited by marks of deference to such of its inhabitants as were present at its public assemblies and sacrifices, and by inviting an *Oikist* from it when about to send out a colony.* In this way, for instance, Corcyra was perfectly autonomous and independent of Corinth, and Epidamnus of Corcyra. The Roman colony was of a totally different character; its definition is, "A society led at one time and together to some certain place in which there are houses, there to live under certain civil relations; they may be either citizens or aliens, sent out by a decree of their own state, or of the people to which they belong, in order to have a common existence; but not such as have departed on account of internal feuds." This definition evidently

* Thuc. i. 24, 25.

excluded all gradual settlements, and also such as those afterwards formed in Cisalpine Gaul, and in more remote countries in which there were no walled towns of which to take possession, and only applied to the original Roman, or, properly speaking, Italian colony.

A Roman colony was, as Dionysius frequently calls it, a *garrison.* When a town, such as Fidenæ or Antium, was conquered, and the Romans wished to keep it in obedience, and at the same time provide for a portion of their own citizens, they passed a decree for leading thither a colony. A third part of their lands was taken from the old inhabitants and given to the colonists, who were to form the *populus* of the place, and who had therefore a third, or more probably, the whole of the public land. The government was altogether in the hands of the colonists; they formed the senate, and exercised all public offices; they were to the original inhabitants what the patricians were to the plebeians at Rome. Those who had been deprived of their property and civil rights by the settlement of a colony among them, cannot be supposed to have always acquiesced with cheerfulness in the new order of things; hence we read so frequently in the early history of what are absurdly called revolts of the colonies; for it could hardly ever have been the colonists who cast off their allegiance. They were insurrections of the old inhabitants, who either expelled or massacred the colonists settled among them. There could have been scarcely any kind feeling between the two parties, for, from the nature of the Roman law and customs at that time, there was at most a *commercium,* certainly no *connubium,* between them.

The colonists were not merely sent to keep conquered towns in obedience, they were occasionally placed in such towns as were depopulated, or from being near the frontiers, or at a distance from Rome, were too weak to defend themselves. This took place frequently at the request of the former colonists, who did not find themselves sufficiently strong to keep down the old inhabitants, or to oppose the invading enemies; though they thereby lost a portion of the land of which they enjoyed the possession, as assignments had to be made to the new comers.

We are informed by Gellius, that the colonies (that is the ancient ones) were Rome in miniature. Now in the original Rome, each curia had its distinct portion of land, consisting of 200 *jugera;* for the tradition was that each curia of the days of Romulus contained 100 able-bodied men, each of whom received two *jugera,* on which he raised corn and fruit for his family; his cattle fed on the public land. Just so in the colonies, each man's lot was two jugera, and as the legal number of colonists to be sent to any place was 300, the lots of 100, or a third of them, made

a century. They were the *populus*, the old inhabitants being the commonalty, and the senate, probably consisting of but thirty members, was formed out of them. The instance most parallel to an ancient Roman colony, which modern times presents, was the Venetian colony in Candia, which was precisely Venice in miniature, even to the doge; the colonies formed in Syria by the crusaders also presented a somewhat similar appearance, for the kingdom of Jerusalem was modelled entirely on the feudal regulations of Europe; and the circumstance of the several distinct settlements within the walls of Acre, leads Mr. Niebuhr to a conjecture that the colonists sent to Antium by the three allied nations, may not have united and dwelt intermingled, but have formed three distinct tribes, with each its region or separate land. He also suspects, that of the three towns which he conceives to have been the origin of Rome, Roma and Quirium may have been colonies of the allied Albans and Sabines, and the Luceres, a conquered people, or one allied with them on terms of inequality. It is, finally, to be observed, that the English colonies in America present no resemblance to those of Rome, whereas those of the Spaniards have some similarity with them.

This treaty with the Latins, for an acquaintance with which we are almost solely indebted to the copiousness of Dionysius, Livy giving but a single line to it, taken, perhaps, from the dry notice of some annalist, informs us also that the Latins were admitted to an *Isopolity* with the Romans. To understand what Dionysius meant to express by this term, we must have recourse to the Cretan inscriptions, which still exist, and have been published by Reinesius. As these treaties bear date not very long before the time when he wrote, they may be regarded as giving the exact sense of the term in his age, and this writer was, we know, extremely careful in his choice of words. According to these monuments, Isopolity was a relation established between two independent towns, which secured to the citizen of the one rights in the other, which the *Metœcus*, or sojourner, could either not exercise at all, or only through a patron; these were *Epigamy*, or the right of intermarriage, the right of acquiring landed property and of entering into contracts of every kind, of appearing personally either as plaintiff or defendant in courts of justice, the same exemption from tolls as was enjoyed by the native citizen, finally, participation in the sacrifices and festivals. He was not, however, allowed any share in the popular assembly, and was of course ineligible to any of the offices of the state. The *Cosmus*, or chief magistrate, of one Cretan town was permitted to enter the senate-house of an allied one in order to transact there the affairs of his own town with the government; he had a

seat in the popular assembly near the magistrates, and a seat, without a vote, in the senate. We thus see that the Isopolity, which it was necessary to secure by treaty, among the small independent states of antiquity, was what in modern times is enjoyed as a matter of course by any person who chooses to leave his own country and go to reside in another. The locomotive powers of man are in this respect greatly enlarged beyond doubt.

The citizen of a state not in alliance with another state might obtain all the advantages of Isopolity by entering into the relation called *Proxeny*, or Public Hospitality. They were also enjoyed by the citizens of such states as by *Sympolity* had become the subjects of a more powerful one—Elentheræ and Oropus, for example, of Athens. The general name which included all these distinct relations was *Isotely*, so named from the payment of taxes, and sustaining of public burdens equally with the original citizens. Some of the greatest ornaments of the state were only *Isoteles*. Such, for example, was the orator Lysias, whose genuine patriotism stands in such brilliant contrast to the positive disloyalty of Xenophon, and the lukewarmness (to say no worse of it) of Plato, who was born, and died, and discharged all the duties of a citizen at Athens, yet the malignant Timæus could taunt him with not being an Athenian, because his family had come from Syracuse. The word *Isotely*, we must observe, though it included Isopolity, Sympolity, and Proxeny, was not synonymous with any of them; a metœcus could obtain Isotely, and thus free himself from the necessity of being represented by a patron, be entitled to acquire landed property, &c. and yet he stood after those in the former three classes, in point of rank.

The words in the Latin language which answered to Isoteles and Isotely were *Municeps* and *Municipium*, words derived from *Munus* by the luxuriant terminations of the Latin language, and not by any composition with *capio, capessere*, or *caput*. The word *Munus* signified a tax or public contribution; *Municeps* was the person paying it; *Municipium* was the *right* of a municeps, and not the *place*, as it came afterwards to signify; for as *Mancipium* was transferred from the right to the object, so municipium gradually passed from the right to the totality of those possessing it. The word municeps experienced a contrary fate from Isoteles, for while the use of this last was extended at Athens, the former was restricted at Rome and confined to the Isopolites, Sympolites, and Proxeni, the real Isoteles being classed with the *Atimi* and placed among the Ærarians.

We find three different definitions of municipium corresponding to the different stages of meaning through which the word passed. The first and most ancient is, "a municipium is that

sort of people who, when they came to Rome, without being Roman citizens, became partakers of all rights and burdens, except those of voting and of bearing office." Such, it is added, were the Fundani, the Formiani, the Lanuvini, Tusculani, &c. Another definition, preserved by the same compiler (*Festus*), giving the Campanian towns as examples, says, that the country of such municipes should be essentially distinct from the Roman people. This relation, it is plain, fully answered to the Isopolity of the Greeks: that proxeny was not unknown to the Romans of the fourth century is proved by the case of Timasitheus, with whom the state entered into this relation. Mr. Niebuhr, though he does not of course lay much stress on it, remarks the circumstance in the legend of Coriolanus of his being admitted to the councils of all the Volscian towns, which so strongly resembles the right of the Cretan *Cosmi* above-mentioned, that it is probably a trait of ancient tradition, and no arbitrary fiction. There were, moreover, two places by the Comitium at Rome, namely, the *Stationes Municipiorum* and the *Græcostasis*, and as municipium signified the totality of the municipes, the former may have been the same as the places assigned to the Cosmi of the allied towns of Crete.

The second definition of municipium says, that it is those whose entire state had been united to that of Rome: such were the Aricinians, the Cærites, and the Anagnians. The third definition terms municipes those who belonged to towns or colonies which had become part of the Roman state, as municipia; such were the Tiburtines, Nolans, Prænestines, Pisans, &c. These two last definitions are obscure in consequence of their being merely extracts, but the examples which are subjoined give the explanation of them. In the former we may observe the Cærites and the Anagnians, the former the model of municipes without a right to the civic honours; the latter were, by way of punishment, reduced to the rank of subjects, and given the name of Roman citizens. The towns which are mentioned in the last definition were partly Latin colonies, partly Italian towns, which by the Julian and subsequent laws were made municipia in that sense of the word which became the prevalent one. The towns in the former class were in a state of dependent sympolity, but all the rights of isotely in Rome were secured to their inhabitants; those in the latter were in a state of equal sympolity, though with a complete sacrifice of their independence; and the more correct definition, Mr. Niebuhr thinks would be, "towns and Latin colonies, whose citizens were so united with those of Rome that they possessed the most valuable rights, were received into the Roman rural tribes, were entitled to vote and to be chosen to office." It is plain that the word Municeps, in its original sense,

was no longer applicable, but the Romans loved, as the instances *Quirites, Populus, Plebs, Latinus,* show, to retain old words with altered significations.

In Greece, the isopolite who settled in any town was never counted among the citizens, for he belonged to no tribe or phratria; in Italy the municeps had his assigned place among the citizens; the class to which he belonged at Rome was the Ærarians. The citizen of one state might thus become a citizen of an allied one without any formal act of adoption, and merely by taking up his residence in it, or expressing his intention so to do. This is proved by and explains the practice of *exile,* which is too generally taken to mean what it does not, that is, banishment, a thing unknown to the Roman law. Exile was a right enjoyed by the citizens of towns which stood in the municipal relation to each other: it signified a renunciation of civic rights at home by using that of the municipium. Thus the Roman could exile himself to Tusculum, and the Tusculan to Rome. A principal use which was made of this right at Rome was by those who had given bail to stand their trial before the tribunal of the people, and who feared a condemnation. Such a person might, before the sentence was fully passed, that is, before the last tribe had voted, withdraw himself from the judgment by *exile,* that is, by using his right of municipium, and thereby becoming a citizen of another state, and of course no longer amenable to Roman law. All that was requisite was, that he should select some place which stood in an isopolitic relation to Rome; perfect equality was not necessary; the anecdote told of Papirius Cursor (Livy, ix. 16,) shows how completely subject Præneste was to Rome, Neapolis was tributary to her, and yet a Roman might exile himself to either of these places.

A Roman citizen, who exercised his right of municipium and settled in another town, did not thereby lose his right of returning to Rome whenever he pleased; it is by no means unlikely that he was allowed to resume his place in his tribe by *postliminio,* at all events he could become, like any other municeps, an Ærarius. Might not then the Roman who had withdrawn himself from a judicial sentence by using his right of exilium, come back a Tiburtine or a Prænestine, and mock at the government? Doubtless he might, if no further provision had been made against it; but an effectual bar was set to such a consequence by the *interdictio aquâ et igni;* he might stay at Rome if he liked, or come to Rome, but he was, as it were, excommunicated, and an outlaw there. It was this ban, and not a sentence of banishment, which was removed when an exile was recalled.

The Latin language, rich in legal terms, could hardly have wanted a word to express the condition of a person in the place which he had selected as his *exilium*. We accordingly find that he was called *inquilinus*—a word Mr. Niebuhr thinks evidently derived from an Oscan term, *inquil*. Hence the Catiline of Sallust styles Cicero an *inquilinus civis*, as if Arpinum was still a municipium distinct from the republic.

The principle of isopolity or municipium affords the means of solving, perhaps, the greatest enigma which occurs in the whole compass of ancient history, namely, the extraordinary rise and fall of the numbers given as those of the *Census*, taken in the first century of the republic; and whose genuineness is put beyond question by the very circumstance of their apparent absurdity and improbability. The average of these numbers is about 130,000, either grown males, or those capable of bearing arms; adding an equal number for strangers and slaves, the entire population must have been 650,000, a number which it is utterly impossible could ever have procured subsistence on the scanty Roman territory, which only extended from Crustumenia to Ostia. The average which we have given was the number of the last census before the year 280; yet these 130,000 men of military age, besides the strangers and slaves, were near being shut up within the walls and starved by the Veientians, who had been so hard pressed a little before by the single Fabian gens; again, the census taken a short time previous to the battle at the Allia, gave 152,500 *capita;* and yet, including the Proletarians and Ærarians, and all the old men under sixty years of age, there were but 28,000 Romans in that battle, and after the dispersion of that army, there did not remain any one to defend the walls; and, stranger still, in 289, the census gave but 104,000 *capita;* in 291, a dreadful pestilence raged, which swept away a third of the population; then came several years of most unsuccessful warfare, in which the Romans were slain or made slaves by thousands, and yet the census of 294 gives 117,000 *capita!*

The account of the great Cisalpine war gives the key which uncloses all these mysterious contradictions; here, where the number of those capable of bearing arms exactly corresponds with the census of that time, we find the Campanians, that is, the people of Capua and their *Periœci*, named with the Romans; so that they are to be understood in like manner in all the enumerations preserved by Livy from the time of the Samnite war, and probably not they alone, but all those states which enjoyed isopolity with Rome. Velleius says, that at this time citizenship without suffrage was given to the Campanians, and to a portion of the Samnites. The numbers 130,000 and 250,000, given as

the census for the time of Alexander the Great may be easily explained, by supposing the former to have been the last taken before the commencement of his reign—the latter, that of the year 418, when those peoples entered into isopolity with the Romans. Applying this principle to the third century, we see that the rise and fall of the census-numbers does not indicate the increase or diminution of the Roman people, but the state of its external relations. We certainly cannot from them make an accurate estimate of the strength of Rome, and of the number of allies on whom she might count, for the isopolitic relation was frequently entered into with states which were at too great a distance to aid in war; the second Q. Fabius, for example, was married to the daughter of a man of rank at Maluentum *(Beneventum)*, with which town there must consequently have been isopolity, and the Massiliotes were included in the census of the year 362. Still a knowledge of this practice clears up many difficulties in the external relations of Rome, and serves to augment our confidence in the contents of the annals.

The political condition of the Swiss cantons, and of the free German cities of the middle ages, furnishes Mr. Niebuhr, who is a thorough German, with terms by which to express the external relations of the states of antiquity, such as are unattainable in any modern language but that which he employs, unless the Italian forms in some cases an exception. Thus he finds that the isopolite who continued to reside in his own country was exactly what the Swiss called an Ausbürger (*out-burgher*) of the town with which his own had isopolity; but when he exercised his right and wish to reside in that town, he became a Pfahlbürger (*pale-burgher*) of it. The acquisition of these terms saves him from the necessity of circumlocution, and gives another instance of the advantage to be derived by the historian from a survey of similar states of society. In effect, the history of ancient Greece and Rome cannot be written by any one who is not intimately acquainted with those of Switzerland, the Italian republics, and the free towns of Germany. No writer, as far as we can recollect, has ever so fully shown the necessity of this external knowledge, or the great advantages which may be derived from it, as Niebuhr, and this is one of his greatest merits.

Two of the most important rights which one state of antiquity could confer on the citizens of another, were the *connubium* and the *communium*, or the right of intermarriage and of acquiring landed property. The former was considered the higher and more honourable distinction, and yet it could be exercised by the out-burgher; whereas to enjoy the last, he must become a pale-burgher at Rome. Thus Pacuvius Calacius, of Capua, was

married to a Claudia, and had one of his own daughters married at Rome, without leaving his own country, but he could not acquire a single *jugerum* of land at Rome by purchase, inheritance, or otherwise, without going to live there. The reason was simple,—the tribute was levied according to persons, and not objects; consequently, if any landowner was an absentee, there was so much lost to the republic.

It was the custom of the ancients to represent rights as events: hence the tale may be false, the practice which it illustrates true. The Horatii and Curiatii were first cousins; previous to the battle at the Regillus, permission was given to the women who had married into the opposite nation to quit their husbands and return to their families; the daughter of the last Tarquin was married to the Latin dictator Mamilius; and in the lately recovered fragments of Diodorus Siculus we find that on one occasion the soldiers of the Roman and Latin armies turned their weapons against each other with mournful hearts, as so many of them were allied on account of the *connubium* which existed between the two nations. The two last instances are historic, the two former, though not such, are good evidence for the existence of a custom; altogether they completely overturn the opinion of there having existed no *connubium* between the Romans and the proper Latins. The early Latins had undoubtedly the fullest rights of isopolity with Rome. It is not, however, to them that the *Jus Latii* of Roman jurisprudence belonged, but to a new Latium which was formed beyond the Po. The Transpadane country was filled with a mixed population, speaking the Latin language; their towns were faithful to Rome, but they advanced a claim to some privileges; they were accordingly raised to the rank of Latin colonies, without any colonists being sent to them. The great advantage of this to them was, that all who filled public offices in them became *ipso facto* Roman citizens; but this honour was confined to them. This lesser Latium had no *connubium* with Rome, and when we read of the *Jus Latii* being communicated to freedmen, this is always the Latium which is meant.

Such is a sketch of some of the important inquiries and results to which the account of the alliance with Latium concluded by the consul Sp. Cassius, preserved by Dionysius, has given birth. A still more remarkable act of this consul, and one to which we are, in fact, indebted for the Roman History under consideration, is the Agrarian law introduced by him, which cost him his life. As the true nature of the Roman Agrarian laws is but little understood, and as we find here a striking instance of the manner in which the institutions of countries even the most remote will cast

light upon each other, we shall explain the process by which Niebuhr, who is the *first* modern who has really and fully known the nature of the Domain and the laws respecting it at Rome, arrived at his knowledge, and show what his conceptions of them are.

The sense in which Agrarian law has long been universally understood, is that of a disposition over the landed property of the citizens of a state, setting a limit to it, and giving to those who have none what others have beyond it. Such was the regulation of Cleomenes at Sparta,—such was the division of land which was clamoured for by the anarchists at the time of the French revolution,—such is what mob-reformers have in view in every country.

"But when this word might be used in its proper sense—in the case of the unfeeling exercise of the most rigorous right of property against precarious possessors, who cultivate pieces of land handed down to them from their forefathers, then no one thinks of it; and the avaricious landlord who depopulates a village, because he views in the land a property of which he may dispose as seems most for his interest, will, if the name of the Gracchi should be known to him, condemn their Agrarian law as an abomination."

Not a single one of those who have written on the history and institutions of Rome since the restoration of letters, has had any other idea than that what the tribunes proposed was to limit landed property to 500 jugera, and to distribute the surplus among the poor. Both Macchiavelli and Montesquieu, the one the native of an ever-changing republic, the other the subject of a lethargic inanimate monarchy, had this idea of an Agrarian law, and viewed with complacency the convulsions requisite for bringing it into operation. The great convulsion at length arrived in France, and the Gracchi and the Agrarian law were babbled about in all quarters. Heyne (a man rather underrated at present) wrote in 1793 a Programma, showing that it was only the public land which the tribunes had in view when they brought in their laws, and different writers, following him, in narratives of the Gracchian commotions, acquitted the two brothers of the charge of having any design against property. Niebuhr in early youth was convinced by this essay of Heyne, but, as he tells us, was thrown by it into a most painful state of mind; he saw clearly that the old hypothesis was utterly untenable, but there was a difficulty in the new one which he could not get over. It was this. Appian, who derived his materials from Posidonius, a most accurate and well-informed writer, asserts, that a fixed portion of the crop was paid off the domain-lands, whereas Plutarch says, that they were let to the highest bidder, and that the rich by out-bidding got all the lots to themselves. But then, thought Mr. Niebuhr, a rich

man can never pay so much rent for a small piece of land as the peasant who cultivates it with his own hands, (our political economists, we believe, think differently,) and how could the enormous domains be let out in small parcels? Again: had leasing been the practice, nothing would be easier than to bring things back to their original state the instant an honest censor examined the register. But, farther, the lease was only for a *lustrum*, whereas, when the public land is in question, we hear of *possession* by purchase or inheritance for centuries. Now possession and hiring are contradictory terms.

In this state of perplexity he continued for years; at length—

"Via prima salutis,
Quod minime reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe,"—

he saw in the institutions of India the living images of the Roman *possessio, vectigal,* and the mode of leasing. In India the prince is the sole owner of the soil: he can, when he pleases, resume the lands which are cultivated by the ryot, who nevertheless inherits them and disposes of them. He pays as rent a greater or a smaller portion of the produce in kind, and this is sold or leased out by the state to the zemindar, except in such districts where it has been bestowed on temples and pious foundations, or settled for life on clients and servants. This institution is not by any means peculiar to India; it once extended to all Asia; it prevailed in Egypt in the time of the Pharaohs; the tetrarchs of Syria were zemindars who usurped the rank of princes like those of Bengal, since what Mr. Niebuhr regards, with the greatest justice, as a most disastrous measure, but which was done with the best intentions by the Marquis Cornwallis. In like manner the Agrarian law was not peculiar to Rome: it was the law of the whole Italian peninsula, and even in some respects extended beyond it.

The *Ager Publicus* at Rome was a part of the *publicum* or property of the populus. This last consisted of a great variety of objects both productive and unproductive, and of incomes, such as tolls, taxes, tributes, &c. The unproductive property consisted of buildings of all kinds, sacred and profane, of squares, roads, streets: hence *prodire in publicum*, to leave one's house (which was private property) and go into the street. Of the productive property there was a part such as mines, quarries, and salt-works, of which the state kept the entire produce to itself, except the portion which was of necessity left to the farmer; another part was given to the citizens for their individual advantage, with a reservation of a certain portion by way of rent. The cultivable land came under this last head. The rent required by the Roman government was a tenth of the produce of corn-land, a fifth of

that of vineyards and orchards, as they required much less outlay and labour, and for the same reason a fifth of the young, the cheese, and the wool of the cattle which fed on the public pastures. The profit which the state thus derived from its *ager* was called *fructus*, from *fruor;* the advantage enjoyed by the individual on paying that rent was termed *usus*, the object of it was called *possessio*. The state did not directly collect these rents, for it was the custom at Rome to farm out all the public incomes, except the tribute and the fines. These rents in kind were accordingly let, or rather sold by auction, for the term of a lustrum, usually for money, but for so much a year, and not for a sum paid down, and thus the expression of Plutarch noticed above becomes easily intelligible: it was the public rents, not the land, that the rich got by their high bidding. The money-rent thus paid was termed *vectigal*.

Portions of the public land held under these conditions were termed *possessions:* the person holding them a *possessor*. His tenure was precarious, the state might resume at will; his was the *usus*, the republic had the *fructus*, and the right of property. Yet as there was no reason for dispossessing him who delivered the *fructus* regularly, such pieces of land were as much the subjects of sale and inheritance as were the objects of actual property. Possessions in the public lands were acquired originally by *occupation:* the corresponding term on the part of the state was *concession*. But we are not to suppose that any one who pleased was at liberty to go and *squat* on the public land: this would have produced endless confusion and violence. We learn from Appian that the citizens were formally invited by the government to take possession of such tracks as were waste; he does not state the precise mode, but no doubt it took place with regularity and order. The land thus conceded became, as we have said, capable of sale and inheritance; but it never could become property by *usucapio*. This, as numerous instances show, was not available against the state, which might otherwise, through the neglect of its officers, have lost the greater part of its property. As these possessions in the public land had not the same security against fraud and encroachment which *limitation*, or the regular marking out of boundaries, gave to the land which was assigned by the state as property, and landmarks might be removed while the possessor was absent in war or elsewhere, the state took them under its protection, and the prætor, by the interdict *uti possidetis*, gave satisfaction to any one whose possessions had been diminished by fraud or violence.

Fully to comprehend the nature of the public land and the mode of acquiring it, we must recollect our author's view of the

origin of Rome, which was formed out of the three adjacent towns Roma, Quirium, and Lucerum, each of which had its lots of two jugera for each family, and its common pasture, for the enjoyment of which an annual rent was paid to the public treasury. As the three first kings of Rome represent three different conditions—Romulus, that when Roma was alone—Numa, when it was joined with Quirium—Tullus, when Lucerum formed an integral portion of the state—and as assignments of lands are among the first acts of these kings' reigns, Mr. Niebuhr sees in them a representation of the law which made all Quiritarian property to proceed from the state, and in accordance with which, communities which became a part of the Roman state, surrendered their lands and received them back at the hands of the republic. The original populus of Rome, that is, the three patrician tribes, had therefore, contrary to what Livy says, *bonâ fide* landed property: and not merely this, but all that had been acquired previously to the formation of the Plebs, was exempt from the operation of any subsequent Agrarian law.

We are now then to see what was that Ager Publicus, which was the subject of dispute in the period of which we treat.

The people of the combined Rome early began to make conquests in the adjacent country, and it was the national law of Italy, that a conquered people should make a full and unconditional surrender of themselves and their property, both public and private, to the victor. Often, also, to obtain a peace, a town surrendered a part, usually a third, of its public land. Hence, then, in the time of her early kings, Rome had acquired a good deal of land. A part of this land was frequently given back to the former occupants at a rent, or bestowed on colonists; but another portion, especially where there were vineyards and oliveyards, which could not be divided, and to the enjoyment of which no Roman citizens could show any exclusive claim, must have been sold for the advantage of the state. What remained we might expect to have been divided as property among the citizens; but as this did not take place, we are to suppose that it was in consequence of a principle which required that it should be equally divided among the curiæ, and these having become in course of time of unequal magnitude, it would not have been fair that the member of a small curia should have a larger share than he who belonged to a populous one. Hence, then, may have arisen the practice of granting *possessions* in the domains to such individuals as required them, and thus the man of wealth and power, if his clients were numerous, had the means of providing for them, by *taking* a portion of the public land, which he divided in small lots among them; but as his own possession was

precarious against the state, so was that of his clients against himself; all were mere tenants at will. As we have already seen, the rent paid to the state was a tythe or tenth of the produce, and with this tythe and the proceeds of the sale of lands, it seems probable the great public works of the kings were carried into execution.

When the Plebs was formed at Rome, and as the infantry of the army had a share in the victories by which land was won, it was but just that they should have a share in what was gained. The practice of *assignation*, or of giving lots of 7 jugera a-piece to the plebeians was then adopted. These lots were absolute fee-simple property, subject to no rent whatever; liable, however, to the taxes laid on according to the census, from which possessions in the domain, as they were supposed to pay a rent, were exempt. The plebeians had, moreover, a right of grazing on the public pastures, but they had no claim to possession, as the patricians had none to assignation.

The landed property of the Roman state was therefore thus divided at the commencement of the republic. The patricians had their original property in and about the city; they had all the public lands at a rent of a tenth of the produce, subject to no other imposition; the plebeians had their lots of 7 jugera in property, but subject to taxes. Had the patricians acted with justice, this state of things might have continued without perhaps any great detriment; but though, on the expulsion of the tyrant, they divided the crown lands among the plebeians, in order to cut them off from a reconciliation with him, they refused a portion of what had been gained since the time of Servius for assignation, though it was never more wanted, as the ten regions beyond the Tiber had been lost, and, consequently, a great part of the people were destitute of land. But they did not stop even here; they refused, now they had the government in their own hands, to pay any tythes, and thus threw all the expenses of the state on the plebeians. To remedy these evils, to make the due proportion of the public land be assigned as plebeian property, and a just rent be paid by the holders of the remainder, was the object of what are called the Agrarian laws of ancient Rome, which were surely any thing but unjust, and the nature of which Mr. Niebuhr has the merit of having been the first to show clearly and satisfactorily.

Our readers will, we trust, be able from what precedes, to form some conception of the nature of the valuable matter contained in this volume of the Roman History. We regret that our limits compel us to stop at this point, when we would gladly relate the result of his inquiries on the legislation of the Decemvirs and other important subjects. Small as our remaining space is, we

cannot refrain from displaying the nobleness of Niebuhr's sentiments, his love of truth and justice, by extracting a passage from his *Kleine Schriften*, in which he vindicates the character of the Athenians under the democracy. Like Mr. Niebuhr, we are decidedly hostile to that form of government, but we have never been able to divest ourselves of an admiration for the Athenian people, and with all their faults (and they were many) we would rather have passed our lives among them than with the Dorians, so lauded for their *mummy state* of non-improvement by K. O. Müller. Hallam well asks, who would not rather have been a citizen of Florence than a subject of the Visconti at Milan? and who worthy of the name of man would not? We are farther induced to quote the following passage, because an influential journal has been for years representing the democracy of Athens as a perfect Pandemonium, and has even contrasted with it the tranquillity and happiness enjoyed by the slaves of the Persian monarchy, and all this on the authority of the traitor Xenophon, the *incivic* Plato, and the comic poet Aristophanes, whose very element was exaggeration!

"I will not (for they know not what they do) hold accountable for their injustice those who declaim against the Athenians as an incurably light-minded people, and represent their republic as lost beyond hope in the time of Plato. But hence we see how insufficient acquaintance leads to injustice and slander, and why then does not every one ask his conscience, whether he is able to decide upon what is before his eyes? Here too the dæmon of Socrates will not desert the honest man. People may exclaim or express their contempt, but I pray to God to grant to myself, if days of trial should await my old age, and to my children, who assuredly will see such times, but as much self-control, conquest over inclinations, courage in danger, calm perseverance in the consciousness of a noble resolve of which the event was unfortunate, as was exhibited by the Athenian people taken as one man, for with the morality of individuals I have nothing now to do, and he who as an individual is such, and then sins no more in proportion than the Athenians, may look forward to his last hour with composure."

Having then shown the character of the ancient rhetoricians, and vindicated the Athenians from the charge of ingratitude in the case of Paches, Mr. Niebuhr proceeds—

"The fathers and brothers of the thousand who had died like free men at Chæronea, who joyfully testified in the sepulchral inscription that they did not repent of their decree—the gods disposed the event, the resolve be the fame of man; who decreed a golden crown to the orator by whose advice they had so unsuccessfully tried the fate of arms and the objects of their love had fallen, without once asking whether the victor might not be thereby offended; the people, who when Alexander from the ruins of Thebes sent to demand the surrender of the patriots,

refused compliance, and preferred to await him before their walls; who while the flatterers and the timid warned them day after day not to provoke him, condemned to death citizens who had purchased slaves who had fallen into the hands of the Macedonians by the conquest of Grecian towns which had been hostile to Athens; the people whose needy members, though the majority in the assembly, renounced the distribution which alone procured them on festival days the luxury of butcher's meat, while they lived all the year round on nothing but olives, herbs and onions, with dry bread and salt fish; who made this sacrifice that that fund might be devoted to sustaining the honour of their country;—that people has my entire heart and my deepest veneration. And when a great man turned away from this noble and docile people, who to be sure did not appear every day in their holiday cloaths, and were not free from sins and infirmities, he met with the justest punishment by falling into the error of attempting to wash a blackamoor white, to convert an incurable *mauvais sujet*, and to set, by means of him, philosophy on the throne in the sink of Syracusan vice and luxury, and into the scarcely inferior folly of seeing a hero and an *ideal* in a madcap so deeply infected by tyranny as Dion. He who thought success possible in this case, and despaired of such a people as the Athenians, was surely far gone in straining at gnats and swallowing camels."

Of a truth the Grecian history also is yet to be written, and Mitford must share the fate of all who worship a lie, and avert their eyes from the fane of truth. "Oh! how comely it is, and how reviving to the spirits of just men," to turn from his cold tyrant-lauding pages, or from the polished imbecility of the Aristophanic journalist above mentioned, to these noble passages of the noble-minded Niebuhr. But it is not merely the vindication of the memory of the illustrious dead, the rectification of our views of ancient history, that we derive from this discussion. All history, like all Scripture, "is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction;" and from this picture of the patriotic self-devotion of the Athenians we may derive grounds of consolation and confidence in the present aspect of public affairs in our own country. For if, in a state of heathenism and under a democratic form of government, the lowest and poorest citizens of Athens were capable, at the voice of their great orator, of sacrificing all, of daring the utmost vengeance of the conqueror, in the cause of virtue and justice, why should we for an instant despair of the people of England? why apprehend, in a country where the pure precepts of Christianity are continually inculcated—where the wise and the good have such abundant means of diffusing their knowledge and delivering their warnings and exhortations—where all orders have been from their infancy habituated to an obedience to the laws and a regard for the rights of property—where industry and peacefulness have ever been the

characteristics of the lower orders—where intelligence is spreading more and more every day—why, we say, in such a country apprehend dangers to property or religion from placing the source of legislative power with that portion of the society which contains the far largest portion of the wealth, the virtue, and the intelligence of the nation, that is, with the middle ranks? for let sophistry and declamation say what they will, this is what must be the result of the measure now in contemplation. People, if they please, may call it *revolution*, but it is in reality only what Niebuhr would style the natural development of the constitution, and "it cannot and it will not come to *bad*." We have confidence in Providence, we have confidence in the good-sense of the people of England, and we hearken to the voice of history, which assures us that evil and destructive measures have never emanated from the people, and that whenever they have acted wrong, they have been deceived by their superiors. Let those who are high in rank and wealth endeavour to maintain a corresponding elevation in virtue and intelligence, and they will find that they have nothing to fear. We would venture any wager, that not ten of the opponents of reform have read and understood the work now under consideration.

But a truce with modern politics! We take a reluctant leave of the immortal work of Niebuhr, almost despairing ever to meet its like, but hoping that the publication of his literary remains will afford us an opportunity of again displaying, however feebly, his transcendant merits and noble qualities.

With the work of Niebuhr we have joined that of Mr. Eisendecker, not so much on account of its excellence, though it contains some good matter, as to give the reader knowledge of its existence and the nature of its contents. It is founded on a work of the Abate Duni, entitled, *Origine e Progressi del Cittadino e del Governo Civile di Roma*, in two volumes, published at Rome in 1763-4. The object of both writers is to show that citizenship was founded on the auspices, both in public and private relations; that the plebeians were not citizens, because they had no auspices; that all their struggles were for a participation in them, the *connubium*, for instance, of which they were so desirous, not being the right of intermarriage with the patricians, but the right of marrying among themselves with auspices. These views are, it is very plain, totally different from those of Niebuhr, and most readers, we should think, will find them much less probable. Every inquirer into the early Roman history should, however, possess the work of Mr. Eisendecker.

ART. V.—*Dimitrii Zamozvanetz, Istoritcheskii Roman; sotchenenie* Thaddeya Bulgarina. *Izdanie vtoroe.* (The False Demetrius, an Historical Romance. By Thaddeus Bulgarin. Second Edition.) St. Petersburg. 1830.

WHEN the philosopher of Salisbury first published, among his other philological writings, his historical account of the literature of Russia, the subject seemed sufficiently profound and recondite to be worthy the pen of a professed scholar; for certainly neither Mr. Harris, nor any of his readers, imagined that within far less than a century afterwards the same literature would begin to attract the notice of other countries, and that, too, by works calculated not only to interest the student, but to engage the attention of the literary idler. Many revolutions and changes have taken place since then, both in literature and other matters; nor is it, perhaps, the least singular circumstance that an English foreign reviewer should have to speak of an "historical romance" written in the Russian language. Therefore, although the one we are about to notice is not actually a phenomenon, nor the very first production of its class, in point of date, which has appeared in that country, our readers, it is presumed, will not be displeased with us for entering into some details relative to the author, as well as to this new production of his fertile pen.

With the single exception, perhaps, of Pushkin, M. Bulgarin is at present the most popular of all the living writers of Russia, —popular, not only as regards the favour in which he stands with the public, but also in his style, in the choice of his subjects, and his mode of treating them; and it is, undoubtedly, to the tact he has thus evinced that his success is in a great measure to be ascribed. Hardly can he be said to display any great power or originality; but he possesses talent, cleverness, and industry; while his subjects are of a class calculated to interest a very wide circle of readers, and furnish that species of light-reading which Russia has hitherto imported from other countries. If this home-manufacture is not very remarkable in itself for any peculiar excellence, it deserves at least to be encouraged; and there is at present every reason to suppose that M. Bulgarin's example, and the success with which his efforts have been attended, will instigate others to similar literary activity and enterprise. Even by the mere circumstance of exciting public attention so strongly as he has done, this writer has already effected a positive good, having whetted the literary appetite of his countrymen, and thereby created a demand that will doubtless be met by a supply.

Russian literature has hitherto produced very few works indeed, and those few of no great importance in themselves, in the depart-

ment of belles-lettres; the consequence of which is, that for want of due cultivation its prose style does not yet possess that elasticity and manageableness which varied originality alone can bestow upon it. Had Batiushkov continued to employ his pen he would most probably have enriched his native language with some standard work, for his prose essays delight by the elegance of their style; but then they are too much of mere essays and detached pieces to constitute an important contribution to that department in which the literature of his country is so visibly deficient. The same remark applies to the productions of Prince Viazemsky, Glinka, &c., who, whatever intrinsic merit they may possess, have written too little, and too scantily, to advance the interest of letters, or to supply the deficiency we regret. Almost all, in fact, that has hitherto been produced in this department of prose, amounts to no more than contributions to journals, and other minor subjects executed at one or two sittings, whose brevity precludes the degree of interest requisite to make any impression on the public by the display of sustained power. Such things are so dwarfish and stunted, as to give no very favourable idea of the soil where we hardly meet with aught else than plants of this miniature growth. Poetical works, too, have latterly greatly dwindled down in point of bulk from the standard of former years, so as to become mere scraps and sketches; which ominous system of retrenchment has been perversely indulged in by Pushkin, (in some degree the originator of it,) who instead of concentrating his talents in some undertaking of at least tolerable magnitude, has preferred exhibiting his versatility and—his indolence.

In such a state of literary inactivity, we cannot but regard it as a fortunate circumstance that Bulgarin should have applied himself to a species of composition affording sufficient extent of canvas to enable us to judge of the original objects, and to take in a satisfactory view of more than one or two detached figures. After being fed so long by only mouthfuls at a time, as to feel cloyed by mere tasting, at the same time that we experience the sufferings of inanition, it becomes a luxury to sit down to a substantial meal, even if not to a banquet.

The preceding remarks will not, we hope, be deemed either irrelevant or superfluous, as we ourselves consider them necessary in order to point out the peculiar circumstances from which the labours of this writer derive an extrinsic value arising from the influence they are likely to produce. Concerning M. Bulgarin himself we shall now give a few particulars from an autograph memoir in our possession; which may be the more acceptable, both on that account, and as no biographical memoranda relative to him have appeared in any other publication, either English or

foreign. Although he may now be regarded as belonging entirely to Russia, Thaddeus Bulgarin is by birth a Pole, and was born in Lithuania in the year 1789. His parentage was respectable; and his father and many of his relatives took an active part in that unavailing struggle in which Kosciuszko endeavoured to regain his country's independence. His father's affairs having suffered greatly in consequence, his mother was obliged to go to St. Petersburg, where she was advised by General Ferven, who had known the family in Poland, to get her son into the Military College of Cadets, of which the general was then governor. The boy accordingly entered that seminary in 1798; but his father, who was then dangerously ill, was so afflicted at this separation from his child, that he did not long survive it. Here Thaddeus soon entirely forgot his mother-tongue, and became completely naturalized into a Russian. At a very early period his attachment to literature began to discover itself; and by the juvenile efforts of his pen, consisting of fables, satirical pieces of poetry, and various compositions in prose, he soon attracted the attention of the two head-teachers, who thenceforth evinced an almost paternal regard for him, bestowing more than usual pains in instructing him, and teaching him several foreign languages. On quitting this seminary in 1805, he was taken by the Grand-Duke Constantine into his Ulan Regiment; and during the two following years saw some active service, in the campaigns of the Prussians against the French. For the manner in which he distinguished himself at the battle of Friedland, he was rewarded by the order of St. Anne, of the third class; which was the more flattering, as such honours were at that time far less liberally dispensed than they have been since. Very shortly afterwards, the peace of Tilsit put a stop to hostilities, and Bulgarin returned to St. Petersburg. His stay there was, however, of no long duration, for on the war breaking out between Russia and Sweden, he proceeded to Finland with the military force destined against the Swedes; and being one of the vanguard under Count Kamensky, penetrated as far as Torneo. On his second return to the capital he quitted the Russian service altogether, in consequence of either some pique or unpleasant circumstances, and repaired to Warsaw, where some of his relations still resided. From that he proceeded to France, entered Napoleon's service, and in 1810 joined the army in Spain. Of the events to which he was there an eye-witness, and in which he personally shared, he has given an interesting narrative, first published separately, in 1823, (under the title of *Vospominaniya, &c.*, Recollections of Spain,) and afterwards incorporated with his miscellaneous works, of which it forms the seventh volume. Having so far

shared in the Peninsular war, he was next destined to bear a part in the memorable campaigns of 1813 and 1814; when about the beginning of the latter year, he was taken prisoner by the Prussians; but after suffering many severities and hardships, was released, and repaired to Napoleon's head-quarters, where he obtained the command of a company of volunteers. With the fall of the master under whose banners he had enlisted, Bulgarin's military career terminated, and his hitherto chequered and rambling life was exchanged for one more peaceable, yet, as it has happily proved, likewise far more abundant with renown. He first fixed himself at Warsaw, where he began to exercise his pen in various humorous and poetical pieces in Polish, to the study of which language he had applied himself when with the army in Spain. Being despatched by his relations to St. Petersburg, for the purpose of adjusting there some legal matters, he again met with some of his earlier friends and fellow-students; and this renewal of his former connections determined him to remain in Russia. With the view, therefore, of qualifying himself for setting up as an author, and turning his literary talents to some account, he set about recovering his Russian, in which task, as well as in the prosecution of his literary plans, he was aided by the advice of his friend Gretch,* in whose journal, *Sin Otechestva*, appeared his first literary efforts in that language.

The following year (1823) he brought out a periodical of his own, under the title of *Sævernii Arkhiv*, (Northern Archives,) which was at first exclusively dedicated to subjects of history, geography, and statistics. He soon, however, extended the plan, and added a kind of appendix, consisting of lighter articles, chiefly from his own pen. Here he had ample opportunity for indulging in his favourite vein of humour and satire, and these lively sketches proved so agreeable to the public taste that he forthwith became one of the most favourite writers of the day. In 1825 he began to edite the "*Northern Bee*," and one or two other literary periodicals, in conjunction with Gretch. It was also in the same year that he published his "*Ruskaya Taliya*," the first dramatic annual in the language; of this work no other volume appeared; it has since, however, had several successors, such as Ivanov's "Dramatic Almanac," the "Bouquet," &c. The collection of

* This writer, who is the author of an Historical Sketch of Russian Literature, an excellent Russian Grammar, &c. has just published a novel in two volumes, entitled "The Trip into Germany," which he has dedicated to Bulgarin. It is his first attempt of the kind, and a remarkably successful one; since, although there is nothing particularly striking or original in the plot, and no extraordinary invention or imagination displayed in it, it is delightfully written, and shows the author to be an acute observer, and to possess great talent in the delineation of character.

miscellaneous pieces to which we have above alluded, and of which the first volume bears the date of 1827, contains the best of those articles that had previously been scattered through various periodicals and annuals. They consist of both historical and fictitious narratives, and anecdotes of military adventure, but principally of satirical sketches of manners, which if occasionally rather more forced than forcible, and if sometimes rather curious than interesting, must be allowed to possess upon the whole considerable value, both as affording an insight into a state of society constituted so differently from our own, and as exhibiting the tone of writing allowed on such topics. It cannot, indeed, be concealed that Bulgarin's form of satire is occasionally somewhat *passé*, and smacks somewhat more than could be desired of the now antiquated character of that of Swift and Holberg, for the shape in which he has at times attired it reminds us of Gulliver and Niels Klim. Frequently, however, his sketches are from the life; yet, although certainly not over-finished, they are overwrought, the outline appears too much exaggerated, the colouring more glaring than powerful. It strikes us, moreover, that there is a certain mannered air in the portraits he gives us, which renders them flat and insipid. There is energy enough in their attitudes; what they want is greater pliability of expression, greater individuality in their features. Still whatever may be his deficiencies, Bulgarin is entitled to our thanks for what he has performed, since his productions of this class are almost the only, and certainly the best, specimens of the kind to be met with in Russian literature. We must not, therefore, scrutinize them too severely, nor unfairly compare them with standards in other languages, in which the same species of writing has been long cultivated, and where every degree of talent has been employed upon it. We should be unjust too were we not to observe, that his satire is never misdirected, that he never attempts to raise a laugh at the expense of propriety and good feeling; nor is he one of those reckless writers who depict frivolity and folly so much *con amore* as rather to palliate them, than to hold them up as ridiculous or contemptible. Some of the best of these minor pieces are *Marina Mnishek;* the Milliner's Shop; a Philosophical Tour in a Drawing-room; a Scene of Private Life in the Year 2028; My Acquaintance with Karamzin; a Sentimental Journey through an Antechamber, &c.

Here the first period of his career as an author may be said to terminate, as his subsequent works are of far greater *calibre*. Although their aggregate amount is by no means inconsiderable, his previous subjects were upon too confined a scale to admit of that interest arising from a greater development of character and

manners, displayed in various situations and under different points of view. To effect this, he felt that it was necessary not only to excite, but to detain the attention of his readers; most probably too, he felt that he might signalize himself by attempting a species of composition, which, although it is the most popular form that poetical invention has assumed in other countries, had never been cultivated in Russia; and that if it were naturalized by applying it to the portraiture of national manners, it might, by extending its sphere, give a new impulse to the literature of that country. Were such really his views, the results of his own example have already proved them to be correct, for since the appearance of his first novel several other writers have employed their pens in a similar way, and one at least with equal success.

Bulgarin's *Ivan Vuizhigin*, or *the Russian Gil Blas*, was published in the spring of 1829, and sold with such rapidity that a very large impression was disposed of in the course of a month, when a second edition was immediately called for—a circumstance altogether unprecedented in the history of authorship in Russia—the only instance at all approaching it being that of Karamzin's History. It has erroneously been asserted, that this was the very first original production of the kind in the language; yet, whether the term "original" be taken in contradistinction to a translation or copy, or as indicating a story descriptive of national manners, there had been more than one previous attempt at rendering fiction subservient to such a purpose. Among these may be mentioned Naræzhny's "*Bursak*," published at Moscow in 1824, and his "*Two Ivans*," which were certainly sufficient to point out what might be achieved in this style of composition, without depending entirely upon exotic fabrications. The first-mentioned of these productions, the scene of which is laid in Little Russia, is by no means deficient in interest, although the style is rather homely, and in some places the narrative drags rather heavily along. There is no lack of incidents, many of which are well contrived, and the plot is upon the whole rather ingeniously constructed. It derives its chief value, however, more from the unusual character of the scenes to which it introduces us, than from any particular merit as a work of imagination. Neon, the hero of this romance, may be regarded as a Russian Gil Blas, rising from obscurity and passing through a variety of adventures, and through various grades of fortune. His school life as a *bursak*,* and the account of the Hetman Nikodim's military court, are two of the most curious and striking pictures

* In the dialect of Little Russia *Bursa* means a particular kind of seminary for boys, and the pupils of such schools are termed *Bursaki* or Bursaks.

in the whole novel. The work itself appears to have been rather coldly received, and to have hardly excited the attention it deserves; nor in fact did any of Naræzhny's novels gain for him so much repute as his "Slavonian Evenings," which are a series of legendary scenes exhibiting several of the most renowned characters of ancient Russian history. With considerable ability and skill, Naræzhny was by no means a talented writer; accordingly his works did not, as Bulgarin's may, perhaps, be said to have done, form an epoch in the prose literature of his country.

Even the historical novel had been attempted some three or four years before the appearance of Zagoskin's "*Miloslavsky*," and Bulgarin's "*Demetrius*;" for we may fairly admit Fedorov's "*Kniaz Kurbsky*," to be a specimen—and as far as it goes, a successful specimen of that species of romance which the masterly compositions of the Author of Waverley have brought into vogue in almost every region of the civilized world. This fragment, for it consists of only seven chapters, forming the commencement of an unfinished story, is a professed imitation of that model, and while it is strictly faithful with regard to the costume of the period, namely, that of Russia in the sixteenth century, is spiritedly touched; the dialogue is full of animation, the characters well discriminated, the descriptions and local delineations clear and graphic. The History of Kurbsky certainly presents some excellent materials for a romance, so varied were the fortunes of that distinguished man, who, after having enjoyed in an eminent degree the favour of Ivan "the Terrible," fell into disgrace with that tyrant, when in order to avoid his persecution he fled to Poland, and burning to revenge his own wrongs and those of his friends, fought under foreign standards against his native country. But unhappy in the midst of honours and success, and tormented by self-accusations for the perfidy of which he had been guilty, he at length suddenly disappeared, and is supposed to have terminated his life in the solitude of an anchoret's cell.* "An impenetrable cloud," says Karamzin, "hangs over the last days and over the grave of one, who, by his prowess in arms, by his superior understanding, and his eloquence, covered himself with glory; and by his treachery to his country, with indelible disgrace." Availing himself of the obscurity of history, and of the general tradition, Bulgarin has introduced him in a scene where Demetrius visits an aged hermit, who is reported to possess the gift of prophecy, for the purpose of ascertaining the event of his enterprize; and discovers in him the once illustrious warrior.

* See the Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. iii. p. 168, in the review of Karamzin's History of Russia.

So long a time has elapsed since the above-mentioned production of Fedorov appeared, when it was inserted in a literary periodical, that there is now no probability of the author's completing it, although if finished in as masterly a manner as it was commenced, it would place him very high among the novelists of Russia.

No apology, we trust, is called for on our part for having somewhat detained the reader by the above notices of other writers, since they serve to show that although he is the first who has attracted the attention of foreigners, Bulgarin is not the very first who has attempted novel-writing in Russia. At the same time, that circumstance in no wise detracts from his merit, nor has it been mentioned with the view of robbing him of any portion of the credit to which he is entitled, for having considerably advanced and perfected what others had before essayed, yet with less ability or with less perseverance.

We shall not enter into any details relative to his *Vuizhigin*, because an English translation of it has recently made its appearance. Instead, therefore, of giving any outline of the plot or sketch of the characters—which, in truth, it would not be very easy to do within a moderate compass, we shall content ourselves with offering here a few general comments on that performance. Of the sensation its first appearance excited we have already spoken, but it may be ascribed in some degree to one of those reactions that are frequently observed to take place in human affairs. The writer's reputation was already so firmly established, that whatever proceeded from his pen was sure to command notice; he had conquered both indifference and prejudice, and these once overcome, it was only natural that a degree of enthusiasm should succeed. It was no longer *mauvais ton* to admire works of imagination composed in the vernacular tongue, and accordingly, as if eager to atone for their former injustice towards their native authors, the public of all classes, instead of coldly holding back as before, met the novelist more than half-way, welcoming him with a warmth that bespoke their prepossession, and already pledged them to bestow their admiration. Curiosity, moreover, had been previously stimulated by several extracts that had long before appeared in some of the literary journals,* for while they

* This custom of exhibiting beforehand samples of literary wares is symptomatic of the state of authorship in Russia; and it is doubtless owing to the caution considered necessary in their speculations that writers adopt this method of canvassing for favour and of reconnoitring public opinion. Yet upon the whole it seems to be prejudicial, since the specimens will either be too brief to excite interest, or so copious as to take off the edge of expectation, and satisfy the reader's appetite. The time too which generally elapses between the making such literary promises and their fulfilment is so

were sufficient to convey a favourable idea of the author's graphic skill, they were in themselves such detached scenes, that it was impossible to derive from them any conjectures as to the general plan and scope of the story.

The favour which Bulgarin's "Vuizhigin" found with the public, did not, however, shield it entirely from the attacks of criticism, some of his reviewers having spoken of it rather severely, and denying it to be what it professed, namely, a portraiture of "Life in Russia," which is the title the English translator has adopted. For our own part, we must confess ourselves to be of a somewhat similar opinion; and that however amusing as a series of pictures, it is not to be received as a picture of actual society without some mistrust, or without considerable qualification. Allowances are to be made for exaggeration, for the heightening of effect, for the strength of the drawing, and the depth of the shadows. The individual details may be correct, the separate features may be not wanting in truth, nevertheless, the aggregate impression may be very inaccurate, not to say decidedly false, when, as is here done, the absurdities and vices that lie scattered apart over a wide extent in the actual world, are concentrated into a focus till they become preposterously intense. As we sometimes meet with portraits which perplex us by the likeness and the unlikeness they at the same time bear to the individuals they represent, so do we still more frequently—we might perhaps say almost invariably—find in novels those pictures of life, which, while we cannot but admit their resemblance, we also feel to be in many respects very gross caricatures. If "all the world's a stage," the men and women in it are not exactly puppets, neither is life altogether a mere farce.

On this occasion Bulgarin's pencil has displayed more expertness and force than delicacy, and has assuredly not been particularly flattering to any class of society; on the contrary, he has surprised us by the freedom with which he more than once speaks out, and by the boldness of some of his remarks. There are several passages in his novel which, in our opinion, show that the censorship of the press in Russia is either not very

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great, that in most cases whatever interest has been raised, has again subsided. About two years ago Pushkin published, in the same way, some chapters of a novel, the scene of which is laid in the time of Peter the Great, whom he introduces to his readers; whether he will ever complete it seems to be now very doubtful. Fedorov probably laid aside his "Kurbsky," either because what he had executed was produced before he had sufficiently matured his plan, and he was, therefore, unable to complete the story to his own satisfaction; or because it was not altogether received by the public as he expected; whereas had it appeared in an entire and distinct form, it would have made a greater impression, and its merits been more extensively recognised, merely from its coming before the public in a more substantial and commanding shape.

vigilant, or else not a little liberal; otherwise they would hardly have received its *petchatat pozvolyaetsya* or imprimatur; they being any thing but complimentary to the national character. The author, it is true, had on a former occasion deprecated the supposition that any of his characters were the likenesses of individuals, utterly disclaiming for them that personality which in England is almost sure to make the fortune of a book, and to stamp even its publisher with an enviable celebrity. As far as his countrymen in general are concerned, we are inclined to doubt whether M. Bulgarin's disclaimer does not rather aggravate than mend the matter: he tells us that he paints *classes*, not *individuals;* consequently his satire, by being so general, becomes so much the more offensive—for although he singles out no one to aim at in particular, he scatters it indiscriminately over every one: thus, lest some few culprits should escape, branding and stigmatizing the entire body to which they belong. We cannot help feeling, also, that this method of generalization is attended with no little disadvantage, inasmuch as it induces the writer to accumulate in a single character, whether good or bad, those various traits which, in nature, are divided among many, and infinitely modified by the interposition of other qualities. It has, we are aware, been laid down as a rule by more than one critic of high authority, that individual character ought not to be copied in works of fiction; one reason assigned for which is, that the lesson is not to be limited to one specific case, but to be so comprehensive as to be applicable upon the widest scale. Yet even admitting this as a broad principle, it must still be interpreted *cum grano salis*, and it will be found more adapted to the infancy than to the advanced stages of literature. By adhering too literally to it, we shall only have abstractions of character, instead of character itself; and while we colour the leading features too highly, we shall suppress all those delicate tints and hues which disappear when we contemplate our object from such a point of view. The evil effects of such a system are but too evident in the French and Italian school of drama, where, instead of living faces with their shifting expressions, we see only cold, rigid, motionless masks; every hero, and every lover is cast in the same mould, put into the same uniform; so that were it not for the difference of name, we should never distinguish the *fortisque Gyas* from the *fortisque Cloanthus*.

Somewhat too much of this wholesale manufacture of character, of this want of power in discriminating the different personages by nicer touches, is perceptible in "Vuizhigin." We ought, however, to ascribe it perhaps rather to a mistaken notion, than to real inability; because, when he quits his contemporaries, and

carries us back to the times of Demetrius, the author draws his characters more naturally; they are in better keeping, and are for the most part free from that offensive mannerism. In his first novel, the actors create but a subordinate interest; the hero himself has, in fact, little character at all—little principle; he is the mere sport of accident and fortune. The variety of his adventures and the constant shifting of the scene engage our attention and amuse us, but beyond this, and some of the episodical scenes and incidents, there is nothing that forcibly impresses itself upon us, nothing of vital interest, and but little originality. Although in itself a trifling circumstance, we were annoyed by the puerile fashion he adopted of labelling many of the characters by descriptive names, as was done by John Bunyan in his Pilgrim's Progress; it is undoubtedly a very convenient kind of moral stenography, but is a sad breach of costume, and in some respects implies not only want of skill on the part of the writer who adopts such a clumsy expedient, but likewise something like obtuseness on that of the reader.

Whether, after all, the history of an adventurer be the best form for a portraiture of society, admits of some question. Such a hero, indeed, comes in contact with all classes; in every sphere of life he is in his element, for he can soar as well as crawl; but then it is chiefly with the least favourable varieties of each that he can be associated, be the plot ever so dexterously managed. We find, accordingly, that our acquaintance with "Vuizhigin" familiarizes us rather with Jews, sharpers, gamblers, kept-mistresses, intriguers, and other scum of that description—which we take to be pretty nearly the same in all countries,—than with those who ought to be considered as the fair representatives of a whole nation. If we seem to have dwelt rather too much on this particular point, it has been because great stress has been laid upon the value of this production for the accurate information it conveys relative to the character of the people of Russia, and the actual state of society in that country. Yet we would as soon pin our faith upon one of our own novels of 'fashionable life,' and pourtray the present race of Englishmen from such an authority. At best we perceive but a single phase of social manners in such a representation, while all the rest are excluded from view. Even admitting that the pictures he has drawn may be tolerably correct in themselves, they do not extend sufficiently, for it is only here and there that we catch a glimpse of *Russia as it is*, seen in its proper hues, and not viewed through the optical lenses and coloured glasses of ingenious but falsifying satire.

This work was almost immediately translated into German, and afterwards into French; neither of which translations, how-

ever, we have seen, and therefore cannot speak as to their execution, nor say whether any parts of the original have been omitted. After perusing it we entertained very great doubts whether it would at all succeed in an English dress, at least with the ordinary class of novel readers; because, considered as a mere narrative, it belongs to that form of the novel which we have now cast off as antiquated, while much of the satire will seem equally obsolete, and is not of the kind likely to prove very interesting to English readers.

A third novel has just been published, by Bulgarin, forming a continuation to the preceding one, it being the *History of Peter Ivanovitch Vuizhigin;* for which reason we shall speak of it before *Demetrius,* preferring the classification pointed out by similarity of subject, to the observance of strict chronological order. The title-page informs us that this is a " moral-(i. e. manners-painting) historical novel of the nineteenth century," which latter part of its compound epithet it derives from that portion of the narrative relating to the events of the year 1812. These, however, are rather episodical to the main story, although not unskilfully connected with it, and by no means the least interesting specimens of the work. As to the pictures of manners, they are executed in a kind of moral chiaroscuro, too much akin to that which distinguishes the *infantine* literature of our country.

Unlike his sire, Peter Ivanovitch is not his own biographer; neither does he appear upon the stage till after several scenes; the history of the second Vuizhigin being in this respect very differently constructed from that of the first. A conversation between Prince Kurdiukov and his *quondam* valet, but now *homme d'affaires,* the Privy Councillor Khodakov, lets us into some curious details relative to the *menage* of a Russian noble, whose utter neglect of economy, coupled with the headlong extravagance of his wife, has placed him in a more critical than interesting situation. It is not without difficulty he is convinced by his conscientious steward that, in spite of the most excellent management on the part of the latter, his finances are at the lowest ebb, and his credit as much reduced as his cash; a particularly unseasonable piece of intelligence when he is about to give an entertainment on the most splendid scale. At all events some means of raising the wind for this purpose must be devised, as the ball is now become a matter of serious policy, its object being to further a plan proposed to him by his friend Count Miron Khoklenkov. What this plan is, we learn more distinctly in the following chapter, where, after informing his wife of the disagreeable posture of their affairs, he breaks his intentions to her, acquainting her that he has a highly desirable match in view for their daughter Paulina; but

Anne Petrovna, who plumes herself most immoderately on the high descent of her own family, is absolutely horrified when she learns that their noble blood is to be contaminated by an alliance with a *parvenu*, holding neither rank nor official situation, and whose immense wealth constitutes his sole pretension to admission into society. At length the urgency of the case, the promise that the Emperor's permission shall be obtained for their *roturier* son-in-law to assume the family name and title; and, perhaps, the consideration that her daughter has continued very long on hand without an eligible suitor offering himself, somewhat reconcile the princess to the well-gilded yet exceedingly bitter pill she must perforce swallow.

The reader will not be much surprised at learning that the person whom Prince Kurdiukov designs to honour by bestowing on him the patrician hand of his daughter, is no other than Peter Ivanovitch himself. The elder Vuizhigin is now a widower, and has employed the capital obtained by the termination of the lawsuit in his favour, so successfully, as a money-lender at Moscow, that he has amassed wealth to the amount of six millions. Content to remain in his own sphere, he is, nevertheless, ambitious of seeing his eldest son in a higher one, not only the inheritor of his wealth, but the founder of a family whose rank shall correspond with their opulence. He has, accordingly, lent a willing ear to the suggestions of Count Khokhlenkov, and notwithstanding he has no personal regard for Prince Kurdiukov, is anxious that his son should ally himself to so noble a house. While he is intent upon bringing this scheme to bear, Peter is occupied with very different plans; having accidentally become acquainted with Lisa, a young orphan brought up by Romuald Shmigailov and his wife as their own daughter. In this humble but worthy family he completely domesticates himself for awhile, content with daily enjoying the society of Lisa, till he at length avows his determination to marry her, assuring her adopted parents that such a union will meet with his father's entire concurrence; and that he only waits for his arrival from Moscow to acquaint him with his intentions. The first interview between them completely undeceives both, and crushes the hopes which each has entertained. At length parental ambition begins to yield to parental affection; Ivan not only ceases to importune his son to enter into the union he has projected for him, but promises to sanction the choice he has made for himself, when Peter is all at once reduced to the extremity of despair by the sudden disappearance of Lisa and her adoptive parents, of whom all the intelligence that can be procured is, that Shmigailov has been despatched to carry a supply of money to the

Russian army in Lithuania, and that Lisa has been removed from his house by a lady of rank.

Although it is some time before all the circumstances connected with this mysterious abduction come to light, we are not kept in ignorance of her fate quite so long as her lover, since at the beginning of the work we meet with her at Wilna, in the family of of M. Morikonsky, a married daughter of whom she has accompanied thither, in the hope of meeting with her benefactors, Shmigailov and his wife; and her distress at not finding them is increased by being among almost entire strangers, in a place likely to be exposed to the horrors of war, hostilities having been suddenly declared on the part of the French. Leaving her in this perplexity the author next gives us a scene of military adventure, one of the actors in which is our acquaintance Shmigailov, the other our old acquaintance—Napoleon. Whilst bargaining with a peasant for cattle for the troops, Romuald is surprised by a small reconnoitering party, among whom is *le petit caporal* himself, and sent to camp as a prisoner. This little episodical scene is the prelude to a more imposing picture, where Napoleon holds a council of war with his marshals and generals relative to the meditated invasion of Russia; and although, as may be expected, we do not gather from the latter any very new information, it has the merit of compressing into a concise dramatic form the opposite views that have been taken of Napoleon's plans and policy in that enterprise. Caulaincourt does not scruple to represent the dangers into which he is about to precipitate himself and his army; and in reply to him the Emperor observes—

"For five years together have my emissaries at Wilna, Petersburg, and Moscow, been collecting all the information I require. The Duc of Vicenza would frighten us by the resistance that will be made by the whole of the Russian nation, believing that according to the boast of the Emperor Alexander, the war will be that of an entire armed population. Nonsense! the duke has resided at the Russian court till he has become a Russian himself. He regards every thing that is Russian through a magnifying medium; yet those who have resided there along with him, represent the spirit and character of the people very differently. Trust me, the Russian nobility do not possess the moral energy requisite for either commencing or carrying on a national war, while the common people are too abject and indifferent to take any interest in the affair. I am as well acquainted with both Petersburg and Moscow as if I had lived there; my cabinet is filled with reports and documents on the subject of Russia.

"'You have been deceived, Sire,' replied Caulaincourt; 'we must not form an opinion of the whole nation from some antiquated *petit-maitres* who belong to the last century. A part of the higher classes in Russia have, undoubtedly, adopted the manners, the language, the

ideas of Frenchmen of a former generation; but subjected as they now are to other interests, these people will have no influence on public opinion at such a crisis. A new and more worthy race has sprung up in Russia, and taken in general, the nobility stand alone in the world for their devoted attachment to their sovereign, and for the enthusiasm with which they will make every sacrifice in behalf of their country. The wealthier class of merchants too, will gladly surrender all they possess; while the common people will as cheerfully rush on to instant death at the first call of their Emperor, for their faith and their fatherland! Sire, Russia is a granite barrier in the political world.'

" ' Through which I will bore a way,' exclaimed Napoleon, ' and penetrate into Asia.' "

We do not offer this scrap as a specimen of the work, for that would be too much after the manner of producing a single brick as a sample of a house; but as we have no space for such extracts as would enable our readers to judge fairly of the author's manner, we have submitted to them a passage which may be understood without context or comment. We will now return to the story. While Lisa (or, as she now calls herself, Elizabeth Stensky,) is residing under the hospitable roof of the Morikonsky family, they are alarmed by the appearance of an officer who charges them with concealing a Russian spy, and on leave being granted to search, a Russian officer is actually discovered. The supposed spy turns out to be Peter Ivanovitch, who having entered the army, has been taken prisoner by the French, and sent with many others to Wilna, where escaping from the guard, he has been secreted by Madame Morikonsky, without the knowledge of any of the family. Lisa is permitted to visit him in prison, and acquaints him that she had been summoned by the Princess Kurdiukov, and forcibly sent away by her to one of her estates in the country under charge of Khodakov, which worthy person offered to liberate her on condition of her accepting his hand. Preferring captivity to such an alternative she rejected his suit, but was afterwards assisted in making her escape by a friend of Shmigailov, who was proceeding towards Lithuania. Peter also meets with a generous liberator in Adolphus Morikonsky, who, although an officer in the French service, and also his rival for Lisa's affections, not only effects his escape, but furnishes him with the means of pursuing his route, and with directions for doing so in safety. His further adventures—the part he takes in the rising of the peasantry against the French, the preparations for the battle of Borodino, the details of that important action, the advance of the French upon Moscow, the flight of the inhabitants, the entry of the French into the city, Peter's unexpected meeting and as sudden renewed separation from Lisa at Moscow,—which form the contents of the third volume, we must pass over altoge-

ther, although it is perhaps the most interesting portion of the whole work, and contains some exceedingly good scenes.

To say the truth, we can do little more than hint at the remainder, and must therefore satisfy ourselves with meeting with Ivanovitch at St. Petersburg, after the expulsion of the French from Russia. Here he again obtains intelligence of Lisa, but such as fills him with despair, since he learns that she is now become Madame Yaroslavsky. Instead of seeking an explanation, or even accepting the advances she makes towards the renewal of their acquaintance, he sedulously shuns her, and determines to revenge her infidelity towards him by marrying the Countess Dnieprov, whose amiability and affectionate attachment have won his esteem if not his love. Immediately after he has declared himself, however, he has cause to rue this precipitate step, for circumstances bring about the explanation he has shunned, and he discovers that Lisa is not only fully deserving of, but ready to bestow her hand upon him, the only obstacle to their union being that which his own precipitation and misunderstanding have occasioned. She is a widow without having been a wife, having consented to be married merely formally to an officer of the name of Yaroslavsky on his death-bed, who, in return for the anxious attentions shown by her and Madame Shmigailov, during his illness, wished thus to secure to her his property. In his despair Peter threatens his own life, when he receives a letter from the countess, generously releasing him from his engagement. The marriage of the long-betrothed lovers immediately takes place; and they have soon afterwards the satisfaction of learning that the suit pending between Lisa and the Princess Kurdiukov has terminated in favour of the former. To understand this, the reader must know that Lisa is heiress of Prince Pretchistensky (Princess Kurdiukov's brother,) who had privately married the daughter of a French physician. On her return from France, where her brother had died, the princess brought the infant with her, and consigned it to the charge of Madame Shmigailov, but without acquainting her with the circumstances of its birth. This serves also to account for her ordering Lisa to be carried off when she discovered the attachment existing between her and Ivanovitch.

Upon the whole, we have been very well satisfied with this novel—if not for its "manners-painting," which is never very brilliant, and sometimes rather flat, at least for the variety and interest of the narrative; for although delineation of character is not his forte, the author keeps our attention alive, particularly in those parts which relate to the military and political events he has interwoven into his story. Dismissing the work with this commendation, we will now turn to *Demetrius*, and consider how

far M. Bulgarin has succeeded in a species of fiction that seems to demand a very different talent from the novel of modern life,—namely, in historical romance.

If war and civil turbulence, and barbaric splendour,—if tyranny on the one hand and devoted patriotism on the other,—if ferocity and vice in their native deformity, unmitigated by the influence of civilization, and opposed to these, examples of heroism and virtue called forth into action only in periods of national adversity, be the elements of romance, the history of Russia, previous to the reigning dynasty of Romanov, supplies them as abundantly as can be desired; nor is there any period in her annals more favourable to the purpose of the novelist than that which has here been selected by Bulgarin. Whether Demetrius was really the son of Ivan Vassilivitch, or an impostor, is one of those historical problems which have never been satisfactorily decided, notwithstanding the research and argument bestowed upon them; while nearly an equal degree of mystery involves the character of Godunov, who has on the one hand been represented as the tyrant of his subjects, and the murderer of the lawful heir to the throne; and, on the other, as a wise and beneficent prince, studying the welfare of his subjects, and endeavouring to elevate Russia in the scale of civilization. The history of Demetrius has been discussed at some length by Archdeacon Coxe in his "Travels through Poland, Russia, &c." Mr. Coxe was of opinion that he actually was what he styled himself, and he has adduced the proofs in his favour. The Russian Archbishop, Platon, entertained the same belief; while Karamzin, and most of the Russian writers, have regarded him as an enterprising adventurer, either a mere instrument of the Jesuits in Poland, by whom he was educated in the belief that he was the son of Ivan, or suborned by them to give himself out as the Tzarevitch, and assert his right to the throne of the Ruric family, in return for which he was to co-operate with them in establishing Catholicism in his dominions.

Thus, like the 'Iron Mask,' the story of Demetrius is involved in doubt and ambiguity; neither has the innocence or the guilt of Boris Godunov been clearly proved. Such of our readers as may not be acquainted with the events upon which this romance is founded, so as to comprehend the leading circumstances connected with its hero, will find their curiosity gratified by reference to Mr. Tooke's, or any other History of Russia.

It must be admitted that the historical events which have furnished M. Bulgarin with the materials of his plot are well adapted to the purpose of either the dramatist or the novelist, abounding in striking incidents and situations, and highly favourable

to the descriptive narrative, and to the delineation of character. The story of Demetrius was selected by Schiller for a tragedy; but unfortunately it remains like some other pieces of the same kind he had intended to execute, merely a rough sketch, showing the general construction of the plot, and the division of the scenes. We gather from it, however, one very important and happily imagined contrivance of the dramatist, which, although a deviation from history, offers an ingenious solution of the enigma of the false Demetrius's origin and imposture.

According to the idea adopted by the poet, Demetrius was to be the unsuspecting instrument in a deep-laid plot formed by another. Among the Russians who join him at Tula, appears an individual who informs him that it is to him he is indebted for the name in which alone consists his greatness. Instead of being, as he imagines, the son of Ivan, he is only an obscure youth, whose resemblance to the Tzarevitch induced this person to put in execution a singular plan of revenge against Godunov, who had engaged him to murder the real Demetrius, and afterwards sought to punish him for the crime. For this purpose he carried him to Uglitz, and there delivered him to a monk to bring up, informing the latter that he was the real prince whom he had saved from death, in proof of which he gave him a jewel he had taken from the person of the murdered Demetrius.

This fiction is not altogether at variance with some of the reports relative to the history of the False Demetrius; but it is one more allowable perhaps in a drama than in an historical novel like that of Bulgarin, which professes to adhere to truth in all its essential points, and does not permit invention to interfere with, or alter the outline of the story. We should observe, however, that although he seems to have consulted various authorities, to which he refers his readers in the notes at the end of each volume, and to have kept to facts wherever history furnished him with any guide, he has not scrupled to fill up many chasms entirely from his own imagination, and in some instances not quite so consistently with verisimilitude as could be desired. In regard to antiquarian knowledge, without which this species of writing becomes either a mere dramatized chronicle, or an entire fiction, Bulgarin shows considerable industry and proficiency, having given us much archæological information relative to the costume and manners of the period. The back-ground, and what may be termed the still-life of his picture, are carefully made out, and minutely finished; and so far he has fully availed himself of the advantage which the novelist possesses over the dramatist. The latter can rarely do more than briefly allude to numberless particulars which it is in the power of the other fully to delineate and

colour, their respective provinces being as distinct as those of the sculptor and the painter. Some readers, perhaps, may be of opinion that Bulgarin has been in more than one place rather too liberal in displaying this kind of historical knowledge, especially in that scene where Demetrius and his attendants examine the books and other treasures in Godunov's cabinet. That this is evidently a *hors-d'œuvre*, introduced for no other purpose than to give the author an opportunity of speaking of the state of literature and the arts in Russia during the reign of Godunov, cannot be denied; at the same time it is too curious and valuable in itself to cause us to regret the space it occupies. There are many other descriptions which the writer has worked up *con amore*, and which supply much information as to the manners both of the Poles and the Russians at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

Such an analysis of the plot as would enable our readers to trace the whole course of events would extend to greater length than we can now allow ourselves; while the exceedingly condensed notice that we can give is so inadequate to afford any idea of the interest of the narrative, that we feel we are acting unjustly towards the author, by doing that which may leave an unfavourable impression, instead of displaying the diversity of interest with which his narrative abounds. With this apology we will now proceed. The first scene exhibits to us a secret council held by the Polish ambassador, Sapieha, at Moscow, for the purpose of consulting how Godunov may be made to bring affairs to a conclusion, either by acceding to the demands of Poland, or breaking off measures with her entirely. Among the subordinate characters who appear on this occasion, is a young man named Ivanitzky, occupying so humble a post in the service of the embassy, and at first sight altogether so insignificant, as to excite no attention. It is not long, however, before we discover that he will prove a very important personage,—in fact the supposed Demetrius himself. To a monk named Father Leonidas he first discloses the secret of the lawful heir to the throne of Russia being alive. A plot is forthwith entered into; fresh adherents are gained; rumours are scattered among the people; and the conspirators are only waiting for a favourable opportunity to cause an insurrection and to depose Godunov, when their plans are prematurely discovered, and Ivanitsky, Leonidas, and a few others, save themselves by fleeing into Poland. For a time we lose sight of the fugitives, and in this interim Boris Godunov, —who, by the bye, has appeared once or twice before,—yielding to the evil counsels of his relation, Semen Godunov, authorizes him to arrest all suspected persons, and to imprison the disaf-

fected boyars. After many hazards, Ivanitsky and Leonidas reach Kiov, then belonging to the Polish territory; and the former is introduced by Leonidas to the widow of a Greek, who had brought up the latter, but afterwards banished him, resenting his attachment to his daughter Zoë. Ivanitzky becomes enamoured of the surviving sister, Kaleria, seduces her, and afterwards, in order to rid himself of her importunities, and to avoid a union fatal to his ambitious views, throws her overboard from a boat into which he has enticed her under the pretence of proceeding to a village where they are to be privately married. Leonidas accuses him of the murder, and is about to stab him, when he arrests the blow by avowing himself to be the Tzarevitch himself. Having in consequence forfeited the friendship of, and deprived himself of all further aid from Leonidas, Demetrius quits Poland, and proceeds to the territory of the Zaporogese Kozaks; for the purpose of inducing their leaders to promise to assist the son of Ivan in dethroning Godunov, and to win the favour of the Hetman, he accompanies him in an expedition against Trebizond. Curious as the whole of the episode is for the singular picture it exhibits of a military republic, it is not much in accordance with probability that Demetrius should sojourn there so long, or expose himself to such hazards, when it was obviously his policy to be promoting his designs in other quarters.

The third volume opens with the arrival of the papal nuncio, Rangoni, at Lvov, where he is entertained in the Jesuits' College; and the conferences of those holy fathers, their schemes for catholicizing Russia, and their astute policy, are depicted with admirable spirit: the dialogue is full of character, and the various speakers well discriminated by their minor traits, although all are animated by one common zeal. Demetrius is introduced to the nuncio as the lawful sovereign of Russia; and after having shown that his hopes of success are equal to his pretensions, and promised to adopt the faith of the Romish church, he is dismissed with ambiguous promises of their countenancing his enterprise. In the voivode Mnishek, whose daughter, Marina, he offers to make the partner of his throne, Demetrius finds a readier and less cautious friend. The stratagem previously employed by him for discovering himself to the voivode, after entering his service on his return from the Kozaks, so as to leave no doubt of the truth of his story, does honour to his ingenuity. Pretending to be at the point of death, he requests to have a confessor, to whom he discloses his real quality, informing him that beneath his bedding will be found a packet containing indisputable evidence of his birth. This is instantly reported to the voivode: the packet is found; Mnishek is unable to harbour any suspicions of

deceit on the part of a dying man; while Demetrius's recovery is sufficiently rapid to convince him that he may dismiss his fears as to the safety of his newly-found royal guest. After the alliance we have above alluded to has been agreed upon between them to their mutual satisfaction, nothing remains but to get Sigismund, the Polish king, to acknowledge Demetrius, and forthwith to raise a sufficient force to enter Russia. The description of Sigismund's court at Cracow, with the account of the most celebrated personages belonging to it; the reception given to Demetrius; Mnishek's grand banquet in honour of the approaching entry into Russia, and the military preparations, present a succession of highly-wrought and diversified pictures. The scene then suddenly changes to the court of Moscow: alarmed at the danger which now manifests itself, Godunov orders his new favourite, Peter Basmanov, to collect troops to oppose the impostor prince, but his own disquietudes are speedily terminated, he being suddenly taken ill after an entertainment given by him to his nobles, in consequence of poison which Moltchanov, a spy of Demetrius, had put into the dish of which he partook. His death takes place almost immediately; after which Basmanov, seeing the critical posture of affairs, revolts to Demetrius; and thereby at once turns the scale in his favour, and renders all resistance useless. Feodor and his mother are murdered; but the princess Xenia is spared, Demetrius having conceived a passion for her, which he now hopes to be able to gratify. In one of his interviews with her, he is about to proceed to extremities with the unfortunate girl, when in rushes a spectre shape that had often before crossed his path, and uttered words of dreadful omen. It is Kaleria—Kaleria herself, who had been rescued by a fisherman from a watery grave, and who had sworn to punish her betrayer and intended murderer. While Demetrius stands motionless with horror, the door again opens, and Marina, who has suspected his designs upon Xenia, enters the apartment. Demetrius is reproached by his consort for his folly in abandoning himself to the violence of his passions at a time when all around them breathes dissatisfaction and sedition; when mutiny is at the very threshold of the palace; when his favourites reproach him with ingratitude and neglect, and his subjects denounce him as a tyrant. Moved as well by her representations, as by the impressive lesson he had just received, he promises to reform; but it is too late; the leaders of the conspiracy formed by Shuisky assemble at the latter's house, where Kaleria adjures them to avenge her wrongs and their own, to punish a usurper and an impostor. All their measures have been so well concerted that

nothing remains but to proceed forthwith to put them into effect. The signal is given; the conspirators and citizens rush into the Kremlin; the few guards on duty are instantly overpowered; Basmanov is slain; driven to the last extremity, Demetrius leaps from a window, and is so dreadfully maimed by the fall that escape is hopeless. His evil genius stands once more before him,—Kaleria comes to sound the dreadful prophecy of retribution in his ear; with his expiring breath he confesses himself guilty; and she afterwards falls lifeless on the corse of him who had roused the two master passions of her heart—had felt how tender was her love, how deadly her revenge.

Such are a few—a very few particulars of the story, the interest of which hardly ever flags, even in those parts where the progress of the narrative seems awhile to be checked; for if, as it must be admitted he sometimes does, the author lingers in his tale, it is generally for the purpose of affording us leisure to admire some spirited group, or contemplate some singular scene. The characters are for the most part skilfully delineated,—some, we might say, touched with a master hand; and both their general physiognomy, and their occasional expression, rendered with considerable energy. Demetrius is crafty, enterprising, persevering, and has withal something mysterious about him, that enhances the interest we take in his adventures; but the author has, we think, rather injured than improved the effect, by attributing to him the perpetration of so base a crime as his intended murder of Kaleria. Actions of this stamp should not be lightly assigned to historical personages: they cast an unpleasant suspicion over the whole narrative; and the having recourse to such means betrays a want of power in the writer to give sufficient variety to his subject, or a consciousness that his materials are inadequate to his purpose, without a more than allowable admixture of fiction. It is for this reason also, that we object to the manner in which Kaleria is here represented, as being a principal agent in the catastrophe. There is too much of palpable stage manœuvre and trickery—of straining after effect, in these situations: in a melo-drama *coups de théâtre* of this description are quite in their place; but they derogate somewhat too much from the character which historical romance ought to maintain. Boris Godunov is by no means a full-length portrait: he appears only in a few scenes, and then he rather speaks than acts; nor is he exhibited in the most favourable light. From the way in which he has treated his subject, it is evident that Bulgarin did not attempt to decide whether Demetrius was an impostor or not; having left that question in its original ambiguity, and adduced no cir-

cumstances that tend in any degree to offer a solution either one way or the other.

Upon the whole, however, we have reason to be satisfied with this production, and rise from its perusal with the impression that Bulgarin has been much more successful in recording the events of a distant period, than in pourtraying contemporary manners, since, notwithstanding his shrewdness, his passion for caricature warps his judgment, and distorts his drawing when he attempts pictures of real life.

Before we lay down our pen, we may here again mention Zagoskin's "Miloslavsky," which carries us a little further on in the history of the same period, when after Shuisky's deposition, Russia was fated to experience the twofold calamity of anarchy mingled with foreign oppression. The outline of this tale is exceedingly simple, but the narrative is full of life; and although the historical events are thrown somewhat into the back-ground, they give us some of the leading features of the revolution of 1613, when Pozharsky and Minin liberated their country from the yoke of Poland, and placed Michael Romanov on the throne. This romance, which was translated into German, almost immediately after its appearance, and has also just received the honor of a French as well as an English version,—has earned for its author a popularity that seldom attends a first production. He is now about to publish—or has published—another novel, entitled "Rostavlev, or Russia in 1812," which will detail some of the occurrences of that eventful year. Several other adventurers have embarked to try their fortunes in this new literary El Dorado; among whom are Pogorælsky and Ushakov. At the beginning of the present year, the latter made his *debut* in a two-volume tale, entitled "Kirgis-Kaisak," which, although it exhibits some inexperience, manifests also some talent, and considerable feeling.

We must, of course, expect many failures, nor ought we, perhaps, to expect any thing at present that will bear to be tried by the standard of our own best novelists. These productions, however, have already produced one desirable effect, inasmuch as they have begun to attract the attention of foreigners, and our own countrymen among the rest; and will thereby assist in breaking down the barriers of prejudice, and pave the way to an acquaintance with the literature of a country which has hitherto held out nothing sufficiently promising to entice us to encounter the labour of acquiring its language.

ART. VI.—*Histoire du Droit Municipal en France, sous la Domination Romaine et sous les trois Dynasties.* Par M. Raynouard. Paris. 1829. 2 vols. 8vo.

IT has been remarked by Savigny in the preface to his great work on the History of the Roman Law during the Middle Ages, that the French writers on the history of their own country, "however discordant their other doctrines may be, agree in the practice of adopting each a particular political system, and in viewing all the historical evidence as so many proofs of its truth."* The recent work of M. Raynouard on the Municipal Law and Institutions of France during the Middle Ages, has, however distinguished for accurate learning and laborious research, formed no exception to the truth of the above remark. It is well known to all persons acquainted with the modern history of France, that the few remnants of municipal institutions spared by the pecuniary necessities and the unprincipled and short-sighted administration of the last kings of the old monarchy, were swept away under the monopolizing despotism of Bonaparte, who carefully removed every trace of popular election throughout France, and covered the kingdom with an army of public officers, who considered themselves as his servants, not the servants of the state, who derived from him their authority, looked to him for instructions, and yielded him an implicit obedience. Napoleon in the Tuileries was like Mr. Bentham's gaoler in the centre of the Panopticon; without being seen he could see from one point all that was done by his numerous subjects. To remedy the mischiefs caused by the establishment and maintenance of this system of *centralisation* (as it is called) has been a main object of different French statesmen since the Restoration; and a measure on this subject is well known to have miscarried under the ministry of M. de Martignac. Before the late revolution had made it certain that the powers of the local authorities would be increased and rendered more independent of the crown, M. Raynouard, apparently thinking that a good cause ought to be supported by any arguments, wrote a learned book to prove that the municipal institutions of France are of great antiquity, that in many cases they reach beyond the foundation of the monarchy, that many of the kings promised to maintain them, and consequently that these local franchises belong to the inhabitants of the provincial towns by strict and indefeasible right, and that the kings of France are bound by solemn compact to respect and restore them. As M. Raynouard considers the political rights of subjects and the promises of kings in the light of *hereditaments*, or *heir-looms*, we think that he was

* Savigny's History of the Roman Law by Cathcart, vol. i. p. 38.

bound to trace the title fairly down to the time when he wrote. Without assuming with him that a sovereign authority can limit itself, or impose obligations on itself, *with respect to its own subjects*, which shall bind future ages, we may be allowed to ask why he takes no notice of the interval of time which elapsed between the years 1793 and 1814? What happened to the hereditary rights and duties during these twenty years?—or, at the restoration and the establishment of a new constitution, did those rights and duties revest respectively in the subjects of a limited monarch, and in that limited monarch himself? We will not, however, occupy any time in the refutation of an argument manifestly groundless: we only make these remarks on the object of M. Raynouard's book as a caution to those who might not be at first aware that all his exaggerations are on the side of the antiquity, the universality, and the sacredness of the French municipal institutions. With this abatement, his work, particularly in the early parts, is a useful and instructive production; but it always grieves us to see history prostituted to temporary political objects, especially when, as in the present case, historical impartiality is distorted to serve a purpose to which, after all, history is not applicable.*

The municipal institutions of France during the middle ages were continued from, or moulded upon, the rights granted to the Gallic cities by the Romans after their conquest of the country. Of these towns there were two classes, the *colonies* and the *municipia*. When a body of Roman citizens were sent by the state into a town ready-built, which had fallen into the power of the Romans by right of war, where they formed a community enjoying large independent rights, this new settlement was called a *colony*.† These colonists were sometimes poor citizens, or in later times the soldiers of a disbanded legion; the third part of the territory belonging to the town was commonly confiscated and divided among the *Coloni*.‡ The dominion or ownership of all the soil must likewise have been conceived to pass to the sovereign community; but the ancient owners might have been allowed to retain their possession on terms of greater or less hard-

* Speaking of the French historians, M. Sismondi says: "On a cherché dans l'histoire les droits de la génération présente, et non des exemples pour guider la posterité; on a demandé aux siècles passés la mesure des prérogatives du trône, ou celle des libertés du peuple, comme si rien ne pouvait exister aujourd'hui que ce qui a existé jadis; et la vérité en a souffert, parceque tous les partis ont dénaturé les événemens anciens, pour s'en faire des armes en faveur des prétensions nouvelles."—*Histoire de France*, tom. i. Préf.

† See Niebuhr's Roman History, vol. ii. p. 50, ed. 2.

‡ Niebuhr, vol. ii. p. 51. Compare Livy, quoted by Raynouard, on the colony to Thurii. "Apustio auctore, tertia pars agri demta est; qua postea, si vellent, novos colonos adscribere possent."—xxxv. 9.

ship. The objects of planting these colonies were various; either to remove an overflowing population, to provide for a needy and rapacious soldiery, or to establish advanced guards and military posts near and upon newly conquered districts and provinces of doubtful allegiance.* Of the *Municipia* it is sufficient for our purpose to say, that they were cities to which the Italian right of citizenship had been granted, and which, not having received settlers from Rome, or forfeited a portion of their territory, were governed by their own magistrates. The original differences between these two classes of cities became, however, gradually fainter, and were at length obliterated under the later Roman emperors by an uniform system of laws and government.

In the provinces of transalpine Gaul, which were at different times, from the first to the fifth century, three, four, five, and seven in number, there were more than 110 cities subject to the Roman dominion. It seems probable that the government of these cities was at one time regulated by a distinct law, called the *Lex Municipalis.* A city, or *civitas,* was not merely a precinct covered with houses, but comprehended all the district or territory dependent on the chief town. Thus if a father wished that a natural son, born in a village or on an estate in the country, should become a *Decurion,* he was to apply to the *Ordo* of the city to which that village or estate belonged. But these terms imply a knowledge of the civil institutions of the Roman towns under the emperors.

The provincial towns of Gaul under the Roman emperors were essentially different from the free towns of Italy and Germany during the middle ages. In the latter, the power of the burghers was chiefly founded on wealth obtained by trade or industry, and rose in opposition to the territorial nobility. In the latter, the power, and indeed the qualification, of the ruling class, the Decurions, was derived from landed property. In the original constitution of the colonial and municipal towns of Italy, the decurions were a council of the sovereign assembly of citizens. Afterwards, as the constitution of Rome became less popular, the other towns dependent upon it followed its example, and the *Curia,* or council of the municipal citizens, and the members of it, the *Decuriones, Curiales,* or *Ordo,* became an aristocratical body, possessing the chief powers of government in their city and its territory.† When the chief executive powers had once become

* "Est in eadem provincia Narbo Marcius, colonia nostrorum civium, specula populi Romani, ac propugnaculum istis ipsis nationibus oppositum et objectum."—*Cicero pro Fonteio,* 3.

† Savigny, vol. i. p. 18. Hence the *Curia* was called the *Minor Senatus.*—Raynouard, tom. i. p. 39.

vested in this body, its privileges were perpetuated in two manners; first, by making the place of decurions hereditary, and secondly, by giving the order of decurions alone the power of electing fresh members into their own body. No person could be a decurion who was less than twenty-five years old, or possessed less than twenty-five jugera of land; and in cases where members not qualified by birth were elected, two-thirds of the members of the curia were required to be present, and an absolute majority of votes was requisite. As the office of decurion was in later times burdensome as well as honourable, no person could refuse to accept the place, with the duties which it imposed, except he was more than fifty-five years of age. Thus under the later emperors the son of a decurion was not only allowed but bound to be a decurion; he could not be a soldier, nor a clerk; and it was expressly ordered by Constantine, that only persons of small fortunes should enter into the service of the Church. The burdens and taxes (*munera*) imposed on the order of decurions were so grievous, as to outweigh the power and profit to be derived from belonging to the dominant class. Thus every decurion was bound constantly to live in the town, on pain of forfeiture of his lands; he could not sell or alien any of his lands without proving to the magistrates that he was driven to a sale by necessity. The decurions were moreover responsible for the defaults of all collectors of taxes appointed by the curia: and were forbidden to farm directly or indirectly either public lands or taxes. They could not go to the court of the emperor on public or private business, without leave from the imperial judge; and if any one absented himself without good cause, his property was confiscated to the curia. The curia was also bound on certain occasions, such as the accession of an emperor, the adoption of a prince, a victory over foreign enemies, &c. to present a gold crown to the emperor (*aurum coronarium*).

The chief municipal magistrates in the cities which possessed the Jus Italicum, were chosen by and out of the order of decurions. These officers, known by different names, were magistrates in the proper sense of the word, and possessed an authority of their own, without acting in the name of the curia, although their powers were gradually diminished by the emperor and his governors. It appears to us, however, that Savigny has satisfactorily proved that no such independent magistrates existed in the provincial cities of Gaul which were not free of Italy; but that the *Principalis* who performed the functions of a magistrate, acted merely as the chief member, and in the name and by the authority of the curia.* It appears that the principals had no jurisdiction,

* Savigny, vol. i. p. 62, and compare Raynouard, tom. i. p. 66.

which belonged to the imperial judge, but were chiefly employed in the collection of the land tax. After the principal had held his post for fifteen years, he was allowed to resign it; and together with some other favoured persons, probably gained a place in the senate, the existence of which body seems to us to have been satisfactorily proved by M. Raynouard, and which appears to have been a section of the curia, of higher rank, and perhaps enjoying more exemptions than the other decurions, but not possessing greater political powers or being able to act as a separate council.

In recompense for the heavy burthens imposed on the decurions, and the severity with which they were punished for flinching from their duties, the law granted to them many privileges and advantages. Such, for instance, were the regulations by which they were spared some of the more ignominious punishments; and the exemption from the jurisdiction of the imperial prefect, who could decide on the guilt or innocence of a decurion, but not adjudge the punishment to be inflicted on him. In like manner a decayed decurion was to be maintained at the public expense, especially if his property had been exhausted by his liberality to the state. The goods of a decurion dying intestate and without heirs were divided among the members of the curia, which also received a fourth of the property when the legatee or heir of the decurion was not himself of that order. It appears, moreover, that sums of money given as largesses, or bequeathed as legacies by private persons, were not unfrequently divided among the decurions.*

As the number of the decurions, or members of the curia, was regularly limited to a hundred,† and although this limitation was not adhered to, as their actual number was always small in comparison with the whole population, it is natural to inquire what was the lot of those provincials who were *not* decurions, whether they were delivered up to the double oppression of their fellow citizens and the imperial officers, without hope of redress, or whether they had any institutions or protectors of their own? Besides the imperial governors and judges, and the native curiales, there was introduced about the middle of the fourth century another officer, called the defender of the city, or people, (*Defensor civitatis, plebis.*) No decurion was eligible to this magistracy, which was filled by the votes of all the citizens. The inca-

* In a Hymn of Prudentius, a martyr is represented as saying—

Absit ut me nobilem
Sanguis parentum præstet, aut *lex curiæ.*
Generosa Christi secta nobilitat viros.

† Savigny, vol. i. p. 74.

pacity of decurions was however abolished by Justinian, and although the defenders of the city swore "to do every thing according to law and for the interest of the whole community," and the curia was greatly outnumbered by the unprivileged citizens, yet the interest of the decurions seems to have preponderated at their election; and it is certain that their protection was afforded, not to the commons against the decurions, but to the decurions and the commons, in short to the whole community, against the imperial officers. M. Raynouard, therefore, completely mistakes their office when he compares it with the Roman tribuneship: the Roman tribunes were originally established, or rather when their persons were made sacred, they were enabled, to act as representatives and protectors of the plebeians or commons, an order so far excluded from all communion with the ruling class as to be almost a separate people. The distinctive character of the tribunes was, that they were the champions of the weak and unprivileged against the strong and privileged class; and when they became a national magistracy, their offensive were at the least as conspicuous as their defensive powers. The defender of the city under the emperors, was from the beginning a national officer, intended to throw his shield over the whole community; and if he threw it more frequently over the poor and the weak, than over the rich and the powerful, it was only because the former most needed his protection. As the defensors were by Justinian made regular magistrates, and obtained a full jurisdiction in those provincial towns where no other magistrates existed, they gradually obtained the chief authority, and became members, and finally presidents, of the curia.*

Such is a brief outline of the city constitutions which prevailed throughout Gaul in the decline of the Roman empire. As the account is chiefly founded on the texts of laws, and not on historians who describe the workings of laws, the picture is necessarily imperfect and indistinct; but as far as we are enabled to form an opinion—and we speak with all respect for those whose patriotism can see merits in municipal laws of undoubted antiquity—it appears to us that history has not recorded, and it is difficult to conceive a form of government better calculated to ensure the misery of every class and every individual in the community, than that which existed in the Roman provincial cities at the time of which we have been speaking. The oligarchical class of decurions, though possessed of high privileges, and of the entire political power, were yet exposed to such heavy fiscal burthens, and liable to such irregular oppression from the Imperial

* Savigny, vol. i. p. 69—74. Raynouard, tom. i. p. 71—79.

governors, that they were eager to profit by every opportunity of surrendering their dignity, and were only kept at their posts by the threat of severe and numerous penalties. The decurions, thus cruelly oppressed by the agent of the emperor, were in their turn the oppressors of their fellow-citizens. "This too (says Salvian, at the end of the fifth century,) is more grievous still, that the many are taxed by a few, who make a private gain of the public contributions. For where is there a city, where even a country town or a village, in which every decurion is not a petty tyrant? What place is there where the goods of widows and wards are not plundered by the principals of the cities?"* If such is the picture which a cotemporary could draw of the extortions of the decurions, and if these extortions were so little successful, that the decurions were nevertheless often reduced to beggary by their public expenses, and always desirous to escape their duties by flight; and if the oppressions of the Imperial officers were so harsh and so unremitted as to require the creation of a magistrate to counteract their effect, it may fairly be asked, in what part of the community are we to look for happiness, or ease, or security of property, or we may add, for martial courage and skill, which the Spartan government, in other respects almost equally detestable, at least secured to its nobles.

If in the English constitution the king was the officer of a foreign sovereign, to whom the whole nation was tributary; if the lords possessed all the political power which did not belong to the king, and had the right of electing new members into their own body, yet so ground by taxes as to be eager to surrender their rank; and all the rest of the community were absolutely subject to these two powers, we should have a form of government nearly parallel to the worst varieties of the city constitutions of the Roman provinces in the worst times.

The city constitutions of Gaul seem however gradually to have assumed a more mitigated form of oligarchy, and to have been made more popular by the usual process, viz. the union of the trades, in the body of commons, into corporate guilds with regular leaders, who were more or less recognised as the legal defenders of their corporations, and presided at the meetings which they legally held. Alexander Severus first incorporated the different trades at Rome, and gave them defenders out of their own body.† There are other enactments of later Roman emperors on the same subject; and the existence of these guilds

* Salvianus de Gubern. Dei, v. 4.

† "Corpora omnium constituit vinariorum, lupinariorum, caligariorum, et omnino omnium artium; hisque ex sese defensores dedisse, et jussisse quid ad quosque judices pertineret." *Lamprid. Alex. Sev.* 33.

or companies in Gaul is proved by numerous inscriptions in which their decrees and public acts are recorded, though these are chiefly honorary.*

The citizens had also some protection against the arbitrary power of the Imperial prefect, in the liberty granted to them of sending to the emperor deputies chosen by the curia. This liberty M. Raynouard, in his anxiety to identify modern with ancient institutions, calls "the right of petition;" he likewise thinks that a law of Alexander Severus on this subject has not been sufficiently praised, and above all, not sufficiently imitated by modern princes. This emperor, when the governorship of a province was vacant, was accustomed to give public notice of the person whom he proposed to appoint to the empty office, and to invite any one to come forward with any charge against the probationary governor, *on pain, if he failed in proving it, of losing his head.*† We humbly submit to M. Raynouard's consideration, the probability that a fear of this alternative might have deterred most accusers from volunteering a charge, which, if not substantiated, entailed such unpleasant consequences. Even in the Arabian Nights, the sick kings who condemn the unsuccessful doctors to death, make it a practice (if we are not mistaken) to promise half their kingdom, and the hand of a fair daughter, to the discoverer of a specific for the royal malady.

Notwithstanding some provincial assemblies of the ancient magistrates and the landed proprietors of Gaul, which appear to have been convened at different times; yet the disunion of the numerous cities and districts, the necessity of residence imposed on the curials and their interdiction from military service, and the oppressive taxation of the imperial officers, had so enfeebled the population of Gaul, that it fell an easy prey to the Teutonic tribes which began to cross the Rhine, and spread to the west and south, at the beginning of the fifth century of our æra. The result of these great national movements was, that the Visigoths founded a kingdom in the south, the Burgundians in the east of Gaul; and Clovis, with an army of Franks, soon afterwards established himself in the city of Paris.‡ It was in this state of things, when Gaul was occupied by various tribes, each in its own territory sovereign over the "Romans," or the ancient population, that the curious system of "Personal Law" (as it is

* M. Raynouard, tom. i. p. 130, cites two inscriptions in which "*decurions* of companies of trades" are mentioned. We conceive that the word decurion in this expression only means the highest officer, and does not imply that the head of the guild was a member of the curia.

† Raynouard, tom. i. p. 137.

‡ See Foreign Quarterly Review. No. XIII. p. 170.

called by Savigny*) was formed. The Visigoths and Burgundians deprived the Romans of two-thirds of their lands, but suffered them to retain the other third, together with their own civil law.† According to this system, laws were not, as they are now, territorial, *i. e.* binding on all persons living in a certain district, and owing allegiance to a certain sovereign, but hereditary, or dependent on the nation of the father. The son of a Burgundian lived under the Burgundian, of a Roman under the Roman law. The chief exceptions to this rule were, that married women became subject to the same law as their husbands, (though widows reverted to their former law,) and that the whole clergy lived under the Roman law. In Italy it was the custom for parties to deeds to state under what law they respectively lived. This declaration was termed a *professio*. But this *profession* was not arbitrary: every one was as much bound to be subject to the law of his father as a Frenchman is now bound to obey the law of France, or an Englishman the law of England.‡ Much complexity and difficulty must necessarily have arisen in cases where the different parties to a deed or a lawsuit were of different nations.§ In general the law of the defendant, and in cases of contracts creating debts, that of the debtor, was enforced by the judge. Thus, according to a constitution of Clotaire, thirty years' possession of church property, or other lands, by priests and Romans, was a good title against a Frank. Unilateral instruments, such as wills, were regulated according to the law of the party from whom the instrument proceeded. It does not appear from any historical evidence, that, like the Westgoths and Burgundians, the Franks seized a portion of the lands of the Romans: but, be this as it may, it is certain that many of the Roman municipal institutions were spared by the Franks, and numerous traces of them occur in France after the establishment of that kingdom.

It will not be necessary for us to accompany M. Raynouard in his laborious search after the scattered proofs and vestiges of the ancient municipal institutions and liberties of the cities of France in the first ages of the monarchy; still less of drawing from them "une conséquence en faveur du droit électoral, aussi solennellement reconnu par les princes des deux premières dynasties."—tom. ii. p. 13. We will, therefore, pass at once to the *charters of communes*, which were chiefly granted in the reign of Louis le Gros. This prince, unable to protect the burghers against the

* Vol. i. chap. 3.

† Savigny, chap. v. sect. 1, 2.

‡ Savigny, vol. i. pp. 134—150.

§ Agobard, Bishop of Lyons, writing to Louis le Débonnaire, uses the following strong expressions:—"Tanta diversitas legum quanta non solum in singulis regionibus aut civitatibus, sed etiam in multis domibus habetur. Nam plerumque contingit ut simul eant aut sedeant quinque homines, et nullus eorum communem legem cum altero habeat exterius in rebus transitoriis."—See *Raynouard*, tom. ii. p. 6.

rapacity and violence of the feudal lords, and tempted by the price of their freedom offered to him by the inhabitants of the towns, agreed to sell for money the desired franchises. These charters did not, however, create the municipal institutions in the towns, or establish local magistrates or authorities; they assumed them as existing, and merely confirmed alliances made by the townsmen against the landed nobility, or invested with the legal sanction conditions already agreed upon between the two contending parties. It is to be observed that these alliances of the citizens were always defensive, not offensive; and were only intended to ensure a joint resistance to "the powerful of the land," as they are called in a charter. By these charters, therefore, the municipal franchises of the townsmen were not created, but enlarged and secured.* What might have been the fate of France, if, after the power of the feudal nobility had fallen, the local magistrates and commonalties had maintained their independence, it would be needless to inquire, if it were possible to ascertain; for they fell a prey to corruption. Louis XIV. having exhausted the wealth of his subjects by his passion for military renown, was at length, in 1692, driven to the resource of selling the municipal offices in order to raise money. This regulation was renewed at various intervals, till at length, in 1771, the election of the municipal magistrates was, for the last time before the revolution, abolished, and the venality of those offices established.

We cannot quit this subject without expressing our gratitude to M. Raynouard for the valuable information which he has with so much labour collected; but we regret that he should have embodied it in so objectionable a form. His book contains too much of modern politics to be a good history, and too much of ancient history to be a good political pamphlet. It is the offspring of an unprofitable and unnatural union. Although, even if the author's historical discussions were admitted to the full, they would not establish the conclusions which he would draw from them; yet the attempt to arrive at these results biasses his judgment in the historical investigation. In particular, he is too easy in accepting slight evidence of the *popular* or *democratical* nature of the municipal institutions in the middle ages on the authority of such words as *populus, plebs, cives, universitas,* &c.; whereas it is notorious that, as in Rome before the admission of the Plebeians into the state, such terms were applied only to the sovereign community; and that in England, in the thirteenth century, acts of the king and some of the chief nobles and tenants *in capite,* were said to be done by *the king and the whole kingdom.*†

* See Foreign Quarterly Review, No. XIII. p. 7, for a similar and more detailed account of the French *Communes.*

† *Communitas, Universitas regni,* &c. See *Luders, on the Constitution of Parliament in the Reign of Henry III.,* ch. i. Tracts, pp. 240—276.

ART. VII.—*Souvenirs du Midi, ou l'Espagne telle qu'elle est sous ses Pouvoirs Réligieux et Monarchique.* Par Rd. Faure, Médécin des Hôpitaux Militaires, &c. Paris, 1831. 8vo.

Qu'est ce que c'est que l'Espagne? What is Spain? This is a question which has often been asked of late years, but it is one to which, as far as we know, a satisfactory answer has not yet been given in any of our journals. The object of the present article is to furnish the solution required; or, in other words, to exhibit a view of the actual condition and circumstances of Spain, as determined by the joint operation of physical, moral, political, and religious causes; and thus to supply the means of forming a correct judgment as to its chances of future amelioration and improvement. We are not blind to the somewhat adventurous nature of this undertaking; nor have we failed to appreciate, in its fullest extent, the difficulty of dealing with a subject so vast in its dimensions, and so complicated in its details. But still we are inclined to think that, by means of methodical arrangement and elaborate condensation, we shall be able, within a reasonable compass, to lay before our readers a body of information which, if its interest bear any proportion to its value and importance, will probably be found in no ordinary degree attractive; at the same time that it is calculated to throw new light on the state and prospects of a country, which, although "sunk in its glory, decayed in its worth," possesses within itself all the great elements of national regeneration. And

I. *Of the physical condition of Spain.*—The Iberian peninsula, aptly compared by the ancients to the distended hide of a bullock, occupies the south-western extremity of Europe, and is surrounded by the Atlantic ocean and the Mediterranean sea, except on the north-east, where part of the Pyrenean chain forms the conterminous boundary with France, or, in other words, the neck of the hide. The most remarkable feature in the physiognomy of this country is its system of mountains. From the Pyrenean chain which runs almost due east and west, a number of secondary ranges take their rise, and, shooting out boldly to the southward and westward, spread themselves, in a magnificent reticulation, over the whole peninsula. The principal of these are, the Asturian and Gallician range, which may be regarded as a continuation of the Pyrenean chain; the Guadarrama range; that which the geographer Antillon has denominated the Iberian range; the Sierra Morena, whose "passes are dreary;" and the mountains of Granada and Ronda, which skirt the shores of the Mediterranean, and are the most elevated of all the secondary groups, pressing

on with so much boldness, that, according to Mariana, "they seem to have pretended in various places, to cross the sea, dry up the strait, and unite Europe with Africa." From this system of reticulation results the distinctly marked division of Spain into two unequal compartments, one of which includes the central region, and the other that of the coast. The whole interior of the country, indeed, may be considered one vast mountain; for although it consists chiefly of extensive plains traversed by lofty ridges, yet even these plains form a plateau or table-land raised to an elevation varying from eighteen hundred to two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and constitute part of the mountainous formation of the great central region, which towers, everywhere, to the height just mentioned, above that of the coast."—(*Year in Spain*, vol. ii. p. 279.) "If then, on entering Spain, and traversing the eastern coast along the Mediterranean, I was surprised (says the author of the work just quoted) to find the western horizon everywhere bounded by lofty mountains, my astonishment was much greater when, on abandoning the sea at Valencia, and toiling up these inland mountains, I beheld, instead of the valley, a weary arid plain, extending on a level with their summits as far as the eye could reach. In fact, I continued travelling on this vast plain for hundreds of leagues until I reached the Sierra Morena, and thence descended suddenly by the Despeña Perros into the regions of Andalusia."—(*Ibid.*)

A conformation so mountainous would naturally lead us to expect a corresponding system of rivers. But, owing to various causes, particularly the nakedness of the country, arising from the almost total absence of trees, which serve to collect and retain moisture, and the consequent dryness of the atmosphere during the greater part of the year, the rivers of the Peninsula are neither so numerous nor so large as to comport with the number and elevation of the mountains. The principal are, the Ebro, the Duero, the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquivir. The Ebro has its source in the mountains of Navarre, and pursues its course in an easterly direction, between the primary chain and a secondary branch or ridge of the Pyrenees, until it empties itself in the Mediterranean beyond Tortosa. The Duero takes its rise to the north of the Guadarrama range, and swelling gradually in its course, flows through Portugal until it reaches the ocean at Oporto. The Tagus, which has been justly denominated the prince of Spanish rivers, also originates in the Guadarrama mountains, but on the opposite side of the range, and after watering the gardens and groves of Aranjuez, half-encircling Toledo, and receiving the contributions of numerous tributary streams, opens into an estuary, reflecting the image of the Portuguese capital. The Guadiana has its source

amongst the marshes of Ruidosa, whence it issues a full-grown river, and flowing through delightful meadows, which afford pasture for many flocks and herds, discharges itself into the ocean in the gulf of Huelva. Lastly, the Guadalquivir rises between the Sierra Morena and the Sierra Nevada, and being fed by tributaries from both chains, flows gracefully towards the ocean, laving the walls of Cordoba and Seville, and diffusing fertility throughout the fairest portion of Andalusia. These are the principal rivers of Spain, the great arteries as it were of the country; and although the volume of water discharged by them is probably not greater than that discharged by the rivers of France, and the extent to which they are navigable is in all cases considerably less, owing to the great elevation of the central region of Spain, and their consequent descent, yet their direct and almost rectilineal courses through the valleys which they water afford great facilities for the construction of canals, and the almost indefinite extension of an improved system of cultivation. The rivers of Spain, like the river of Egypt, might be rendered sources of boundless fertility, if man were encouraged or even permitted to avail himself of the advantages which nature and Providence have placed within his reach. This country has no lakes of any importance.—(*Year in Spain*, Antillon, Mariana, Laborde.)

The soil of the Peninsula naturally exhibits great diversities. The central region consists for the most part of arid unsheltered plains, intersected with lofty mountains, which reflect with intolerable fierceness the scorching heat of summer, and sharpen into more piercing keenness the intense cold of winter. The region of the coast, less elevated than the interior plateau, and sloping gradually towards the sea, is broken into an alternation of mountains, and valleys, which produces the most agreeable variety, and presents a pleasant contrast to the bleak and barren sameness by which the central region is characterized. It is everywhere fertile, or may easily be rendered so by means of irrigation. With regard to the climate, its diversities are determined by the physical conformation of the country. The temperature of the air, always varying less on the borders of the sea than in the interior of the country, is much more equable on the coasts of Spain than in the different provinces of that kingdom. On the northern and western coast the prevailing winds blow from the west, and, loaded with the moisture they have absorbed in their passage across the Atlantic, discharge abundant rains in winter and in spring. The atmosphere is much calmer on the coast of the Mediterranean, where the east winds, which are the most frequent, never acquire the force which they possess at the extremity of the

Peninsula, especially at Cadiz. Thus the coasts of Catalonia, and those of the kingdoms of Valencia, Murcia, and Grenada, enjoy a mild temperature, which seldom descends so low as 32° and generally maintains itself above 57° of Fahrenheit. Winter, indeed, is almost unknown on a coast sheltered by the elevated land of the interior and warmed by the rays of a cloudless sun. On the plateau of the Castilles, the mean height of which is about eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, heat accumulates more slowly; and it is not until the beginning of July that the atmosphere, having then become calmer, acquires a temperature capable of sustaining itself between 57° and 68°, or of ascending as high as 77° of Fahrenheit. In the month of August the coolness of the nights, then become longer, shoots as it were into the morning, and also makes itself felt in the evening soon after sunset; by which means the heat of the day is considerably moderated. Except in the northern provinces, the climate of Spain is everywhere remarkable for its dryness. A freedom from rain and dampness, and a cloudless transparent sky are advantages which may generally be counted on. But this dryness sometimes becomes excessive, and degenerates into a scorching drought, by which the rivers are entirely dried up, vegetation is utterly destroyed, and men and animals die miserably of thirst. The annals of Spain record numerous instances of such droughts, with the fatal effects of which they were productive both on vegetable and animal life. In that elevated basin in which the capital is situated, the heats of summer are in fact always so great, that, according to the Spanish saying, Madrid has nine months of winter and three of hell *(nueve meses d'invierno y tres d'infierno)*. In its wisdom, however, the administration has contrived to improve on the bounty of nature, and it may now accordingly, without any exaggeration, be said, that, to the greater part of the inhabitants of that capital, the whole year consists of twelve months of hell! Many of the mountains of Spain, rising above the line of congelation in that country, have their summits covered with perpetual snow; whilst the elevated and unsheltered plains of the interior are swept by cold blasts in winter, and burnt up in summer by a powerful and never-clouded sun. This is in a great measure owing to the want of wood, which is scarcer in Spain than in any other country in Europe. In fact, from Bayonne to Cadiz not a single forest is to be seen: excepting several patches in Biscay, the groves and avenues of Aranjuez, and some valleys or rather gorges in Andalusia, which are studded by trees of a certain thickness, all the rest of the kingdom in this direction is of a whitish arid aspect, which fatigues the eye and saddens the spirit. The mountains, destitute of vegetation, no longer attract the humidity of the air, necessary for the support of

plants in the valleys and plains; the rivers, as we have already said, are almost all inconsiderable throughout the greater part of their rapid courses; and the level grounds being in like manner wholly naked and unsheltered, the climate of this elevated region, untempered and unmitigated, necessarily produces those extremes of heat and cold which are so detrimental to the fertility of the soil, and to the health and comfort of its inhabitants. Nor is this nakedness the effect of natural sterility, or of anything in the climate adverse to the growth of trees. On the contrary, the example of Valencia shows that, in the luxuriance of its forests as well as of its crops, Spain might have rivalled or surpassed any country in Europe. But the people generally have an inveterate and inexplicable prejudice against trees, which are mercilessl cut down or destroyed ere they attain any considerable growth; and so universal and savage is this strange propensity in the central provinces, that the most watchful and rigorous measures are necessary to preserve the avenues and groves of Aranjuez from wanton destruction.—(Faure, Laborde, *Year in Spain.*)

The productions of Spain are rich and various. The gold and silver mines, which supplied the ancients with the precious metals, are now, it is true, with the exception of the silver mine of Guadalcanal, either exhausted or abandoned; but iron of the best quality, lead, tin, copper, quicksilver, and indeed every valuable mineral, abound in different parts of the peninsula. Coal* and salt mines are wrought in the Asturias, in Aragon, and in La Mancha, though by no means to the extent which might be done under a better government and a more rational system of law; precious stones are found in various parts of the kingdom; granite, jasper, alabaster, and marbles of the greatest beauty and variety may be quarried from almost every mountain. Wheat of the finest quality is produced in most of the provinces, and all who have tasted it will be ready to acknowledge the superior excellence of Spanish bread. In some provinces the quantity grown is not sufficient for their own consumption, but the deficiency is made up from the surplus produce of others or by importation. Wine is raised in great abundance all over Spain; and of the produce of the crops that grow on the coasts large quantities are exported to different parts of the world. "But the best and most generous wines (says the author of *A Year in Spain*) are found in the high

* A stratum of coal was not long ago discovered near Seville about a gunshot from the Guadalquivir; but it has not been wrought on account of the quantity of sulphur contained in it. This valuable mineral is found in great abundance in Catalonia, where there is a considerable number of mines, one of the richest of which is at Montanola in the duchy of Vique; but none of them have ever been wrought to any extent worth mentioning. In Aragon, particularly in the valleys, embosomed in the Pyrenees, there are as many as eighteen coal mines.—(Faure.)

and arid region of the interior," though, " from the imperfect state of communications in Spain they will not pay the expense of transportion, and are consequently consumed in the district which produces them." The correctness of this opinion may, however, be questioned; nor, with the single exception of Valdepeñas, the superior flavour and quality of which are universally acknowledged, are there any known Spanish wines to which a preference would probably be given by connoisseurs over those of Xeres, Rota, Malaga, Alicante, and Malvoisie. The other principal productions of the soil are oats, barley, maize, rice, oil, honey, sugar, hemp, flax, esparto or sedge, cork, cotton, silk, sumach, and barilla; to say nothing of wool, the superior quality of which is universally known. The forests with which some of the loftier mountains are covered, and which, from their elevation, have escaped the destructive propensities of the people, supply the charcoal which constitutes the chief fuel used in the country, and also furnish timber for ship-building. Flowers and medicinal herbs grow wild on all the mountains, and in the night season load the air with the rich fragrance of their perfumes. Nor is Spain excelled by any country in the abundance, variety and delicious flavour of its fruits. Besides the different species common to the temperate climates, there are many which naturally belong to the tropical regions; and in addition to the fig, pomegranate, orange, lemon, and citron,—the date, plantain, banana, and cheremoya, find a congenial soil and climate, in some portions of the Peninsula. Hence a French writer, struck with this variety, has attempted to show that the different sections of the Peninsula bear an analogy, in point of climate and productions, to the respective quarters of the world which lie opposite to them; comparing Biscay, the Asturias, and Gallicia, to the neighbouring countries of Europe, —Portugal to the corresponding parts of America,—Andalusia, to the opposite shores of Africa,—and Valencia, to the genial regions of the East. But the riches of Spain are not confined to the resources of her soil; for the Atlantic and Mediterranean, washing each nearly an equal extent of coast, supply abundance of fish, and place almost every part of the country in ready communication with the most distant regions of the earth. In a word, nature seems to have exhausted her bounty on this favoured land; and had not ungrateful man laboured with but too successful perversity to counteract her beneficence, Spain, instead of the poorest and most degraded, would now be the richest, happiest, and most prosperous country in Europe. Amongst the animal productions of Spain the horse is entitled to particular notice. The Arabs, when in possession of the country, stocked it with their finest breeds; and although the race, like every thing else,

has degenerated, it still shows many of the points by which it was originally distinguished. "The horses now seen in Spain, especially in Andalusia," says the Young American, whose work we have already so often cited, "are evidently of the Arabian stock; and for beauty, grace, and docility, they are very superior to those of the English breed." We suspect, however, that our Transatlantic friend is but an indifferent judge of the points of a horse.

"In Andalusia," says Dr. Faure, "the blood-horse, emulous of the grandees of his country, spends his days in enervating inaction, and when he is not destined to figure in the scenes of love, he has no other merit than that of exhibiting deceptive forms in the markets and public promenades; for painful labours are beyond his strength, and woe be to the man who should trust to him in the hour of danger."—p. 16.

The other domestic animals are mules, asses, horned cattle, swine in vast numbers, sheep in millions; nor are there wanting wild animals, such as bears, wolves, and wild boars, which neglect and decay have left the undisturbed tenants of some of the wilder and more sequestered districts.

Of the diseases peculiar to Spain, some are local and others general. To the former class belong the yellow fever, which occasionally commits such dreadful ravages on the coast; and that peculiar affection of the eyes, frequently terminating in blindness, which is so common in the central region of Spain. With respect to the first of these maladies, it has so often been treated of in medical and other works, and so evidently belongs to the nosology of a different region, that any account of it here may therefore be dispensed with. But blindness is the peculiar curse of the whole central region of Spain, particularly the capital, and is by no means confined to the lower classes; many people in the middle and higher walks of life being also afflicted with this melancholy deprivation. "I was so much struck with the number of blind in Madrid," says the author of *A Year in Spain*, "as to seek a cause for it in the ardent energy of the sun in this cloudless region, combined with the naked and unsheltered condition of the country."—(vol. i. p. 323.) According to Peyron, the evil is attributable to an intemperate use of phlebotomy, a practice which is scarcely less prevalent amongst the Spaniards of the present day than it was amongst their ancestors in the time of Sangrado; at least, if one may judge from the number of persons whose business it is to draw blood, for every street of every town in Spain has its barber, and every barber is a regular phlebotomist. But Dr. Faure proposes a different and more scientific solution.

"Madrid, situated on a plateau elevated more than 1800 above the level of the sea, is in the most irritating atmosphere of all Spain. The wind which blows there, during almost the whole year, from the mountains of Guadarrama, and the fatal effects of which have given rise to so many proverbs, penetrates with an insupportable cold which would affect the strongest lungs, if they were not protected by the skirt of the cloak thrown over the shoulder, as well as adds to the influence of the climate in producing the most painful colics in a great number of foreigners. It is this wind, blowing so frequently, and sometimes so violently, from the month of February to the month of May, which incessantly raising in the air columns of *nitrous powder*, irritates the eyes of a population tainted with scrophulous and venereal affections, and gives rise to those ophthalmias which, from the reverberation of the sun and the coldness of the nights, are sure in no long time to terminate fatally."—"Nor is it merely at Madrid that this affection is remarkable; diseases of the eyes and loss of sight are common to the whole of Spain, judging by what one observes as far as Cadiz; because the irritating atmosphere of the Peninsula is generally very much agitated, and the heat of the solar rays is scarcely tempered by any verdure, of which indeed several provinces are entirely destitute."—pp. 5, 6.

In short, ophthalmia in Spain is produced by the same causes as in Egypt, namely, by an impalpable nitrous dust,* which, lodging in the eyes, creates inflammation; and this again is aggravated by the incessant alternations of intense heat during the day, and chilling cold during the night. The Madrid colic is also an effect of the climate, and always dangerous, often fatal to strangers; who learn, sometimes when it is too late, to take the native precaution against the cold blasts which sweep down suddenly from the Guadarrama mountains, and instantly checking a profuse perspiration, engender this grievous malady. The variolous infection is always more dangerous in summer than in winter, particularly in the central region of Spain; but vaccination, which is now generally practised throughout the kingdom, has tended greatly to abate its virulence. Scarlatina is rare, and by no means dangerous. But there exists an analogous affection, called by the natives *garrotillo*, and known to medical men as gangrenous angina, which sometimes becomes a contagious epidemic, and rages for a season like a pestilence.†

* "It may be affirmed," says Miñano, "that one-third of the waste lands of Spain, and the *dust* of the roads of the eastern and southern provinces of the kingdom, would supply the whole world with *nitre*, if it was the will of God to destroy it in every other part of the globe."—*Dic. Geog.* vol. i. Madrid, 1826.

† "Besides the epidemical disorders, which have been the result of her connections with the East, with Africa and America, and the destructive wars of which she has been the theatre, Spain has been frequently ravaged by similar scourges, produced at home by drought, by famine, and by the severity of the seasons. *Los años de sequedad, de hambre y de mortandad*—the years of drought, of famine, and of great mortality, are very numerous in her annals." Faure, p. 81.

"This disease," says Dr. Faure, "is frequent in the Peninsula, and we learn from the works which give an account of the epidemic disorders which have affected Spain at different epochs, that it has been familiar there for many centuries, notwithstanding the purity and dryness of the atmosphere, and possibly owing to that very cause."—p. 74.

Another gangrenous malady common in Madrid and in several of the provinces, particularly Andalusia and Catalonia, is *hospital putrefaction*, which, if not endemic, may at least be considered almost inevitable in the hospitals towards the end of summer. At this period the most trifling sores become dangerous ulcers, and very frequently prove fatal. Acute and chronic inflammations of the lungs are also common, and, in the capital particularly, advance with great rapidity to a crisis. Pulmonary consumption is of very frequent occurrence, indeed the tendency towards this disease is constant in some parts of Spain; and, what is not a little remarkable considering the dryness of the air, intermittent fevers generally make their appearance about the beginning of June, when the heat becomes intense. Scrophulous disorders are as common in Spain as in Russia, and even more so; nor is it unusual to meet with mendicants having one or both legs affected with elephantiasis. Cases of epilepsy are by no means rare; whilst hysteria and St. Guy's dance are frequent in the southern provinces, where the heats are fiercest.

"The diseases of the mind, or madness, ought to be proportionably greater there than elsewhere, on account of the action of the sun upon the head, and the want of agreeable occupation under a government, which, by constantly thwarting the reason, keeps the whole population in a state of habitual irritation:"

And such is unhappily the fact. But it has been found that the prevailing religious notions stamp insanity with a peculiarly sombre and malignant character among the Spaniards. There are three principal establishments for insane persons in Spain; one at Toledo, one at Valencia, and the third at Zaragoza. There is a fourth at Cordoba, but it has been for some time deserted.

II. *Population of Spain.*—There is no country of Europe the population of which has experienced such extreme fluctuations, and upon the whole decreased so much below its amount in former times, as that of Spain. This has been occasioned by the joint operation of a great variety of causes, a few of which would probably have been sufficient to produce it. Amongst these may be mentioned the invasion of the country by the Moors, which is justly regarded as the origin of the depopulation that subsequently ensued; the contagious fevers and plagues which have at different times desolated the southern provinces and other parts of the kingdom; the intestine wars which raged during seven

centuries between the Moors and Christians, commencing in the ninth, and terminating only with the capture of Grenada towards the close of the fifteenth century; the proscription and expulsion of three millions of Jews and Moors; the neglect of agriculture, and the misdirection of commercial enterprise, consequent on the discovery of America; the baneful effects of a bad government and of a debasing religion, armed with so powerful an instrument for repressing the expansive energies of the human mind as the Inquisition; the depredations of the Barbary corsairs, which tended materially to accelerate the depopulation of the southern coasts; and, lastly, the institutions of the *mesta*, *mayorazgos*, and *presidios*, which, as we shall hereafter show, served to consolidate and perpetuate the evils which were sapping the foundations of national industry, and to preclude the possibility of amelioration and improvement. These are a few of the causes which appear to have produced the declension in question. The chief of them still exist; and although their operation has at times been partially counteracted, nothing short of a radical reform in the whole system of law, government, and policy, can prevent Spain from sinking into the lowest depth of misery and degradation to which a nation can possibly fall. The following details respecting the population of this country in the different periods of the monarchy, will show the extraordinary oscillations which it has experienced; whilst, by comparing these with the causes of depopulation above enumerated, the reader will be enabled to judge for himself as to the method by which it has been effected.

According to the received opinion, Spain, under the Romans, contained 40,000,000 of inhabitants; but, accounting this a most exaggerated statement, let us assume the population to have been then only half the estimated amount, or 20,000,000. At the close of the fourteenth century, according to several Spanish writers, the population was as follows, viz.—States of Castille, 11,000,000; states of Aragon, 7,700,000; kingdom of Grenada, 3,000,800; total, 21,700,800. But this estimate, like the former, is probably exaggerated; and we therefore agree with Laborde in thinking that the population, at the latter period, cannot have exceeded 16,000,000. Under Ferdinand and Isabella, at the end of the fifteenth century, it amounted, according to the same authorities, to upwards of 20,000,000; but a more probable estimate reduces it to about 15,000,000. In the year 1688 it was 10,000,000; in 1700, at the death of Charles II. 8,000,000; in 1715, under Philip V., 6.000,000; in 1768, under Charles III., 9,307,804; in 1787 and 1788, the last year of the reign of Charles III., 10,143,975. By the census, which was taken in the year 1797 and 1798, it appears that the population

then exceeded 12,000,000. It follows, therefore, that from the time of the Romans until the year 1715, the population of Spain had been continually decreasing in the following proportions, viz.—from the time of the Romans until the end of the fourteenth century, a period of about a thousand years, 4,000,000; from the close of the fourteenth century until the end of the fifteenth century, a period of a hundred years, 1,500,000; from the end of the fifteenth century until the year 1688, a period of less than two hundred years, nearly 5,000,000; from the year 1688 to the year 1700, that is, twelve years, 2,000,000; and from the year 1700 to 1715, fifteen years, also 2,000,000. On the other hand, it increased, from the year 1715 to 1768, a space of thirty-three years, 3,307,804; from the year 1768 to 1788, twenty years, 836,171; from the last period to the year 1806, rather more than 2,000,000; making a total increase from 1715 until 1806 of above 6,000,000. In the *Diccionario Geografico* of Miñano, the population of Spain in 1826 is estimated at 13,732,172, which would give an increase since 1715, that is, in a hundred and eleven years, of 7,732,172; and even this estimate has been supposed (see an article on the subject in our Ninth Number) to fall below the truth, although it exceeds that given in the last edition of Antillon. Taking the census of 1826, however, as the closest approximation which has yet been obtained, the population of Spain, compared with its superficial extent, (145,100 square miles,) would give about 90½ to the square mile, or little more than half the number upon an equal space in France and England, countries far inferior to Spain in fertility of soil, advantages of climate, and all the other bounties of nature.*—(Laborde, Miñano, *Year in Spain.*)

On the subject of the division of the population, which forms one of the most prominent causes of the decline of national industry in Spain, considerable light has been thrown by a statement which was published in 1802, and is referred to as authoritative by Laborde. Assuming the whole population of the kingdom to be then 10,409,879, or 300,000 more than the census of 1788, and 1,600,000 less than that of 1797, which is unquestionably an erroneous assumption, this statement gives the following relative division, which, with reference to the total amount assumed, seems to come pretty near the truth. Of the 10,409,879 individuals of both sexes, 5,204,187 were males, and 5,205,692 were females; the equilibrium of the sexes being thus almost com-

* The population of Portugal, in 1826, was estimated at 3,683,400 on a surface of 26,200 square miles, or about 140½ to the square mile: consequently, the entire population of the Peninsula amounted, that year, to about *seventeen millions and a half*; and if its rate of increase has been progressive, it cannot at present fall much short of *twenty millions.*

plete. Of the men 3,257,022 were widowers, bachelors, and ecclesiastics; of the women 3,262,196 were nuns, widows, and "waiters upon Providence;" whilst the remainder, being 3,890,661, consisted of course of married persons. It results from this statement, that there then existed in Spain 6,519,218 individuals of both sexes who did not contribute, or at least were not supposed to contribute, to her population. Of the number of ecclesiastics we shall probably have occasion to speak hereafter. In the meanwhile we may observe, that, exclusive of about a fourth of the population, composed of persons living on their property without doing any thing, Spain, according to the census of 1797, contained 100,000 individuals existing as smugglers, robbers, pirates, and assassins escaped from prisons or garrisons; about 40,000 officers appointed to capture these, and having an understanding with them; nearly 300,000 servants, of whom more than 100,000 were unemployed and left to their shifts; 60,000 students, most of whom begged or rather extorted charity at night, on the pretence of buying books: and if to this melancholy list we add 100,000 beggars, fed by 60,000 monks at the doors of their convents, we shall find, that, at the period referred to, there existed in Spain nearly 600,000 persons who were of no use whatever in agriculture or the mechanical arts, and who were only calculated to prove dangerous to society. Lastly, having made these and other necessary deductions, we find that there then remained 964,571 day-labourers, 917,197 peasants, 310,739 artizans and manufacturers, and 34,339 merchants, to sustain by their productive exertions eleven millions of inhabitants. These results which, *mutatis mutandis*, are as applicable at the present day as at the time when they were deduced, exhibit a state of society so radically corrupt and debased as to render all hopes of its regeneration very nearly desperate. Idleness is the national sin of Spain:—and with a population constitutionally averse to labour and disposed to seek for subsistence by any means rather than by honest industry; with a government that carries on the work of brutification by all the expedients in its power, and though omnipotent for evil, is utterly inefficient for good; and, lastly, with a domineering priesthood, swarming in every street, village, and hamlet of the kingdom, and, amidst the universal misery, fattening on the substance of the land which it keeps in spiritual thraldom and intellectual darkness—with such elements to work on, such powers of evil to neutralize, such an intertexture of vice, corruption, ignorance, and prejudice, to break through, he must be a bold physician indeed who should undertake to heal up the foul and festering ulcers that are daily eating deeper and deeper into the vitals of unhappy Spain. Moderate

remedies indeed are no longer applicable or available, and the employment of violent ones, which alone can operate an ultimate cure, must necessarily bring on a crisis which it is fearful to contemplate.

III. *Agriculture, Tenures of Property, Law of Succession, &c.*—No country in Europe is so generally fertile as Spain, or has equal advantages at all seasons of the year; yet in none is agriculture in a state of such great backwardness and depression. Many causes have undoubtedly contributed to produce this calamity; but one of the principal is, the peculiar nature of the tenures by which landed property is held in that country. Three-fourths of the whole territorial surface of Spain, including the lands belonging to the church, are indivisible, and consist in unalienable *mayorazgos*.* This term, derived from the word *mayor*, first-born, implies, strictly speaking, the right possessed by the eldest-born of a family to inherit certain property, on condition of transmitting it entire and undiminished to those possessed of the same right on his decease. But usage has greatly extended the import of the term mayorazgo or majorat. For although it properly means only the right of succession to a perpetually-entailed estate in virtue of primogeniture, yet it has come to signify, in addition, the cause which produces the right or the accident of birth, the property which is subjected to its operation, the actual possessor of the property, and the person who stands next in the order of succession.—(Faure, Laborde.)

Mayorazgos, or majorats, are of five kinds:—first, the *agnacion rigorosa*, which strictly confines the succession to male descendants in the direct line, to the entire exclusion of females; secondly, the *agnacion artificiosa*, according to which the male heirs in the direct line first succeed, and, failing them, the males next in degree in the female line; thirdly, the *agnacion de masculinidad*, which restricts the succession to the males and females of the male line; fourthly, *la regulare*, which calls to the succession both males and females, the latter after the former, each in degree, so that the sons come first in order of birth, then the daughters, then the collateral males in the nearest degree, afterwards the females in the same degree, and so on; fifthly, the *saltuario*, which calls those who unite in their person the qualities and conditions required by the founder of the mayorazgo, without reference to any particular line of descent. The greater part of the mayorazgos are constituted in favour of the first-born; but some are nevertheless settled on the second children, and in many families there are both principal and secondary mayorazgos.

* "Writers of the highest authority value the mortmains of the state and church at three-fourths of the whole territory of Spain." (Foy, *Guerre de la Péninsule*, ii. 139.)

The former always belong to the first-born; the latter can never be united in the same person with the former, and therefore go to the second son: but when, by the death of his elder brother, he comes to succeed to the principal mayorazgo, he must renounce the secondary one, which then passes to the third son, or the next in the order of succession or destination. Property held in mayorazgo cannot be alienated, sold, disponed, or divided by the possessor either in favour of a wife or of children who are not called to the succession; in other words, it is a strict entail, constituted on pretty nearly the same principles with Scotch tailzies, but subject to conditions and limitations, if possible, still more absurd and ruinous, both to the holders and to the country at large. It is usual, however, to adjudge a *viŭdedad*, or annuity, equal to a sixth part of the free rental, to the widows of the possessors of mayorazgos, and to the widowers of females whose fortune consisted in mayorazgos; but this alimentary provision ceases and determines in the event of a subsequent marriage; and, from the unsettled state of the law respecting it, it is often the cause of expensive and protracted litigation. All grounds of dispute or contention may however be avoided, by the possessor of the mayorazgo making a formal declaration of his consent to the constitution of a viŭdedad, in which case the council of Castille issues a decree homologating and sanctioning the proposed cession. It sometimes happens that a mayorazgo is saddled with two or even three viŭdedades. Suppose, for example, that a wife possessed of a mayorazgo dies, her husband becomes entitled to a viŭdedad, and the mayorazgo passes to the next heir; but if he or she also dies, leaving a widow or widower, the latter becomes entitled to a second viŭdedad, and so of the next in succession. In this case, the holder of the first viŭdedad receives a sixth part of the whole revenue, the holder of the second receives a sixth part of the remainder, and the holder of the third receives a sixth part of the surplus after deducting both; so that three viŭdedades absorb five-twelfths of the entire income derived from the mayorazgo. If the possessor of the first viŭdedad dies or marries again, his annuity accrues to the second, who enjoys it in addition to his own as long afterwards as he lives or continues unmarried. So many settlements in mayorazgo have taken place in Spain since the era of their introduction, that few families are without them, and scarcely any landed estate is free from the fetters of these entails. They originated in the desire of some great houses to perpetuate their family name, and to preserve an estate proportioned to their rank and dignity; and the example being speedily followed by the rest of the nobility, who in all countries more or less lead the fashion, it ere long extended

its mischievous contagion among those who, having no hereditary dignity to sustain, indulged an absurd and ridiculous vanity at the expense of nature, common sense, and their younger children.—(Laborde, Jovellanos.)

The evils produced by majorats are so great, that it will be of little service to impede their progress, unless some still more powerful remedies are applied. In the first place, the families, even in whose favour they were originally established, are now experiencing their oppressive and pernicious effects; and in particular it has been found, that instead of perpetuating great houses, which was the primary object of the institution, this system of entailing has powerfully contributed to their extinction. For if male heirs happen to fail for one degree, or generation, the property of the family passes away, by means of the females, to entire strangers, whilst the collateral branches remain in a state of indigence and obscurity, and at length die away and are forgotten.

"If there are only daughters born to these noble families, they may, all of them, be entirely disinherited, and see the estates of their father or mother pass into the hands of a nephew or cousin, or sometimes to a relative much more distant, but the nearest in succession, who is entrusted with supporting the honour of their name with their money, a circumstance which must be excessively gratifying to their pride."—p. 84.

And even in the more ordinary case, where the property passes entire into the hands of the eldest son, the brothers and sisters reduced to a miserable alimentary provision, which the law has fixed at £6 sterling, whatever be the fortune of the family, become dependants and beggars; whilst nobility, being hereditary and perpetual, divides, ramifies, multiplies, and degenerates, until, amongst the lowest grades of society, such as Asturian water-carriers and Gallego porters, may be found the descendants of families with historical names, and the wretch who sleeps like a dog on the pavement can furnish upon the nonce unchallengeable evidence of his lineage and descent. In the *second* place, the keeping up of houses and estates, and the general progress of agriculture is greatly injured by this mischievous system of entails. The possessors of mayorazgos who have no children can feel but little attachment to a property in which they have only a life interest, and are of course unwilling to put themselves to inconvenience for distant collateral relations, with whom also they are often, we should rather say always, on bad terms. The only object, and indeed the constant practice, of every occupant so situated, is to extract the utmost he possibly can from the estate during his lifetime, and where the legal but distant heir is an

object of aversion, which, in such circumstances, is commonly the case, to lessen the value of the succession by all means that can safely be employed for that purpose. Hence it is that in most estates under this tenure the buildings are dilapidated, and the land remains in a state of the most miserable neglect.

"From the Bidassoa as far as Cadiz one does not find a single handsome domain. If in Andalusia they build some place of shelter in the midst of the fields *(cortijo)*, it does not deserve the name of a house; its walls, white-washed to reflect the heat of a burning sun, are not sheltered by a single tree, nor is there the least verdure, which can afford a shade. From this we may judge what will be done for fields under tillage by those who show themselves so careless about what is immediately under their eyes."—p. 86.

A doctrine, derived from the Roman law, and accredited by all the legal practitioners of Spain, has further contributed to accelerate the decline of agriculture, and to envenom all the evils directly resulting from tenures in mayorazgo. According to this doctrine a successor to a majorat is not bound to continue leases granted by his predecessor; for, say the lawyers, as he is not heir, the former engagements cannot be obligatory upon him; and hence the maxim that leases expire on the demise of the lessor has long been settled law in Spain. The consequence is, that leases are seldom granted for a longer period than four years; and even these brief engagements are insecure, as the death of the lessor may at any instant of time deprive the lessee of possession, even during the currency of his lease, or at least render it necessary to enter into a new contract with the successor to the estate. Under such a system, the wonder is not that agriculture should be at a low ebb, but that any portion of the soil is cultivated at all; more especially when we consider the oppressive character of the government, the total inefficacy of the laws, the consequent insecurity of property, and, above all, the exorbitant amount of taxation. The public interest requires, as Jovellanos long ago observed, that the possessors of mayorazgos should have power to grant long, perhaps emphyteutical, leases. This is the first remedy to be applied, and it is the only one which will attract capital to the soil, give a stimulus to industry, and pave the way for that improvement of which this fine country is so eminently susceptible. Perpetual entail is not indeed compatible with a contract which presupposes the alienability of estates; but certainly nothing but good could possibly result from permission being granted to the possessors of mayorazgos to make such a qualified and temporary alienation as, while it preserved in the family the entailed estate, would ensure a more ample revenue, and guarantee the payment by the responsibility of the capitalist to whom it had been made. *Lastly*, mayorazgos are not less per-

nicious to the moral character and habits of the people than to the prosperity of the country. They encourage idleness, which is the national sin of Spain, and the principal cause of the degeneracy and mental imbecility by which the upper classes are almost universally characterized. A son who knows that he *must* succeed to his father's estate, a brother or a nephew, who is waiting for the succession of a brother or uncle, is but little disposed in the meanwhile to seek an independence by his personal exertions. On the contrary, he passes his days in indolence and inactivity; contracting debts which he never intends to pay; perhaps relieving the tedium of his existence by vicious and debasing indulgences; and finally sinking into a state of mental imbecility, which unfits him for every thing except becoming a tool in the hands of a crafty priest, and a slave to the mummeries of a corrupt religion. The system of mayorazgos has, therefore, a necessary tendency to make at least one fool in every family; and when it is considered that this fool is by law invested with its whole property, whilst his brothers and sisters are turned adrift on the world, at the death of their male parent, with pittances in many cases insufficient to support physical existence, no argument will be necessary to convince any one that such a system must be as adverse to the happiness of families as it is to the principles of natural justice and to the prosperity of the country at large. To the younger branches of a family the eldest son must appear as a sort of maleficent being, a despoiler, an object of envy if not of hatred; or if some remnant of natural affection survive the operation of this accursed law, reason and the sad realities of a situation of hopeless destitution will soon conspire to destroy it. In every view, therefore, the institution of mayorazgos has proved glaringly pernicious. It has ruined the families it was intended to support and perpetuate; it has annihilated agriculture in a country where the soil teems with redundant fertility, and the climate is fitted to ripen the productions of every region; it has fostered the national vice—indolence; and it has rooted up and withered those affections and charities which constitute the happiness of families, as well as the honour of our nature and the safeguard of society.*

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* "Thus, from the disloyal and unnatural division of the greatest part of the land in Spain, and its ulterior indivisibility, have resulted the ruin of agriculture, and the discouragement of those engaged in it; the languishing state of commerce, which can never be more prosperous than when carried on with the produce of the soil; the want of industry; the moral imperfections of the eldest-born of families; the misery, the thoughtlessness and the hateful disposition of their brothers and sisters; the taste of the younger brothers for a military life, which only tends to destroy, and their aversion to any profession which might enable them to repair the wrongs of fortune; the altera-

Another of the curses which afflict Spain is the *Mesta*, as it is called. This is the name given to an incorporated company of proprietors of migratory sheep, who are invested as such with a variety of exclusive privileges highly prejudicial to the interests of agriculture. It originated in an alliance entered into between the mountaineers and residents in the valleys of Spain, about the year 1556, for the purpose of placing their flocks and herds under the protection of the laws; and in process of time it contrived by dint of constant solicitation and gradual encroachment, not only to monopolize nearly the whole herbage in the kingdom, but to convert the fine arable lands into open pasture; thus destroying the stationary cattle, and aiming a mortal blow at the agriculture and population of the country. This monstrous association consists of nobles, persons in power, members of rich monasteries, and ecclesiastical chapters, who, in virtue of their usurped privileges, claim and exercise the right of feeding their flocks on the pasture lands all over the kingdom, and nearly free of any expense on account of the herbage consumed by them; it has caused these privileges to be digested into a regular code, under the title of *Leyes y Ordenanzas de la Mesta;* it has instituted tribunals of its own for punishing at pleasure any infraction of its pretended rights; and, in point of fact, it enjoys an entire monopoly of the pasturage, and consequently of the wool trade in Spain. The number of migratory sheep belonging to this association has varied at different periods. In the sixteenth century it amounted on an average to about seven millions; at the commencement of the seventeenth, it had fallen as low as two millions and a half; at the end of the same century, it rose again to four millions; during the eighteenth century it averaged between four and five millions; and at present it is understood to amount to about five millions, *or nearly one half of the whole flocks of Spain!* We shall in vain ransack the history of monopoly, even in those countries where it had been most encouraged and protected, for any parallel to this monstrous and fraudulent

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tions of consciences; the example of iniquity, so powerful in its influence on human morality; the political oppression of the poor thus almost entirely deprived of the rights of citizenship; the annihilation almost of personal liberty, which is always so much abridged in countries where titles, honours, and fortune are in the hands of a small number, for whose benefit the laws were either made, or against whom their power is altogether inefficient. In fact, the nobility, who have wherewithal to make themselves respected, cannot be imprisoned for debt, at least unless the crown happens to be the creditor; they cannot be put in the common prisons, nor confined with the other prisoners; the houses which they occupy cannot be seized or sold for debt; nor their horse, nor their mule, nor their arms. At Barcelona they cannot be arrested as prisoners except by the alguazil mayor of the Royal Audiencia, who is always a nobleman himself."

usurpation on the rights and property of a whole nation; and, to say the truth, public opinion throughout Spain is fiercely opposed to the mesta, the evils of which every man possessed of territorial property sensibly feels, and would gladly resent if he durst.

The grievances to which its proceedings give rise are, in fact, numerous and severe. First, the number of persons it employs is very great, varying according to circumstances from forty to fifty, and even sixty thousand; and these being for the most part taken from the provinces where the strength requisite for the cultivation of the soil is most deficient, are so many subjects lost to the state, in as far as concerns the purposes of agriculture and population, and that in situations where they can least be spared. Secondly, an immense extent of highly valuable land is converted into pasturage by the mesta, and produces comparatively nothing; in consequence of which the inhabitants of those places are deprived of employment, or the means of providing honestly for their wants, and driven to smuggling, highway robbery and other lawless expedients, in order to gain a precarious subsistence. Thirdly, the cultivated lands situated near the route taken by the flocks, seldom less than ten thousand each, in their journeys to and from the mountains, are subject to continual trespass, which is always committed with impunity; it being notoriously vain for the owners of lands to appeal against such abuses, or to seek redress and indemnification from the members of this powerful and privileged association. Fourthly, the pastures in common, which lie in the line of route, are equally devastated during these periodical migrations; so that the flocks belonging to the places in the vicinity can scarcely find a bare subsistence after those of the mesta have passed. Fifthly, the flocks belonging to this association are wholly unprofitable for agricultural purposes, as they are never folded upon arable lands, and consequently contribute nothing towards the fertilization of the soil. Lastly, the directors and shepherds of the mesta are more dreaded than robbers or brigands in every place through which they pass; for they exercise an intolerable and oppressive despotism, the consequence of the privilege they possess of dragging any person they choose to vex or insult before the tribunal of the company, whose decisions are almost invariably in favour of its servants. These grievances have from time immemorial excited the most forcible protestations against them; and in a report made to the council of Castille, in the year 1795, by one of its members, Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos, they are exposed with a strength of argument and force of reason which, any where but in Spain, would have proved irresistible. In this admirable report, which indeed forms one of the best treatises ever published on the various branches of economical polity, the au-

thor concludes his masterly exposure of the evils produced by the mesta in the following terms:—

"Sufficient has been advanced, and the subject is so evident, that you should not refuse to pronounce a prompt sentence of dissolution upon this powerful association, to annul its abused privileges, abrogate its unjust regulations, and put down its oppressive tribunals. Then would disappear for ever that convention of nobles and monks, turned shepherds, who traffic under the reverend sanction of political magistracy. They would then cease to terrify our ruined agriculturists; and with them would also disappear the whole host of *alcaldes, entregadors, quadrilliers,* and *achagueros,** who, in the name of the convention, harass and plague the farmers at all times and in every place. This would eventually produce subsistence for stationary cattle, restore liberty to agriculture, to property its just rights, and allow reason and justice to exercise their proper offices."—*Art.* MESTA.

Amongst the other evils which oppress agriculture and paralyse rural industry in Spain, may be mentioned the tenures in mortmain, which are continually increasing, notwithstanding the efforts made by many enlightened individuals to obtain some check on their multiplication. Property has not unaptly been compared to snow, which, however equally and uniformly it may in the first instance be diffused, will ere long drift up here and there into little heaps, leaving many places altogether naked and bare. And this is the result of a variety of causes, with which human legislation ought never to interfere, because their unfettered and unrestrained operation is essential to the well-being of society. But if things be left to follow their natural course, these various heaps will in time be dispersed; and although they will undoubtedly be succeeded by a fresh set of accumulations, yet the new heaps will all be in new situations, and while the process is going forward there will be a continual circulation of the "drift" throughout the whole of society, and every one will catch a little of it as it is carried hither and thither by the currents. And this is precisely the condition of things which is, upon the whole, most advantageous to the moral as well as the secular interests of communities of men. It is also, we may add, the condition of things which tenures in mortmain are eminently calculated to disturb, and, when multiplied beyond a certain limit, ultimately to suspend altogether, by favouring the accumulation of "drift" in the hands of a small number, and legalizing the consequent inequality of fortune, which, increased by artificial means, becomes the baneful source of all the crimes and miseries which infest and trouble society. In this view, then, laws which favour the constitution of

* These are the names of the judges and other officers which the mesta has under its command in virtue of its exclusive privileges.

these dead-handed tenures are obviously most pernicious, and, as such, adverse to all the legitimate ends of legislation and government. But mortmain has other, and, if possible, still more deleterious effects. For, while it discourages improvement and paralyses industry, it enhances the price of lands by continually diminishing the quantity in the market, and thus, by a singular anomaly, renders the acquisition of territorial property more difficult exactly in proportion as it diminishes its real or productive value. The price of lands in Spain, for example, is exorbitant, owing to the small quantity that is to be purchased; and this scarcity of disposable estates manifestly arises from the immense quantity of lands held in mortmain. But where the price is exorbitant, few either can or will purchase, except such as are desirous of increasing the amount of their unalienable property, and possess the means of doing so without reference to the mere question of value, or proportionality between the subject and the price demanded for it; the great mass of the floating capital of the country will be driven to seek other and more profitable means of investment than the soil; enterprise, skill, and industry will be diverted to different occupations; agriculture will languish; and the evils of the system will go on increasing until mortmain, having swallowed up all saleable estates both large and small, completes the triumph of unalienable appropriation, and the ruin of the country. These observations apply equally to the ecclesiastical estates in mortmain; with this difference merely, that they are, for the most part, better cultivated than any other in Spain, and that their whole free produce is expended in supporting an unproductive class, some of it indeed in feeding a set of the greatest vagabonds that any country ever was infested withal.—(Jovellanos, Laborde.)

IV. *Manufactures and Commerce.*—Where agriculture has fallen so low as we have already stated it to have done in Spain, manufactures, being of less immediate necessity, must have sunk still lower. And such accordingly is the case at present in the Spanish portion of the Peninsula. The country which, in the fifteenth century, furnished the rest of Europe with fine cloths, silks, satins, damasks, velvets, gloves, hardware, cutlery, and a variety of other valuable manufactured commodities, is now in turn reduced to a condition of like dependence, and must import from abroad almost every article requiring capital, skill, ingenuity, and taste, in its production. With the exception, in fact, of a few expensive establishments, which form appendages of the crown, and by the oppressive privileges and monopolies conferred upon them prove utterly ruinous to private industry, Spain has literally no manufactories where fine articles are produced; and a

few coarse fabrics of wool, cotton, silk, hemp, flax, paper, leather, and iron, comprise nearly the whole products of Spanish manufacturing industry. Nor is commerce at all in a more thriving state. The foreign trade of the country, which once spread itself over both hemispheres, is at present confined to an occasional arrival from Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands, effected at a risk which supersedes the possibility of insurance,—and to an exchange of raw commodities, such as silk, wool, wine, oil, figs, raisins, almonds, salt, and barilla, for the manufactured articles of other countries. And the internal trade, upon the free and frequent interchanges of which so much of the real wealth and comfort of a nation depends, is in a condition little if at all better, and shows no symptoms of revival or improvement. The causes of this utter stagnation are of course various, but the principal seem to be, the wretched state of the communications where such actually exist, and the hazard as well as the expense attending all sorts of conveyances; the want of cross or connecting roads between the different provinces, the disrepair and insecurity of the few that actually exist, and the utter absence of canals, with the exception of the miserable and useless one between Zaragoza and Tudela; the disconformity of weights, measures, and commercial regulations, particularly the latter, which seem to have been framed with malice prepense against traffic of all kinds; the fluctuating and oppressive policy of an insecure, timorous, and jealous despotism; the ruinous imposts levied *ad valorem*, not once, but on every successive exchange that takes place, until commodities pass into the hands of the consumers; the authorized and systematic vexations of police and custom-house officers, who literally swarm all over the country, and live, not by their appointments, but by the exactions which they are enabled to practise with perfect impunity; and, finally, the unprecedented extent to which smuggling is carried on, under a system of laws and regulations so abominably iniquitous and oppressive, as well as absurd, that they appear to have been framed for the sole purpose of encouraging it, to the ruin of the fair trader and the destruction of the country—These are some of the causes which give check-mate to the circulation of internal traffic; whilst South American privateers, fitted out to gratify the cupidity as well as the new-born national hatred of their owners in the New World, sweep every headland, dive into every bay, interrupt the coasting trade, and force the little that remains to seek refuge under a foreign flag. (Laborde, *Year in Spain.*) Lastly, commerce of all kinds is viewed with disfavour in Spain; where pride and poverty, ignorance and prejudice, indolence and misery stalk hand in hand, and where the pestiferous influences

of a bad government, a worse religion, and a social system at variance with every principle recognized by reason and experience as essential to the well-being and improvement of mankind, have corrupted the sentiments, and enslaved the understandings as well as the persons and consciences of the people.

V. *State of Science and General Knowledge.*—It would be an inexplicable anomaly in politics, if, in a country where agriculture, commerce and the useful arts have sunk so low as in Spain, science and literature had fared in any respect better, or had not partaken in the general decay. There is no reason, however, for the admirers of that country to dread that any charge of inconsistency will be brought against her on this score. Throughout the whole political, social, and intellectual system of Spain, the most perfect harmony, or rather uniformity, prevails; all is utter stagnation, a sort of Dead Sea, in which whatever there is of life exists solely because its nature has become adapted to the stagnant and pestiferous element in which it drags out a weary and woeful being. The intelligence of a nation, which is the foremost support of a good government, cannot long co-exist with a bad one, which accordingly regards knowledge as its most formidable enemy; and from all that we have been able to learn of Spain, there is no country in Europe where the force of this truth is so deeply felt, or where more effectual means have been employed to guard against the dangers which absolute power has so much cause to apprehend from the great body of the people being taught to think and to reason. This is but too clearly evinced by the state of thraldom, in which, with one brief exception, the press has ever been kept in that country,—and by the aid which the secular arm has been fain to borrow from the tribunals of the Faith in preventing the circulation of every work in any degree calculated to enlighten the general mind. Some instruction, indeed, is necessary for the management of ordinary affairs, and for the treatment of the common diseases which flesh is heir to; because, without such a modicum, the great machine of society would come to a dead stand: but it is manifestly with reluctance that the government permits this much, or rather this little, to be acquired; for it knows that in learning to reason on one subject, men may also learn to reason on others. In making such a concession to necessity, however, the prudent authorities have at least had the intention and the hope of avoiding, as much as possible, the inconveniences attached to the prosecution of study, and of keeping within a reasonably narrow sphere those restless spirits actuated by the desire of knowing forbidden truths. And it must be confessed that they have on the whole succeeded pretty well. In Spain talents and learning lead to nothing; for *there* success de-

pends, not on the services which a man has rendered to his country, but on those which he may have had the good fortune to render to the government, whose interests are altogether different. Hence if protection is afforded to that particular kind of knowledge or of talent which is immediately wanted, that protection is anxiously confined to individuals, whilst the bodies or classes to which they belong are either left or pushed into the mire.

The desire of being thought a patron and protector of human knowledge, even while engaged in depressing it, has led the Spanish government to establish at Madrid some schools of mutual instruction, upon the principles of Lancaster and Bell, for primary education, which indeed is pretty extensively diffused throughout Spain, where the people are taught to read almost as generally as elsewhere; but, in giving them nothing to read except what is entirely agreeable to its own views, the government is tolerably certain that no inconvenience will result from this species of instruction, which, on the contrary, from the particular direction given to it, has been rendered completely subservient to the main purpose of excluding free discussion and useful knowledge. Education in Spain is almost wholly grammatical and literary; and it is as imperfect as it is confined. Sometime ago, when the monks of the order of St. Dominic were enjoined by their superior to learn Greek, nobody could be found qualified to teach it them; and Dr. Faure affirms that beyond the precincts of the public libraries, there are not a dozen copies of Homer in all Madrid, nor perhaps in all Spain, for the use of grown-up men: for although the Jesuits profess to teach Greek as well as Hebrew, at San Issidro, the attempt is of recent date, the Society of Jesus having been re-established by the present king; and we are also assured these pretended instructors are wholly unfit for the task they have undertaken. Rich Spaniards indeed almost never learn foreign languages, and, notwithstanding their proximity to France, they are less generally conversant with the almost European tongue spoken at their very doors than the Swedes, the Poles, or the Russians. Their blood seems to be still Moorish in its quality, and they not only are, but apparently desire to continue, Africans as well as Catholics.

Geography is known only by those Spaniards who have been engaged in navigation. As to the rest of the nation, they are aware that France is beyond the Pyrenees; and as the north wind is so much the colder in Spain, that it passes over mountains commonly covered with snow; they believe that France, and still more the countries beyond, are excessively cold; but the Pyrenees are to them a sort of curtain on which they see as on a scene every thing new, and behind which they can depicture to their imaginations

nothing pleasant or agreeable. There is a public establishment at Madrid where physics are taught, and some lessons are also given in this department of science in the convent of the Jesuits at San Issidro; but the establishment is not frequented except by youth who attend merely to go through their forms. During the constitutional régime a course of experimental philosophy was given in an apartment in the *Calle de los Remedios*, provided with the necessary instruments, which had been commissioned for the purpose from France; but, on the entrance of the French army into Spain, the lectures ceased, and the cabinet was shut up. The lecturer was a Swiss, whom Dr. Faure afterwards found in a state of the most abject misery, covered with rags, and in want of the necessary means of physical sustenance. Geology, chargeable with so many heresies, is of course excluded from the classic land of Catholic doctrines; but mineralogy is nevertheless taught, being necessary for the instruction of those who are afterwards to be employed in the direction or superintendence of mining operations; and there is a good cabinet of specimens at Madrid, containing the largest piece of native gold existing in Europe. Spain, however, has neither produced any classic work on mineralogy, nor does it possess a single elementary book adapted to the present state of the science; and, what is still more extraordinary, none of those published in foreign countries have as yet been translated. The mediocre cabinet of natural history, in the same edifice with the Academy of the Fine Arts in the *Calle d'Alcala*, (which, by the way, was not long ago advertised to be let,) is arranged according to the "classification of the celebrated Cuvier," if we may believe an inscription placed over one of the entrances, and contains an entire skeleton of a mammoth, or great mastodon.

Chemistry is only taught at the school of pharmacy, in order to satisfy medical prescriptions. The Spaniards can never see in a chemist any thing but an apothecary, in which light they view the present professor, Don Antonio Moreno, who, having studied the science at Paris, teaches it in its most improved form, and with a graceful facility of elocution which would be remarkable anywhere. The neglect of this science, however, does not arise from any contempt or aversion entertained for it by the ruling powers. Chemistry requires a sustained attention, and cannot be learnt, far less advanced, except by a series of delicate experiments and operations conducted with extraordinary precision; but every thing that requires care, exactness, accuracy, and neatness, in any respect whatever, seems to be contrary and repugnant to the natural disposition of the Spaniards. Physical and moral disorder is their essential element; and it is in the

midst of it, and of it alone, that they are happy. Method, or regularity, is to them something out of nature, which their reason cannot make them approve, because that reason has never been satisfied when they desired to make use of it. Hence at Madrid there are pharmacopolists, but no chemists; and even the more important remedies, such as ammoniac, the ethers, emetics, sulphate of quinine, &c. are not prepared in that capital, but imported from France. Mathematics would seem better adapted to the state of intelligence in the Catholic kingdom, "puisque elles sont trouvées et qu'il n'y a qu'à les concevoir;" but the only persons permitted to engage in the study of them are young military men, destined for the artillery or the engineers; and, to say the truth, there is no occasion for interdicting it to others, since it would lead to nothing but persecution. Even in military science, the study of which is positively encouraged, the Spaniards are far behind the other nations of Europe. The little which is taught in their schools is derived from French works through the medium of translation, and that little is taught ill. Botany, which requires less labour than chemistry and the other natural sciences, has, however, made some progress, and several persons, as Cavanilles, Ruiz, Pavon, and Lagasca, have distinguished themselves in this agreeable pursuit.

Medicine is in a most degraded and despicable state in Spain; and it is necessary, it seems, that it should continue so, in order not to give umbrage to the clergy, with whom it comes constantly into contact in the bosom of families and at the bedside of the dying. Besides, being considered as leading insensibly to materialism, it has been conceived essential to the interests of religion and its ministers, that this science should be kept down—an object which has been most effectively accomplished. In Spain, physicians and surgeons are in general poor devils, fellows without substance or fortune, who make visits for a fee of ten-pence each, or even less, and who, alike ignorant and disreputable, are despised even by those who think it necessary to require their attendance. Throughout the whole country may be read on every sign-post to which a barber's basin is attached, the words *cirujano y comadron*, surgeon and accoucheur; to obtain which grade it is necessary to commence with attendance on infirmary practice in the hospitals, to pass through certain courses, to undergo some sham examinations, and, above all, to pay for a license. Dr. Faure, during his stay at Madrid, was served by two aspirants to this honour, who, he assures us, made excellent valets, and reminded him of the great prototype of the race in more respects than one. There are, besides, doctors in the two branches of medicine and surgery, who treat internal maladies, operate upon occasion, though always un-

skilfully, and fill important situations, particularly the chairs of instruction.

There is not a man in Spain who has established a reputation as an anatomist. How could there be? Actual dissection is impracticable; an attempt to procure subjects would raise an insurrection, and he who made it would infallibly be assassinated. Madrid does not possess a single good anatomical preparation; and with respect to the collection of wax models in the College of San Carlos, of which the Spaniards are so ignorantly proud, even if it were more extensive and complete than it actually is, it could never serve as a substitute for dissection, or enable any one, without other means of instruction, to operate safely, not to say skilfully, on the human body. Physiology has naturally, or rather necessarily, shared the fate of anatomy; and at a time when it has been receiving vast accessions from the labours of the learned in other countries of Europe, the Spaniards have literally contributed nothing to its progress. They boast, indeed, of having illustrated medical jurisprudence; and, certainly, a number of works have been produced on this subject. But in judging of the value of these treatises, and of the credit due to them, respect must be had to the state of medical science in the country where they appeared, and to the comparative ignorance of chemistry, anatomy and physiology, which prevails almost universally among the medical profession of Spain. The knowledge of the obstetric art, which is considerable, has been imported chiefly from France; but there is no good native treatise on this subject; and, indeed, with the exception of Arejula's work on the Yellow Fever, and that of Luzuriaga on the Madrid Colic, we scarcely know of any medical book of Spanish origin which is considered authoritative in other countries; and the last of those just named Dr. Faure considers, apparently with justice, as after all but a poor performance. The system of Brown is that according to which the Spanish physicians almost universally prescribe; and if we may credit Dr. Faure, they lavish incendiary remedies with a profusion which, in the ardent climate of Spain, must be singularly calculated to keep up the ancient alliance between Death and the Doctor. We may add, that the general hospital at Madrid deserves to be cited as a model of a Spanish hospital, by reason of the filth and disorder which prevail in it. The part allotted to the military is a den of pestilence and death.

The University of Medicine, like that of Law, has been removed from Madrid. It is true that the hospitals and the courts of justice, where students of medicine and law can alone learn the most valuable part of their professions, are all in the capital; but what does that signify in Spain, where knowledge forms no title to dis-

tinction, and is more likely to entail persecution than to lead to honour? Accordingly, with the wisdom peculiar to this country, both universities have been removed to the little town of Alcala de Henares, where there are neither hospitals nor courts, and where it is necessary to study in order to take the degree of Doctor in either profession. The students too form a wretched crew, with their black capas hanging in tatters, their naked feet covered with rags, and their lank, greasy, unwashed countenances, expressive of pride, insolence and misery. The greater part of these tatterdemalions have no other means of subsistence than the soup which is charitably furnished them at the gates of the convents, and the alms which they beg in the streets, where some of them are at all times to be found bawling out, "*una limosna para un pouvre estudiante,*" an alms for a poor student; words which, as the "Young American" observes, they utter in a tone and manner that seems to say, "An alms, and be d——d to you!" This is at once a curious and deplorable state of things. Mendicity is too common in Spain to be in any degree disgraceful; and as a portion of the clergy, the predominant order, condescends to beg, it may even, for aught we know, be accounted honourable. But surely that country must be sunk into a dreadful abyss of demoralization, where pride is found perfectly compatible with the lowest possible state of human wretchedness, and where it is not thought in any degree derogatory for young men in the station we have described to beg publicly in the streets. The Spaniards, however, think that the poorest students are the best, and they ought to be the most competent judges in the matter; although, where all are beggars, it is somewhat difficult to conceive gradations of poverty. But every account we have met with deserving of credit concurs in representing them as coarse, brutal, disorderly, shameless, devoid of honour or probity, and stained with some of the worst vices peculiar to their debased and degenerate country.—(Faure.)

The academies of Madrid are by no means sufficient for the cultivation of the different departments of human knowledge. There is one of the Spanish language, established on the model of the French Academy; one of history; and one of the fine arts, for painting and architecture. But for the physical, mathematical and natural sciences, there is none in any part of this kingdom, the government of which has always been unfriendly, not to say decidedly hostile, to science. If painting was formerly cultivated in Spain, this may be ascribed to the circumstance, that art, so far from thwarting in any degree, favoured the dominant order, by contributing to the adornment of temples and palaces, without contributing in proportion to the improvement of the public

mind. But at present the case is very different; and art, like every thing else, has degenerated to such a degree, that the government was, several years ago, obliged to employ French artists in order to copy landscapes and execute some lithographs. At the exhibition of paintings, which takes place annually in the month of September, during the fair, M. Faure saw but three or four miserable daubs, fit only for sign-posts; and this in the country of Murillo and Velasquez! As to the sculpture, it seems to have been extinguished in the person of Don Jose Alvarez, first sculptor of the chamber of the King, who died at Madrid in November, 1827, in a state of abject poverty and destitution. Such is the intellectual condition of Spain under the withering absolutism of Ferdinand, and the priests his masters!

VI. *Government.*—The government of Spain, as at present constituted, is an unlimited monarchy; all power and authority residing ostensibly in the person of the king, who is not supposed to know any restrictions except those of his own enlightened will, but who is in reality a mere tool or instrument in the hands of the sacred faction which restored him to the nominal possession of supreme power, and keeps him to his good, or rather bad behaviour, by the constant terror of his brother Don Carlos, a grim and truculent monster, high in favour with the church, of which he is prepared, if necessary, to prove himself a most sanguinary supporter. His majesty, it is understood, does not very much relish the state of dependence and subjection in which he is kept by his good friends of the Faith, who, to say the truth, rule him with a high hand; and sundry anecdotes have been retailed for the purpose of showing that, if left to himself, Ferdinand would not have merited the odium with which he is regarded by enlightened men all over Europe. But we have little faith in these *historiettes*, and still less in Dr. Faure's theory, that he is in his heart a liberal; a slander which originated with the apostolicals, who are ever ready to denounce as liberalism any ordinary manifestation of common sense or human feeling upon the part of the king, and accordingly give a decided preference to Don Carlos, who never, as far as is known to the world, showed any symptom of either infirmity. Ferdinand is well aware that the will of the same faction which made him absolute can take the crown from his head and put it on that of his brother; and although he no doubt feels that it would be pleasanter not to be so furiously priest-ridden, and to sit in the saddle himself, and hold the reins, without check, controul or tutelage, in his own hand; yet he is too cunning to quarrel seriously with his masters, and has taken too kindly to the work they have set him to do, to leave any doubt as to the course he would have followed if he had only had to con-

sult the dictates of his own sovereign will. His history and his conduct leave no doubt whatever as to his real character.

In the meanwhile his government is in a state of continual fluctuation and uncertainty. He is constantly changing, and never paying his ministers, nor anybody else, if he can help it. The financial and other difficulties to be grappled with are such, that nothing but an enlightened, virtuous, patriotic ministry, so firmly established in power as to be able to act upon system and with continuous effect, can ever succeed in alleviating their pressure, or in giving the smallest beneficial impulse to the productive power and industry of the country. And where is such an administration to be found in Spain; or by what means could it maintain itself in office for a single week? The king dares not choose a ministry obnoxious to the clergy; and the clergy never will support one which is really animated with a desire to benefit the country, the greatest obstacle to the prosperity of which consists in their own monstrous privileges and usurpations. Such an idea involves an utter absurdity in politics; for the first act of such an administration would necessarily be to endeavour to put down the very power to which it owed its origin and looked for support. Most unhappily, there is exceedingly little chance of any such thing occurring for a long period to come. The clergy have taken care to fill all situations of power or confidence with their creatures; they predominate in the councils, the chanceries, and the courts of justice all over the kingdom; they have the press completely in their hands, and are armed with the necessary means for excluding knowledge at every inlet by which it might ooze or filter into the kingdom; they have the keeping of the consciences and the regulation of the opinions of the whole, or very nearly the whole, Spanish nation; besides their acquired property, they possess in mortmain more than a fourth part of the territorial surface of Spain; lastly, they have the rabble, or lower class, at their beck all over the country, and can get up an insurrection in any place, or at any time, when it may suit their convenience to do so. In a word, the clergy are omnipotent and omnipresent in Spain; they have all power in their hands, and are everywhere present to see that it is not abused by being exercised in a manner really beneficial to the nation; and while this state of things continues, it is vain to hope for improvement, or to dream of regeneration. If Ferdinand, instead of being one of the weakest, wickedest and falsest of despots, possessed the intrepidity of Hadrian, the virtue of Trajan, the benevolent humanity of Antoninus, and all united with the political sagacity of Machiavel, he could do nothing for his country as long as the clergy are permitted to retain their pestiferous ascendancy. The first step to reform must consist in

the total abolition of the establishments of the regular clergy throughout the country, and in the sequestration of the property which they have so iniquitously acquired and maintained.

VII. *Administration of Justice.*—The laws of Spain are contained in the codes known by the titles of *Fuero juzgo, Ley de las siete Partidas, Ordenamiento real, Fuero real,* and *Novissima recopilacion.* The *Fuero juzgo* is, in the main, an abridgment of the Theodosian code, originally published by Alaric, successor of Euric, one of the Gothic conquerors of Spain, and successively augmented by the addition of new laws. The *Ordenamiento real* contains the code of laws established by the Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella of Castille. The *Ley de las siete Partidas* is a compound of Gothic, Roman and Canon law. The *Fuero real,* which is a mixture of Roman and Gothic law, contains the code compiled at Huesca, in 1248, for the use of the kingdom of Aragon. The *Novissima recopilacion* is a collection of occasional edicts by the kings of Spain, and enjoys the highest authority. The Roman law has no validity in Spain, though it may be, and in fact always is, studied by lawyers as containing first principles universally applicable; yet it is never quoted as authoritative in the courts, and is expressly excepted against by some of the old laws of Castille, the framers of which seem to have considered it unfriendly to public liberty. Of a mass of laws so vast, and collected at such different periods from such various, not to say incongruous sources, it is difficult to give any general opinion, except that the collection altogether furnishes materials which might be used with advantage in preparing a new digest adapted to the actual condition and circumstances of the country.

In Spain, however, the evils which have been most seriously and deeply felt have not so much arisen from any defects inherent in the general system of jurisprudence, as from the mode in which it has been administered. This has always been dilatory, expensive and ruinous; often in the highest degree corrupt and oppressive. The forms are complicated, yet liable to great uncertainty; the pleadings are frightfully voluminous; the manner of taking and recording evidence is open to the greatest abuses, because subject to no check or controul; and from the number of courts, the encouragement given to appeals, and the consequent facility afforded to rich but dishonest litigants to ruin a poor and honest man by the protraction of suits to an interminable length, justice is virtually denied to the latter, and all manner of chicanery and villainy prospers in the temples dedicated to Themis in Spain. The whole business of a lawsuit is carried on by an *escribano,* (scribe or writer,) who exercises the

various functions of secretary, solicitor, notary and registrar, and is the only medium of communication between the client and the judge. The *escribano* is for the most part a consummate rogue, capable of any iniquity; and he would be out of place in the system if he were otherwise, for the multiplicity and incompatibility of his functions afford every temptation to dishonesty, and he has always before him the example of his superiors to sanction and justify him in the commission of any villainy or rascality.

But if the administration of the civil law be bad, that of the criminal law is immeasurably worse. There is little protection for property in Spain, but for life and limb there is absolutely none at all; and so desperate have the abominations of the system become, that the greatest and most daring criminal is less an object of terror to the people than the officers of *justice*, as by a horrid irony they are called. The cry of *justicia* freezes the very blood in the veins of every Spaniard who hears it, and he instantly flies, if he can, as he would from a wild beast or a cannibal ready to devour him. These fellows are not only inconceivable villains themselves, but they are the allies and protectors of all the other villains in the country; and there is not one of them who has not qualified for his office by committing innumerable crimes, any one of which ought to have placed him on the ladder with the hangman on his shoulders. All of them originally were robbers or assassins, most probably both. Need it be wondered then that crimes are multiplied in Spain to an extent frightful and unexampled? that impunity may be safely calculated upon by all who can afford to pay the necessary price? that the greater the magnitude of the crime the more certain is the escape of the criminal? and that the direct encouragement thus held out to the commission of the blackest atrocities should have its full effect? There is no country in Europe, accordingly, where, of the total number of crimes perpetrated in the course of a year, so few are brought under the cognizance of the courts; yet we learn from the official returns given in a former article of this journal, (vol. v. p. 106, 7,) and which do not embrace the whole of Spain, that in 1826 there were 1233 men convicted of murder, 1773 of attempts to commit murder, and 1620 of robbery, chiefly on the king's highway—a statement which seems to be entirely borne out by the author of the valuable work before us. If we assume that one-half of the gross number of crimes committed in Spain escape detection, or at least exposure, which we have some reason to believe is an assumption rather below than above the truth, it will follow that in the above year, 9252 capital crimes were committed within the territory of Spain proper, including nearly *two thousand five hundred* murders or assassinations! This presents a picture of the

demoralization produced by a bad government and corrupt institutions, at the contemplation of which the heart sickens. Unhappy Spain, how long will the hour of thy deliverance and regeneration be deferred!

Hæc hactenus de Hispania. We had fully intended to include in our survey a view of Spanish taxation and finance, together with a variety of details illustrative of the power and preponderance of the clergy, and some observations on the character and political prospects of the nation; but all these, and some other matters of scarcely inferior importance, must unavoidably be deferred to some future occasion. In the meanwhile, we cannot conclude this article more appropriately than in the words of the able and intelligent author before us, who observes at the close of his work—

"As to us, we can say at the present moment with the most melancholy conviction, that the tendency of every thing in this kingdom is to grow worse, if it be possible for any situation to be more wretched than that in which it is now placed, without being at the mercy of a conqueror; that this miserable country is, indeed, no longer a kingdom, but a perfect stable—an Augean stable; and that, unfortunately, Ferdinand is not a Hercules."—p. 328.

Unquestionably he is not; nor, we very much fear, is there any chance of a Hercules being found to purge away the abominations which fester, without fermenting, in every part of this misgoverned and unhappy country. In other nations great crises have always cast up men equal to the occasions which produced them, and capable of directing into proper channels the energies which religious or political convulsions had set free. But the sorrowful experience of Spain has proved her an exception to the ordinary case: for during the whole of her protracted and sanguinary struggle with imperial France, which, on her part, was in every sense of the word, a war of the people, she produced not a general who attained even to mediocrity, a statesman who was able to raise himself above contempt, or a single individual with force of character and virtue sufficient to enable him to rise above the common herd and secure a beneficial ascendancy in the councils of his nation. This assuredly is one of the most dreadful effects of misgovernment; for while it proves the depth of the general debasement, it leads us at the same time to abandon the hope of future regeneration.

ART. VIII.—*Histoire Philosophique des Empereurs Romains depuis Cesar jusqu'à Constantin, par* M. Toulotte. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

IF the word "philosophique" had been omitted in the title of the work before us, it would have raised our estimation of the author's judgment, without lessening the merit of his production. Every history is—or ought to be—philosophical, which means nothing more than the deducing of general principles from particular facts, and reflecting upon the causes which produced certain effects; without this, history is a mere chronological table, which informs us in what year such and such events took place, but nothing further; it taxes the memory, but exercises not the reason. He that studies the history of the past as a beacon for the future turns not to the Parian marble or Blair's Tables, but to Thucydides and Gibbon.

The historian, then, whose sphere is confessedly one of the widest and most exalted in the republic of literature, needs no herald to chaunt his titles, like those of the Great Mogul, to the four quarters of the globe. We rightly expect from him all that depth of information and clear insight into the springs of human action, which his high official character arrogates; to make a parade of performing that which it would have been unpardonable to neglect, is at least superfluous.

Passing over, however, this defect in the title, we have been much pleased with the bold and independent style in which the Lives before us are composed; an ardent love of freedom breathes through the whole,—not however that which courts and feeds upon the rank voices of the multitude. The author would shun the idea of enshrining the fickle will of the many in the seat of power: the supremacy of the law, the upholding responsible magistrates, periodically elected by the people at large, in the free and unshackled exercise of the duties committed to their charge—such are his ideas of rational liberty, such the standard to which the Roman constitution appears, during a short period, to have approximated, before the corruption of the aristocracy undermined its base, and gradually laid the stately fabric in ruins. We can imagine no more painful task, no one at least from which we rise with so melancholy a feeling of the depravity of human nature, as from a perusal of the events during the period which our author's narration embraces. The Romans, though always a selfish and cruel nation, never added profligacy to their list of vices, as long as domestic virtue was held in any estimation by those to whom the reins of government were entrusted. Nay, so jealous were they in this respect, that in early times, the spirits

that had long suffered in silence the injuries of usurped and abused authority, were roused to instant vengeance at the sight of violated modesty: we know not how long the Romans might have submitted to their political wrongs, if the lust of a Tarquin or an Appius had not rekindled the dormant sparks of freedom in the breasts of the indignant multitude. But when we turn to the emperors, how different the scene! Scarcely, indeed, can we believe the Romans of their date to be of the same race with those heroic beings whom we read of in Livy and Polybius. Intellectual nature seems to have exhausted her creative powers; to have produced dwarfs instead of giants; and disgusting depravity instead of strength and beauty. Can we recognize any trace of the stern Roman character in those assemblies that dignified an incestuous empress with the title of Pia, and raised to the rank of gods those emperors who had degraded themselves as men?

What, we ask, does the history of the Roman emperors, with but few exceptions, present, but a list of criminals; some born to power, and who therefore thought it beneath them to merit it; others struggling to obtain the imperial crown through torrents of blood? Perhaps not one tenth of the crimes that stained the career of these wretches has been recorded, yet so defiled is every page with their unnatural depravities as to render the whole history a sealed book, unfit for the modest eyes of youth and inexperience.

The first symptom of the decline of Roman patriotism was displayed in a lust for power; the inevitable result of some protracted wars in which Rome unhappily for herself was but too victorious. The greatest danger must necessarily be apprehended for a state when any party looks up to some victorious commander as its leader; he who has been accustomed to command, will rarely condescend to advise; they who have been accustomed to obey will hardly dare to dispute.

Rome might long have continued a republic, had Cato or Cicero obtained the power of Sylla or Pompey. The heroes of the senate and forum are of a higher and less dangerous, because of a less selfish character than those of the camp. Their ambition is of a nobler kind; the applause which they receive from their fellow-citizens is not of the same enthusiastic and intoxicating character as that bestowed upon a victorious leader; it is indeed frequently earned not so much by success as desert. In revolutionary times, when he who dares most, that is, who sets laws human and divine most at defiance, is most sure of success, the statesman who foresees and trembles for the future may be called timid; but his timidity would in the end preserve the freedom of his country. He seeks not, he wishes not to ride the

whirlwind, but provides as far as possible against its violence, and waiting till the fury of the storm be spent, to repair the havoc it has occasioned. Had the glory of his country, as distinguished from his own, been the object of the ambition of Cæsar, he would have submitted to flight, to exile, nay to death, before he passed the Rubicon; but he who declared, that he would rather be the first in a small village of Gaul, than the second in Rome, and who complained that he had hardly distinguished himself from the rest of mankind at a time of life when Alexander had conquered the world, rejoiced in the glory of his country only so far as it could be made subservient to his own. After skilfully tracing the various events which at length brought Cæsar into open collision with the senate, M. Toulotte proceeds—

"Egotism having tainted all classes of society, it required but little to extinguish every remains of generous feeling. Those who had ruined themselves by extravagance, or feared the just punishment of their crimes, wished for a civil war that might place them beyond the reach of their creditors, or preserve them from the rigour of the laws. Many found themselves in one or other of these unfortunate positions, while few would scruple to escape from their embarrassments through the horrors of a political convulsion. The young patricians were dissipated, vain, and prodigal; the rich united meanness with corruption; and the poor preferred misery and idleness to the resources which labour would have procured them."—p. 43.

The hero of Gaul had unfortunately calculated the chances of success but too well; corruption had worked its way, a blind egotism was the sole principle of action amongst all those who, from birth or talents, possessed any influence over the multitude. Every one for himself, and the state for itself, was the motto of the day. Even of those who struggled for the freedom of Rome, but a small part had embraced the cause from a sense of honour. Circumstances alone had induced the majority to espouse the side which pleased Cato, but not the gods; some from private pique, others from jealousy, perceiving, that should Cæsar triumph, the utmost they could expect would be to figure in his train of parasites; in short, the senate found themselves engaged in a civil war, from motives which would have induced the Romans of earlier days to have taken up arms with neither party, but rather to have awaited in the capitol, like their fathers of old, that death which, whether from the hand of a traitor or barbarian, if they were too weak to repel, they would have been too proud to shun. Cato indeed joined the standard of Pompey, but in doing so he indignantly yielded to the general corruption, which had degraded his country to the condition of choosing who should be her sovereign: "Had you but followed my councils," he exclaimed

to the assembled senate, " we should not now have been reduced either to place our hopes or fears on one individual."

" The true friends of liberty could oppose with effect the exaggerated pretensions of the tribunes, calm the discontents of the people, and repress the pride of the patricians, as long as the senate, the natural protector of order and of the laws, had no aim but the public happiness, no motive but a love of duty, no power but that derived from a sense of its services, no fear but that of violating the rules of equity; but when different factions had chiefs at the head of numerous armies, and the senate was reduced by prudence or pusillanimity to serve their interests, the republic saw its own completely compromised. In effect its existence became precarious as soon as Rome had to dread the soldiers of Sylla, of Marius, and of Pompey, since the great, when excited by ambition, are even more greedy of change, than the multitude which has nothing to lose."—p. 46.

In these remarks we fully agree. The intestine quarrels of a state are perfectly harmless, nay, they are even serviceable in preserving the political atmosphere from stagnation, so long as neither party courts or dreads the interference of military power. The popular leader owes his transitory fame to the oppression of those whose rights he undertakes to vindicate; restore those rights and you annihilate his power; he cannot induce his followers to become, in their turn, the oppressors. We cannot help extracting the following passage, the observations in which are, to a certain extent, no less applicable to the present state of this country, than to that of Rome in her decline:—

" Every thing then falls into a state of confusion, which being merely the effect of some temporary embarrassment, is not without its remedy, which is frequently contained in the disorder itself; but, instead of attempting to discover it, or of regarding this precarious state as only a transition, more or less abrupt, from good to evil, or from worse to better, and of carefully adjusting the different parts of the social machine, neither time nor labour are employed to restore the political fabric, according to the wishes and interests of the majority. This arises in consequence of the dread entertained by opulent nations, of even the appearance of disorder. In their endeavours to escape from this imaginary evil they lose the opportunity of reconstructing, at leisure, the edifice, the perfect soundness of whose parts can alone insure its stability. In the hope of avoiding some partial and transient confusion, they expose themselves to evils far more general and lasting, by surrendering, at discretion, the sovereign power into hands disposed to subjugate the will of the many beneath the tyranny of individual caprice. The difficulties which the people experience in obtaining the most trifling redress from those separated from them by fortune or rank, contribute greatly to this result—*it has ever been the aristocracy which has ruined republics, and rendered monarchies detestable.*"—p. 48.

The fatal error of refusing to attend to the voice of the people because the clamour for the redress of injustice is mixed up with

an indiscriminate abuse of all government, confounding the evil and the good, is no where so likely to take place as in a state like Rome, in which the nobility formed a distinct and highly privileged order. In no government can the powers be so balanced, and rights and duties so clearly defined, as to obviate all suspicion that the authority entrusted for the welfare of the community will not be abused. The wealthy dread the open aggression of the poorer classes. The latter stand in no less alarm of the silent invasion of their liberties by the rich, who, being usually possessed of considerable legitimate power, have no occasion to set the laws at defiance when endeavouring to increase their own privileges at the expense of those of their fellow-citizens. It were an useless crime in them to hazard violent measures when the same end may be attained under the cloak of the laws; authority the most constitutional is by insensible encroachment converted into power almost despotic; the natural influence of property becomes an authority which brooks no opposition; the administration of justice is adapted to suit the views of those who consider their own interests paramount to those of the rest of the community: whilst the transition is so gradually made, that some flagrant *abuses* of the usurped power are frequently the first indicators that the institutions intended for the benefit of all have been perverted into instruments for the oppression of the many. The injured people, forced to become the aggressors, are then termed disaffected and rebels; their adversaries, like the wolf in the fable, care little whether they have drank above or below the stream, the water has become turbid, and those, whose only error was to have suffered too long, must, if possible, pay the penalty, and atone for the confusion.

The above may, we apprehend, be considered a very fair representation of the relative conditions of the higher and lower classes in Rome at the time which immediately preceded the usurpation of Cæsar. The patricians had become possessed of enormous power at a time when corruption had rendered them more than ever incapable of using it in a manner advantageous to the republic. The plebeians, in despair of seeing their wrongs redressed, were willing to hazard any revolution which might procure them the temporary alleviation of a change of masters; having lost all hopes of justice, they retained but more strongly the desire for vengeance.

"In short, the Roman empire had now increased to such an extent that it stood in danger of being weighed down by its own grandeur. It stood in need of a powerful arm, having nothing to expect from the assistance of senators without energy, who could neither revive the ancient severity of military discipline, nor the purity of character which had been displaced by the effeminacy of Asia."—p. 85.

The death of Cæsar immediately exposed the views of the different parties in Rome in their true colours. Then it was that (had the political body been still sound) the imperial faction might have been annihilated. On losing the chieftain, who, as Montesquieu has remarked, would have been the head of whatever republic he had been born in, the vicious qualities of the popular mass might have been rendered harmless or beneficial. Indolence had now lost the object to which it had turned in slumbering security, and adulation had been deprived of its idol. No hand except that of the lowest rabble was raised against the assassins *as such;* one party regarded the murder as a peace-offering to the shrine of liberty, and acquiesced in the justice that *unum pro multis dabitur caput;* whilst the other, too corrupt to enjoy a constitutional power which required to be deserved ere it was obtained, felt doubly mortified at the withdrawal of the sunshine of imperial favour in which they had basked, and at being thus fearfully reminded that power unjustly acquired is never beyond the reach of punishment. Hence, wilfully overlooking the cause, they regarded only the heinousness of the deed, contrasting the brilliancy of his exploits with the horrors of his assassination—"Behold," cried Antony, "the return for his victories." Yet Brutus drew not his dagger against the conqueror, but against the usurper; the trophies of war are no palliation even of the errors of a statesman, far less then of treason.

Throughout the whole of our author's life of Augustus, he attempts to vilify the character of that emperor by contrasting it with that of Antony, whose glaring errors and crimes are studiously kept out of sight. His share, indeed, in the proscription could not be concealed; but why do we find no mention of his proceedings when consul with Dolabella? What, we ask, were his ulterior views in passing at once three measures of the most vital importance, all of them in favour of the veteran soldiery, by whom he was then surrounded—an agrarian law, to be enforced by commissioners with unusual powers—an admittance to the judicial power to all who had held the rank of centurion—and an appeal to the people in all cases of conviction for a violation of the public peace? Why did he surround his person with a guard sufficient not only to protect his person, but to awe his political opponents? Why attempt to corrupt the legions at Brundusium, (where he only failed from offering too low a bribe,) unless, like Octavius, he aimed at despotic power, though obliged to admit his rival as a colleague, either from a deficiency of means or of prudence in applying them? We do not, indeed, deny, that in a comparison between the two the balance will always be in favour of the unsuccessful triumvir; he did not unite cowardice in the field with cruelty towards the vanquished; he did not declare be-

fore the assembled senate that *he* only closed the proscription as long as he thought proper, without meaning to impose any restriction on his future conduct; he did not join in the persecution of the freemen of Sex.-Pompeius, who, after their liberty and safety had been guaranteed by treaty, were, by an act of the most deliberate and unparalleled treachery, ruined, enslaved or put to death. It were much to be desired that our author had animadverted upon the different verdicts which the memories of Brutus and Augustus have met with in the judgment of posterity. Whence does it arise that he whose hand was but once stained with blood, and that once too from no selfish motive—the patron of literature—the fearless warrior in defence of the best interests of Rome—should be so often stigmatised as the assassin of his friend; whilst the most lavish encomiums are bestowed upon the man who violated the sanctity of treaties—desolated whole districts in Italy, driving forth the ancient inhabitants to perish in want and misery—attempted to assassinate his colleague because he conceived him to stand in the way of his own criminal projects—assented and joined in the cold-blooded murder of 2000 knights and 300 senators, the most noble and distinguished of Rome—and afterward perpetrated the still worse, because if possible more useless, butchery of the senators of Perugia? If the blood of one man can efface the glories of the most illustrious name, will the blood of thousands restore its lustre? If an enthusiastic love of freedom be not deemed sufficient excuse for one crime, can selfish personal interests be urged in palliation of a succession of enormities? Well might Augustus cherish the hireling sycophants who undertook, in return for his favours, to gild his blood-stained brows with the attributes of victory and mercy.

"Clemency," observes our author, "appears to us the virtue of which he was most destitute, yet it is the one for which he has received most praises, since flattery transforms the crimes of princes into virtues. Their real good qualities being eulogized by all writers, they desire to be represented with those which they have not; and should this fail to deceive their contemporaries, it may at least influence the judgment of posterity."*

We have dwelt so long on the two first Cæsars, considering the period of their power as by far the most important epoch in the history before us, that our remarks on the remaining emperors must be comparatively very cursory. The character of Tiberius

* Perhaps, however, we are wrong in supposing flattery to have been the only motive of the servile authors of the Augustan age, they may possibly have acted on the principle of the Egyptians, who, when they meant to warn their monarchs against particular vices, commended them for opposite virtues; though we much doubt the use of this remedy in general; indeed it can only apply when the vices themselves are so glaring as to make the panegyric ridiculous in any other sense.

is well and strongly developed, the course of his reign, which (the reverse of that of his predecessor) rose in mercy and set in blood, shows most strikingly how much the possession of uncontrolled power tends to brutalize a mind endowed with moderate capacity, and even honourable feelings; how could the emperor consider the reins of government entrusted to him for the welfare of those who prostrated themselves in his presence? The people were already slaves before their ruler became a tyrant.* Tiberius is indeed happily compared with Louis XI., whose adage—qui nescit dissimulare, nescit regnare—might have well suited his imperial prototype; but the French king had not the power, perhaps not the wish, to indulge in the same wanton excesses which disgraced the career of the Roman despot, he could not make judicial murder the penalty of an ill-timed jest, or of an hesitating assent to his own nefarious counsel. In Rome the people had sufficient instinct to perceive that it was not their interest to strengthen the hands of a degraded aristocracy; since, supposing them successful, they would but have exchanged one tyrant for many tyrants, and all responsibility being in consequence shared among so numerous a body, the probability of oppression with impunity would have been immeasurably increased. Besides, as is observed, p. 289,

"Neither the genius nor virtues of the most illustrious individuals could unite the people, the patricians, and the army, in love for their country, since an opposition of interests was a natural consequence of the means employed to remove all alarm of any dangerous resistance to government.

"The wealthy refused to furnish any capital for commerce, at which their pride revolted; hence the plebeians, excluded from agricultural labour, and deprived of the resources which our mechanical arts supply to the lower orders, found themselves either obliged to endure the extremes of want, or purchase subsistence at the expense of their integrity. Except in the Forum, where misery compelled them to traffic with their votes, or in the army, where their wants were supplied, they saw themselves compelled either to incur debts, which they could never expect to pay; to sell themselves to Lucullus, after having been the partisans of the Gracchi; to pass over from Antony to Octavius, after having joined the standard of Catiline; and finally, to attach themselves to the fortune of Tiberius, the most dangerous enemy of the senate and of the republic."

The lives of the remaining Cæsars afford but little scope to the historian's talents; the most remarkable events which cha-

* "Even Tiberius scorned the base tools of his despotic government, seeing that their servility outstripped his most extravagant claims; on entering the senate house he was accustomed to cry "Devoted men, how eagerly they rush into bondage." Even he, the enemy of civil liberty, was disgusted with adulation, he played the tyrant, but despised the voluntary slave."—Tacit. Ann. iii. 65.

racterised their reigns are commented upon in a nervous and sometimes original style. The attempt of the senate to recover its power after the death of Caligula,—the custom introduced by Claudius of giving largesses to the troops at his accession, which shortly after degenerated into a regular barter of the imperial diadem,—the persecution of the Christians under Nero, not with a view of converting them into worshippers of Jupiter, but into obedient subjects,—the *lex Regia* passed under the mild sway of Vespasian; in short, every measure of interest in a political point of view, is criticised with a freedom and acuteness, which cannot fail to command attention, however we may occasionally differ from the author's views. It is curious to observe the partiality which M. Toulotte displays towards some of the emperors, at the expense however, it may be added, of a twofold retribution upon the character of others, who, according to all historical evidence, are equally entitled to mercy with those over whom he has condescended to throw the shield of his protection. In proof that the selection has not always been the most happy, it will be sufficient to cite the instance of Otho, whose only merit appears to have consisted in preferring suicide to exposing his country to the horrors of a civil war. In our opinion, "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it;" it seems, however, that this heroic end not only atoned for his numerous crimes, but actually converted them into virtuous actions; an attempt is made to impress us with the idea that the death of this emperor was in conformity with the general tenor of his life, that it resembled Cato's end, and was not a whit more calculated to excite our astonishment. Suetonius, indeed, thought differently: we find it in vit. Oth. ch. 12, "per quæ factum putem, ut mors ejus minimè conjurens vitæ majori miraculo fuit." What claim indeed can the flatterer and admirer of Nero have to our admiration, he who on his elevation assumed the name of that tyrant, and ordered his statues, which the senate had had virtue enough to destroy, again to defile the dignity of the Capitol? He did not indeed go so far as his successor Vitellius, and pay divine honours to one whom the earth shuddered to have borne;* but what can extenuate the guilt of him whose private character is stained with crimes too detestable to bear the light, with but one bright spot in his public career to efface the memory of a life of enormities?

There are many passages in the work before us, the tone of which is with us a subject of deep regret, as in them we discover a constant endeavour to institute between the Heathen and Christian religions a comparison very disadvantageous to the latter; we are reminded that the intolerance which disgraced the one, was

* Inferias Neroni dedit. Suet. vit. Neron.

never dreamt of during the mild ascendancy of the other, which adopted new deities instead of persecuting their worshippers, and was never made a pretext for creating a distinction between citizens of the same state, whose conduct proved them to be equally interested in the public welfare.

Now these statements, unaccompanied by any further or more extended view of the subject, would necessarily lead to the conclusion that Christianity had not only been productive of great disturbances throughout the world, which, from the perversion of human nature, has certainly been the case, but that its introduction had been followed by incalculable evils, unalloyed by the slightest advantage. Perhaps the author may not be aware of the tendency which we now complain of; but he might in justice have remarked, that persecution is not the legitimate but the spurious offspring of Christianity; that it sprung from its *abuse*, not its *use;* that it has frequently been used as a cloak for the punishment of political opinions, and even when enforced by purely religious zeal, is condemned most strongly by the precepts of the very religion which it affects to propagate. The Romans, like all the other inhabitants of Italy and Greece, forbore from propagating their religion by persecution, because they considered religion not as a duty, but a privilege; but they never hesitated to extirpate sects whose opinions or practices were held dangerous or noxious to society, as is plain from the instance of the Jews mentioned by Tacitus, and of the Bacchanalians detailed in Livy; in later times the spread of Epicurean or freethinking doctrines among the educated classes of Rome had stifled the few sentiments of religious bigotry or strictness which might have existed in the early times of the republic. If then our author had stated the case fairly, he would have seen that the comparison lay between philosophised Heathenism and perverted Christianity. It cannot astonish us that in an age of darkness, those who arrogated to themselves the character of Christ's vicars upon earth should consider their authority far superior to that of monarchs, who were only interested in the temporal affairs of the state; and whose right of sovereignty was not even considered perfect till it had been sanctioned by their approval. Is it to be wondered at that the pope, who received homage in one character, should so soon assume it in another, and reply to the humiliated emperor who attempted to separate his obedience to the apostle from that to the pope—et mihi et Petro?—*(both to me and Peter).* The following passage will sufficiently explain our author's opinion on this point:—

"The ancients had the wisdom to unite the temporal and spiritual power, the separation of which has mainly occasioned the crimes and

wars which depopulated the world during the course of ten centuries. No where in antiquity is there to be met with a legislator sufficiently improvident to establish the dangerous system of two parallel powers, the maintenance of which within just limits would be a prodigy far more extraordinary than any of those which usually excite our astonishment. The censer had been long and with safety in the hands of the prince, and the pontiff could not make himself master of the sceptre without infringing upon the imprescriptible rights of sovereignty.* The ambition of the priests overthrew a system as natural as it was conformable to the spirit of the Gospel, dethroned the posterity of Charlemagne, and excommunicated many princes, while the people, encouraged by the insinuations of fanatics to despise the diadem, recognised a power far superior to that of kings."—vol. ii. p. 23.

The reigns of the Antonines, that period of peace and happiness to which alone the mind can recur with pleasure amidst these successive scenes of vice and tyranny, are described with great force; the reader must not, however, expect to find a minute detail of events—such is not the author's plan. He takes the main features of their governments, without regard to chronological order, explains their tendency, attempts to discover the motives by which they were prompted, and labours to remove the prejudice which the partial zeal of the interested historians has excited against some of the most virtuous of monarchs.

If in instituting a comparison between this age and that termed the Augustan, our judgment is to be in any way guided by the characters of the authors who flourished in the respective periods, we cannot but remark, that an undaunted assertion of truth, and free avowal of opinion, reckless of all consequences, which distinguish the writers of the former era, are precisely those qualities in which those of the latter were most deficient. Historians aimed at grace of style, instead of accuracy; the satire of the courtly poets was directed against those who troubled themselves about affairs of state, instead of the vices of the upper ranks; all interest in politics was held up to ridicule, and in its place a free indulgence in sensual pleasures pronounced to be the best, because the safest manner of enjoying existence. In vain has it been attempted to fix on the Epicurean philosophy the stigma of having thus demoralised the Roman people; were this allowed, it might with equal justice be advanced, that to Christianity were owing the crimes and persecutions which, during the middle ages, disgraced the despots of Spain and France; but philosophy neither caused the

* The author, we suppose, means that though spiritual power, when possessed by a prince as *subordinate* to his temporal authority, was neither abused nor degraded; yet that the converse was by no means the case, when temporal power was held as subordinate to the spiritual, the pretensions of which were as unbounded as absurd.

former, nor Christianity the latter; the Epicurean doctrines were adopted by a demoralised nation, because, from their total want of the stern self-denial inculcated by the Stoics, they might with greater ease be perverted to suit the taste and sanction the indolence and sensuality of a nation degraded from *citizens* into *slaves.* To minds thus prepared, it is not difficult to conceive how soon the recommendation not to abstain from the pleasures of life would be construed into a license for revelling in their enjoyment to the fullest extent, of looking to them and them alone for happiness, and leaving all public, and as far as possible all domestic, cares to the controul of others.

"Propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas."

So far indeed was this reckless neglect of public matters carried, that the most violent opposition experienced by the emperors was occasioned by their attempts to reform the judicial system, and, by placing it on a more independent footing, to insure a fair administration of the laws. Here let M. Toulotte speak for himself.

"After the re-establishment of discipline in the army, to which the prosperity and tranquillity enjoyed by the Romans during sixty years afterwards are mainly owing, the most useful and adventurous measure undertaken by Hadrian was to remodel the judicial system in spite of the opposition of the magistrates. These last saw nothing but fatal innovations in every thing which injured their prerogatives. But in diminishing the jurisdiction of the judges of Rome, the prince restored to justice that energy which had been lost by too extended a range of action; he at the same time put a stop, as far as possible, to suits undertaken in consequence of the dilatoriness of the tribunals, and the frequent partiality of the judges. Those whose business it had been to settle such causes accused the emperor of wanting confidence in a respectable class of professional men, and of depriving them of the importance so indispensable to their support. Complaints of this description are always in proportion to the injury sustained by private interests."—vol. ii. p. 69.

The opposition to Hadrian's reform may be easily accounted for, by the same principle which has, even in our days, raised so formidable an hostility against all those who have had the virtue and courage to advocate a change in those public departments into which time and ignorance have introduced delays and perplexities so prejudicial to all those for whose benefit the institutions themselves were originally intended; we mean the little attraction which a distant benefit, however great, affords, when balanced with the probability of an immediate inconvenience. Hence, those whose interests are injured are much more alive to the change than those whose ultimate advantage is certain; the first are loud in their complaints, whilst the latter remain passive;

so that to an indifferent person it might appear that the sufferers had received injury without the justification of a compensating advantage to any one. Thus, when Hadrian divided the whole of Italy into four districts, and placed each under the superintendence of a magistrate with proconsular power, the people, who by the arrangement obtained a more speedy and equitable administration of the laws, seemed hardly conscious of the results likely to ensue from such a change, while those who had thriven upon the ruinous custom of appeals to Rome inveighed bitterly against a reform which annihilated one of their great sources of profit.

But enough of these heart-sickening details. Our readers will, we are sure, excuse us for not entering further into these scenes of guilt and misery. Sufficient has been said to direct the student's attention to a work, which, though we should not recommend it to any one upon his first entering into this course of history, will be perused with pleasure by those who, having made the lives of the Roman emperors their study, wish to examine the subject in a higher and more philosophical point of view. The moral to be derived from the whole is most excellent and cannot be too often inculcated; it is, that the loss of civil liberty involves a destruction of every feeling which distinguishes man from the inferior parts of the creation, leaving his faculties to vegetate in indolence or become brutalized by sensuality; that public opinion, that most mighty engine of good or evil, when allowed to lie dormant, instead of operating as a check upon power, or suffered to waste its energies upon a wild applause of faction, may become one of the most subservient instruments of oppression, and even bow its neck to the ground ere the foot of the tyrant be prepared to trample on it. It is to this universal corruption that we ascribe the circumstance, that no where, except in the eastern world, can be found a throne disgraced for so long a period by such a succession of human monsters; Spain, indeed, has had her Philip, France her Charles, Russia her Catherine, and we our Stuarts, but in several of these there existed a few domestic virtues, which, in a moral point of view, may perhaps soften the atrocities and palliate the injustice of their public conduct; no where else has human nature exhibited a catalogue of criminals unredeemed by the exercise of a single good quality, except perhaps in the reigns of some of their successors, the popes of Rome, who, after a life passed in the perpetration of similar crimes, were not unfrequently, like them, canonized in mockery of an offended heaven.

ART. IX.—*Notre Dame de Paris.* Par Victor Hugo. Cinquième Edition, revue et corrigée. Paris. 1831. 4 tom. 12mo.

THE author of *Han d'Islande* and *Bug Jargal* has invented another being as extraordinary as the heroes of either of these celebrated romances. To Hans and Habibrah is now to be added Quasimodo. *Notre Dame de Paris* has already, within a few months of its publication, run through several editions; and as long as a taste remains for the extraordinary, or perhaps it should be called the tremendous, such works must be popular. They appeal to an appetite which is shared by the peer with the peasant. Victor Hugo is not a writer in whose hands the power of moulding the human sympathies is likely to lie idle. He is eloquent, his fancy is active, his imagination fertile; and passion, which gives life and energy to the conceptions of a writer, and which, acting upon ideas as fire does upon the parched woods of America, sets the whole scene in a flame, is in him readily roused. Hugo may be called an affected writer, a mannerist, or a horrorist, but he can never be accused of the great vice, in modern times, the most heinous of all—dullness. A volume of Hugo is an active stimulant. Some books, as critics above all men know, act upon the senses with the depressive effect of *digitalis* upon the action of the heart; some may be compared to tonics, and some unhappily to emetics: but the writings of our author are never deficient in the true *sal volatile*, prepared according to the best directions of the Parisian pharmacopæia, amongst the ingredients of which is never forgotten a decided dash of horror. The *Morgue* is the source of much of the inspiration of *la jeune France*. When we put together the prison, the gibbet, the pillory, the gallows, the dissecting-room, the hangman and the priest, the monster-criminal and the monster-beauty, we shall have enumerated a considerable portion of the elements of the modern French romance. We nearly complete the list by adding an air of antiquity, assuming the language of the ancient chronicles, a monarch mad or cruel, an alchemist's laboratory, a monk or a soothsayer, and a minute and edifying description of the inconveniences of an ancient brothel. But it is not of much consequence, as regards at least the effect, what are the materials of romance, provided genius presides at the disposition of them.

In the novel before us, for instance, we can trace the greater part, both of the personages and the incidents which occur, to very obvious sources; and the likeness to the inventions of many English authors is so strong, that it will tempt some critics to accuse the author of imitation. Some men's ideas, and those not otherwise than men of genius, fall somewhat too readily into the

mould prepared by others. They are gifted with only partial originality. Fancy is sedulous in the conception of characteristic qualities; while the memory, active in the business of comparison, associates the new creation with remembered ideas, and thus kneads the compound into a form which bears a general resemblance to the productions of other men. Such similarities constantly present themselves in the writings of Hugo: we may very often perceive them in those of our own Bulwer. It cannot be called copying; it is conception under the lively impression of a very powerful parent mind. We have no doubt that Hugo, in both his poetry and his romance, is greatly indebted to English literature. In common with his countrymen, he has adopted the English plan of reanimating the dry bones of antiquity, and by an assiduous study of the records of history, infusing into a modern production the very spirit and language of a former age. But he has also particular obligations; he has adopted the gloom and mystery of Mrs. Radcliffe, the supernatural effects of Maturin, and the wild and unearthly personages which Walter Scott has given various examples of in such characters as Flibbertigibbet and Fenella. Descriptive scenery is common to the whole of the modern school of English romance, and it is no less characteristic of the writings of our author. In this respect, however, he has, in the story before us, introduced a novelty of a striking kind: its scenes lie chiefly in a cathedral, and all its incidents pass either in, on, or about it. His landscapes are of stone, his fields pavement, his figures carved heads and sculptured monsters.

Notre Dame de Paris is the history of a foundling exposed under the roof of the cathedral of that name, at the place appropriated for the reception of the illegitimates of the metropolis. The infant is an incipient monster whom every charitably disposed person eschews. He is, however, at length adopted by a character of extraordinary sanctity, the Archdeacon of Josas, Claude Frollo by name—a personage who performs a very principal part in the work. He is versed in all the learning of the times, and having soon exhausted the confined knowledge of his age, he is driven to the dark studies of alchemy and astrology, in which he of course loses himself. He manages, however, to combine great devotion with the black art; but fasting and praying, and the habits of the anchorite, cannot keep down the passions of the man. He by accident sees in the streets a gypsy girl pursuing her vocation in dancing and performing tricks for the gratification of the mob, and he becomes enamoured of her charms. But La Esmeralda is no common gypsy: grace is in all her movements, fascination in her manners; she is a fairy, a muse, a miracle of beauty, a beggar, a zingari—despised, defiled, adored and deified—the queen of her

tribe, and the enchantress of the multitude. It is this personage we have compared to the Fenella of Scott. As for the priest and alchemist, he is something between Dr. Faustus and the Father Ambrosio of Monk Lewis: he has the learning and the voluptuousness of both these heroes. Of this Claude Frollo, the adopted son is Quasimodo, who is the very antipodes of La Esmeralda, his ugliness and awkwardness being as her grace and beauty. He is of gigantic form, herculean strength, bow-legged, blind of one eye, his face frightfully seamed with the small-pox, a huge tooth sticks from his mouth, which mouth is laid by no means horizontally in his face; his hair was composed of red bristles, and on the right of his face, over his eye, grew an enormous wen. One thing alone was wanting to complete the picture, and it was supplied: he was deaf. He had been brought up in the cathedral, and had succeeded to the office of bell-ringer, in the discharge of which duty he took a most vehement pleasure. The noise of his bells was almost the only sound he could hear; their music to him was consequently sweeter than the violin of Paganini. A being of this sort was not born to be admired: the disgust, which the world took but little pains to disguise, produced its natural effect on his temper. Quasimodo did not feel much, but what he did was in spite: the monster is malicious.

The main spring of the novel is the passion of the priest for La Esmeralda, his jealousy of his rivals, his hatred of the object, his mixture of persecution and adoration. At one time he betrays her into the hands of justice, at another he risks his life, and, what is more, his reputation for sanctity, in her defence. A very extraordinary rival springs up; it is no other than his own slave Quasimodo. An act of kindness and sympathy bestowed on the monster converts him into the humblest and most delicate, as well as the most ardent of the admirers of the Esmeralda; the exploits he performs in her service do not yield to the twelve labours of Hercules. Esmeralda is alike indifferent to the fervent passion of the arch-priest, and the faithful services of the giant slave. She has fixed her simple affection upon a captain of gendarmerie. Caught by a brilliant uniform and a handsome person, she throws herself, with all the headlong ardour of a southern beauty, into a violent attachment for a Captain Phœbus Chateaupers. Her passion is faithful and inextinguishable: she loves even to death. Trials attend her and a melancholy fate closes her story. She, the heroine, the lovely gipsy, is executed by Tristan l'Hermite, the provost-marshal of Louis XI., of whom we hear in Quentin Durward, for the murder of the very man she would have died to save, and who, such was the justice of the times, is so far from dead that he is himself married about

the time his gipsy is hanged. The priest and his scalding love end in destroying its object; for it is he who in a most critical moment plunges a poignard into his rival's side, an act for which the poor gipsy is accused, and for which she is tortured, persecuted, and gibbeted.

A number of scenes, in which these and many other incidents are developed, are certainly drawn with very considerable power. They are also, to use a phrase applied to the stage, exceedingly well got up; the costume of the time is preserved, and the antiquities of ancient Paris have been carefully studied, but the work is not, as in the writings of our Horace Smith, overwhelmed with masses of crude and undigested lore. A romance which springs from the brain of a man of genius may be compared to Adam in Paradise—all grace, animation, and power; if there be power in such works as those we have just alluded to, it is the power of such a being as Frankenstein created—a living lump of clumsy machinery.

The passages in which the author has produced the greatest impression are those in which Quasimodo figures as a principal actor, some of which we shall translate for the benefit of those who do not possess the original. But besides these there are many others which display great vigour of painting, and forcibly move the sympathies of the reader. Such are the descriptions of the trial and torture of poor Esmeralda—of the *cour des miracles*, a sort of Alsatia, the sacred resort of all the rogues and vagabonds of the metropolis of France, one of those retreats and asylums for iniquity encouraged under the wretched police of the cities of Europe during the middle ages—the character and description of the recluse Gudule—and the conversations of Louis XI. in the Bastile. But Quasimodo is, as we have said, the ornament (lucus a non lucendo) of the romance, and to him we shall turn our attention.

All the population of Paris had assembled in the cathedral of Notre Dame on occasion of some public ceremony, when it was proposed, by way of sport among the multitude, that they should elect a *pape des fous*, a functionary who appears to answer pretty closely to our *lord of misrule*. Over the door of the chapel of Louis XI. was an ornamental window of a stone frame; a pane of this was broken, and an opening appeared just the size of a human face, the stone mullions serving for an appropriate frame. The proprietor of the ugliest face that presented himself was elected pope for the day, and as the honour was coveted, the candidates were numerous. The moment of trial was when the face, placed in the broken pane, shone forth in all its monstrousness on the rolling mass of judges below. All who proposed to

run the gauntlet veiled their virgin charms, and only unfolded the full horrors of their countenances at the instant of presentation: they were mounted upon a couple of barrels placed one upon the other, and then they protruded their enormities through the mullions.

"The grimaces began. The first face that showed itself at the window, with its red eyes and mouth like that of a wild beast, and a forehead all puckered up like the wrinkles of a pair of hussar boots in the time of the emperor, caused such convulsions of inextinguishable laughter, that had Homer heard them he would have taken the ruffians for immortal gods. A second and a third grimace succeeded each other—then another and another, all followed by shouts of laughter, and the stampings and clatterings of joy. A sort of frantic intoxication, a wild and supernatural kind of fascination, seemed to seize upon the mob, which it would be vain to give an idea of to the reader of our own days. Imagine a series of visages successively presenting every species of geometric form, from the triangle to the trapezium, from the cone to the polyhedron—every expression of the human countenance, from rage down to gluttony—all ages, from the shrivels of the infant to the wrinkles of half-dead age—all sorts of religious phantasmagorias, from Faunus to Beelzebub—all profiles resembling beasts, from the maw to the beak, from the head of the boar to the muzzle of a bull. Imagine all the masks of the Pont Neuf, all the nightmares petrified under the hand of the German Pilon, suddenly animated with life and motion, and coming in turns to thrust their ugly features and flaming eyes into your face—all the masking figures of the carnival flitting over the glass of your telescope—in a word, a human kaleidoscope.

"The orgies increased in coarseness and confusion. Teniers could have given but a very imperfect idea of the scene. Suppose Salvator Rosa to have painted a bacchanalian battle. There was no longer any distinction of ranks and persons—no longer scholars, ambassadors, citizens, men and women—no more Clopin Trouillefou the beggar, Giles Lecornu, Mary Quatre-livres, or Robin Poussepain—all were lost in the general license. The great hall was one vast furnace of effrontery and jollity; every mouth was a cry, every eye a flash, every face a contortion, every individual a posture, all was howling and roaring. The strange visages which from time to time present themselves at the window were like brands thrown on the blazing fire, and from all this effervescent crowd escaped, like smoke from a furnace, a sharp, shrill, hissing, steely rumour, like the buzz of a gigantic blue-bottle fly."

At length, a thunder of applause, mixed with prodigious acclamation far beyond any uproar that had yet been raised, indicated that something peculiarly monstrous had made its appearance. The Fools' pope was elected!

"It was in fact a face of miraculous ugliness which at this moment blazed forth from the hole of the window. After all the countenances, pentagonal, hexagonal and heteroclite, which had succeeded at this window without realizing the idea of the grotesque which the crowd

had set up in their frantic imaginations, it required something sublimely monstrous to dazzle the multitude and to earn their suffrages by acclamation. Master Coppenole actually applauded, and Clopin Trouillefou, who had been himself a candidate, confessed himself conquered, and God knows to what intensity of ugliness his features reached. We shall not attempt to give the reader an idea of the tetrahedron nose of the new Pope—of his horse-shoe shaped maw—of the little red eye stubbled up with an eyebrow of carrotty bristles, while the right one was utterly overwhelmed and buried under an enormous wen—of his irregular teeth, broken and nipped in all directions like the crenelled battlements of a ruined fortress—of his horny lip, over which one of his teeth stretched out like the tusk of an elephant—of his forked chin—but, above all, of the expression spread over these beautiful features, that mixture of spite, of wonder, and melancholy. Dream, if you can, of such an object.

"The acclamation was unanimous; the crowd rushed to the chapel. The lucky Fools'-pope was brought out in triumph, and it was only then that surprise and admiration were at its height. His monstrous head was stuck over with red hairs; between his shoulders arose an enormous bump, which had a corresponding projection in front; his legs and thighs were built upon a system of such extreme irregularity, that they touched in no one point but the knees, and, seen in front, resembled a pair of sickles joined together at the handles; his feet were immense, his hands monstrous; but with all this deformity there was a formidable air of strength, agility, and courage, forming a strange exception to the eternal rule, which ordains that force as well as beauty should result from harmony.

"He looked like a giant that had been broken and ill soldered together.

"When this sort of Cyclops appeared on the threshold of the chapel, immoveable, lofty, squat, and almost as broad as high, the 'square of his base,' as is said by a great man, the populace instantly recognised him by his coat half red and half blue, spotted with silver bells, and more especially the extraordinariness of his ugliness, and cried out with one voice, 'It is Quasimodo the bell-ringer, it is Quasimodo the hump-backed, of Notre Dame! Quasimodo the one-eyed! Quasimodo the knockneed! Hurrah! Hurrah!' The poor devil, it seems, had names to choose among."—pp. 96—107.

Quasimodo was the bell-ringer of Notre Dame; he had been exposed an infant on its pavement, and he gained a livelihood by its towers; he was the child of the cathedral, lived in it, and was of it, differing in little from its images of stone and the carved capitals of its pillars, except in the gift of locomotion.

"In the progress of time, between the bell-ringer and the church a union was formed of the most intimate description. Separated for ever from the world by the double fatality of his unknown birth and his misshapen nature—imprisoned from his childhood within these impassable boundaries—the unhappy wretch was accustomed to see no other object

in the world beyond the religious walls which had gathered him in their shades. Notre Dame had been successively, according as he grew and expanded, his egg, his nest, his house, his country, and the universe."

"A sort of mysterious and pre-existent harmony had grown up between this creature and the edifice. While he was still quite a child, and dragged himself along, twisting and jumping under its shady arches, he appeared with his human face, and his limbs scarcely human, among the grotesque shadows thrown down by the capitals of the gothic pillars, the native reptile of the dark and humid pavement.

"As he grew up, the first time that he mechanically laid hold of the rope hanging from the tower, clung to it and put the bell in motion, the effect upon its patron and protector was that produced upon a parent by the first articulate sounds of his child.

"Thus by little and little his spirit expanded in harmony with his cathedral; there he lived, there he slept, and under the perpetual influence of its presence he came at last to resemble it, to be incrusted with it, to be as it were an integral part of it. His salient angles seemed to fit into the corners of the edifice, so that he appeared not only the inhabitant, but as if nature had intended it for his shell, and that, like the snail, he had taken its form. Between him and the church the sympathy was so profound, there were so many magnetic affinities, that he stuck to it as the tortoise adheres to its shell."—ii. p. 28.

Quasimodo was as familiarly acquainted with every turn and corner, recess and stair of the cathedral, as other men are with the house they are born in; there was not a depth he had not fathomed, not a height he had not scaled. He had even climbed up the façade by means of the little projections that are always to be found in Gothic architecture. He might sometimes have been seen creeping up the sides of the lofty towers like a lizard gliding up a perpendicular wall; he could stand upon their dizzy heights as another would stand upon the solid floor; vertigo, fright, and the sudden seizure with giddiness, which attack others, were unknown to him. He had, as it were, tamed his two giant towers, so mild and manageable did they appear under his hands. The natural result of all this struggling, and climbing, and jumping, and sliding among these tremendous artificial precipices was, that he had become something between a monkey and a mountain goat; he could climb before he could walk, just as the child of the South Sea islands swims before it can stand, and plays with the wave while it is unable to move a step on the earth. So much for the person of the bell-ringer; we must permit his author to describe his mind in his own words:

"Not only did the person but also the mind of Quasimodo appear to be moulded by the cathedral. It is difficult to describe the state of this being's more ethereal portion—to say what form or folds it had been

contracted into under its knotty covering, and during its wild and savage life. Quasimodo was born blind of one eye, hump-backed, and limping. Claude Frollo had taught him to articulate with trouble and difficulty, and a fatality seemed attached to the unhappy creature. For having become ringer of the bells of Notre Dame at the early age of fourteen, the volume of sound had broken the drum of his ear; so that the only gate which nature had left wide open was thus shut and for ever. In closing that she had intercepted the only ray of joy and light which still penetrated into the dark recesses of Quasimodo's soul; profound night consequently settled upon it. Deep melancholy supervened and completed the catalogue of his miseries. His deafness rendered him in a great measure mute. The moment he perceived himself deaf, he resolved to escape ridicule by an inexorable silence, which he never broke but when he was alone. He tied up voluntarily the tongue which his master Claude had taken such vast pains to loosen; so that when it became necessary to speak, his tongue was benumbed and his speech thick; the hinges were rusty, and moved with labour.

"If now we were to endeavour to penetrate into the interior of the soul of Quasimodo, through the hard and obdurate rind; if we were to sound the depths of this bungling piece of organization; if we were enabled to hold a torch behind these untransparent organs, to explore the shadowy interior of this opaque being, to light up its obscure corners, its unmeaning cul-de-sacs, and to turn a lamp upon the wretched spirit enchained at the bottom of this cavern, we should find, doubtless, the poor creature in some miserable attitude, stunted and ricketty, like the prisoners under the leads of Venice, who grow old, doubled and rolled up in a box of stone, too low to stand up in, and too narrow to lay down upon.

"The spirit assuredly pines in a decrepid form. Quasimodo scarcely felt the blind movements of the soul within him. The impressions of objects were subjected to a considerable refraction before they arrived at the seat of thought. His brain was a sort of special medium. The ideas which entered his mind straight, came out all twisted. The reflection resulting from this refraction was necessarily divergent and devious. Hence a thousand optical illusions, a thousand aberrations of judgment, a thousand byeways down which his sometimes idiotic, sometimes lunatic fancies would wander.

"The first result of this fatal organization was the confusing his vision. He scarcely received a single direct perception. The exterior world appeared to him at a greater distance than it does to us. The second result of his misfortune was to render him mischievous. He was, in truth, mischievous because he was savage: he was savage because he was ugly. There was a logic in his nature as well as there is in ours. His strength, developed in so extraordinary a manner, was another cause of his mischievousness. *Malus puer robustus*, says Hobbes. However, we must do him justice: malice was not inborn in him. First he felt, and then he saw, even from his earliest youth, that he was rejected, despised, cast off. Human speech had been to him nothing beyond a jeer or a curse. As he grew up he had seen nothing about

him but hatred. He had adopted it. He had acquired the general spirit. He had picked up the sword by which he had been wounded.

"After all, he turned towards mankind with reluctance; his cathedral was enough for him. It was peopled with heads of marble, kings, saints, and bishops, who at least did not laugh in his face, and looked upon him only with an air of tranquillity and benevolence. The other statues, those of monsters and demons, did not visit him, Quasimodo, with their spite. They were too like him for that. Their raillery was levelled against a very different class of men. The saints were his friends and blessed him; the monsters were his friends and guarded him; so his feelings towards them were, therefore, strong and affectionate. He would pass whole hours crouching down before one of these statues, holding a sort of solitary dialogue with it. If any one came past he would flit away like a lover surprized in a serenade.

"The cathedral was not only his society but his universe, in short, all nature to him. He thought of no other trees than the painted ones on his cathedral windows, which were always in bloom; of no other shades than those of stone, adorned with birds in the groins of the arches; of no other mountains than the colossal towers of the church; of no other ocean than Paris, which roared at his feet.

"But that which he loved most of all, that which chiefly animated his poor fluttering soul in its prison, and sometimes even gave him a sensation of happiness, was the *bells*. He loved them, he caressed them, he spoke to them, understood them—from the chimes of the steeple of the cross aisle to the great bell above the gateway. The belfry of the cross-aisle and the two towers were like three gigantic cages in which he kept his favourite birds. It was these same birds, however, which had deafened him; but mothers are often fondest of the children that have caused them the greatest pain. It is true that their voices were pretty nearly the only ones which he could hear. On this score the Great Bell was his best beloved. She was preferred before all the noisy sisters of this boisterous family, which fluttered about him on each day of fête or festival. This great bell he called *Mary*. She was placed in the southern tower along with her sister *Jacqueline*, a bell of slenderer pretensions, inclosed in a cage of less magnitude, by the side of her own. This Jacqueline was so named from the name of the wife of John Montague, who had presented her to the church, a gift which, nevertheless, did not prevent him from cutting a figure without his head at Montfaucon. In the second tower were six other bells; and lastly, the six smallest bells dwelt in the belfry over the cross-aisle, with the wooden bell, which is only rung between Holy Thursday and the morning of the Eve of Easter Sunday. Thus Quasimodo had fifteen belles in his seraglio, but the big Mary was his favourite.

"It is impossible to form an idea of his joy on the days of the great peals. The instant the archdeacon had let him off, and said 'go,' he mounted the corkscrew staircase of the belfry quicker than any body else could have come down, and rushed all out of breath into the aërial chamber of the great bell: he considered her a moment with passionate attention, then he began to address her kindly: he patted her with his

hand, as one would a good horse that has just completed a brilliant gallop. He would pity her for the trouble he was going to give her. After these first caresses he gave the signal to his helpers, placed on a lower stage of the tower, to begin. They flew to the ropes, the capstan creaked, and the enormous cone of metal was put slowly and heavily into motion. Quasimodo watched the movements with a heaving breast. The first shock of the tongue against the wall of brass made the whole scaffolding of the tower on which it was placed to shudder. Quasimodo trembled with the bell. Vah! he would cry, with a burst of idiot laughter. As the great clapper began to move more rapidly, and presented a greater and greater angle, the eye of Quasimodo would open wider and wider, and shine out with a more phosphoric and torch-like light. At last the grand peal would begin, the whole tower trembled, beams, rafters, leads, stones, all groaned together, from the piles of the foundation to the club-knots of the roof. Quasimodo then boiled over with delight, his mouth foamed, he ran backwards and forwards, he trembled from the crown of the head to the soles of his feet. The great bell let loose, and, as it were, furious with rage, presented its enormous brazen maw now at one side of the tower and now at the other, from which roared the volume of sound that might be heard four leagues round. Quasimodo placed himself before the open mouth, he crouched down and got up as the bell went to and fro, breathed its boisterous breath, and looked down by turns the two hundred feet below him and then at the enormous tongue of copper, which arrived second after second to howl in his ear. This was the only language which he could comprehend, the only sound which troubled his universal silence. He spread himself out like a bird in the sun. All of a sudden he would be seized by the phrenzy of the bell: his look became wild: he would wait the coming of the engine as a spider watches a fly, and would suddenly throw himself upon it with all his force. Thus suspended over the abyss, agitated by the formidable oscillation of the bell, he seized the brazen monster by its earlets, strained it with his knees, spurred it with his heels, and with the shock of his body and the weight of his blows redoubled the fury of the peal. The tower itself would begin to rock, then he began to cry and grind his teeth, his red hair to stand on end, and his lungs to pant and blow like the bellows of a forge, his eye to dart fire, and the monstrous bell to neigh under him. It was then no longer the bell of Notre Dame nor yet Quasimodo: it was a dream, a whirlwind, a tempest, vertigo astride of uproar; a spirit shackled upon a winged beast; a strange centaur, half-man half-bell; a species of horrible Astolpho, carried off by a prodigious hippogriff of living bronze.

"The presence of this extraordinary being seemed to inspire the whole cathedral. A kind of mysterious emanation, at least so the superstitious multitude imagined, appeared to escape from him, and to animate the ancient stones of Notre Dame, and make the very entrails of the old church pant with the breath of life. When he was there it was easy to fancy that the thousand figures in stone were moving, and that the galleries and the gateways were instinct with life. In fact, the cathedral seemed a docile thing in his hands, she waited only his will to raise

her great voice, she was possessed and filled with Quasimodo as with a familiar genius. He might have been said to make the old building breathe. There he was everywhere: he multiplied himself at all points of the edifice. At one time the eye was struck with affright at beholding at the top of one of the loftiest towers, a strange dwarf, climbing, twining, creeping, descending into this abyss, leaping from angle to angle, or fumbling in the hollows of some sculptured Gorgon—it was Quasimodo unnesting the daws. At another time the spectator stumbled, in some dark corner of the church, upon a crouching, grim-faced creature, a sort of living chimæra—it was Quasimodo musing. At another time might be seen under a bell an enormous head and a bundle of ill-packed members, swinging itself with an air of desperation at the end of a cord: this was Quasimodo ringing the vespers or the angelus. Frequently in the night a hideous form might be seen wandering on the frail balustrade which runs round the towers and the periphery of the apsides: it was still the humpbacked bell-ringer of Notre Dame. When he appeared, the old women of the neighbourhood imagined that the building began to assume a magical and supernatural look, eyes and mouths were said to open and shut: the dogs and the serpents and the griffins of stone, which watch day and night with outstretched necks and open jaws about the monstrous cathedral, were heard to howl. If it happened to be Christmas, the great bell, which called the faithful to the midnight mass, seemed to rattle in the throat, there was a strange and ominous look about the façade of the cathedral, the gates seemed to devour the crowd as they entered, and the rose-knot windows over them to eye the people with a glance of evil omen. All this sprung from Quasimodo. Egypt would have taken him for the god of the temple: the middle age believed him to be the demon: he was the soul of it. To such a point was he so, that for those who are acquainted with the fact of Quasimodo's existence, Notre Dame appears deserted, inanimate, dead. One perceives that something is wanting, is gone. This immense body is void; the spirit has departed; we see the place and that is all. It is like a skull: the holes to look through are there, but the sight is gone." —vol. ii. pp. 26—42.

Such is the power of genius: if our translation have conveyed any of the effect of the original, the reader may learn what spirit the fancy of a poet may infuse into the idea of a lame old bell-ringer and the walls of an ancient church.

The charms of the heroine Esmeralda are of so fascinating a description that the ecclesiastical authorities of the time are willing to attribute their effects to sorcery. The results of a fit of jealousy on the part of the priest, who has conceived a wild and frantic passion for her, involve her in a charge of murder, and she is brought under the hands of justice, as it was most abominably miscalled. Torture is applied, and the poor creature is condemned to death. One friend, one disinterested faithful friend, alone exists in the world, and who does the reader suppose it is? it is no other than Quasimodo the preposterous. A solitary act of benevolence be-

stowed upon the creature, who during his life had met with nothing in human nature but hatred and contempt, won his affections for ever. Seeing the being he worships with the humility and veneration of a slave on the point of suffering death, he employs his gigantic strength and miraculous activity in effecting her rescue. By a contrivance, for the details of which we must refer to the author, Quasimodo snatches the wretched Esmeralda from the scaffold, hoists her upon the walls of his beloved Notre Dame, which overhung it, and procures her the asylum of its altar. In this retreat she remains some time, the officers of the bloody and tyrannical tribunal that had condemned her watching and prowling about the cathedral for their prey. Quasimodo is however not only a host to defend, but a genius to attend: guarding her in a small apartment on the roof, he contrives to anticipate all her wants, and waits upon her with the devotion of a slave. Esmeralda, however, possesses a host of partizans, of whom Quasimodo is utterly ignorant. A quarter of Paris was at that time the Villains' general home: it was inhabited by all those who made war upon the city. Here Esmeralda, in her quality of public dancer and trickster, necessarily resided, and by her supposed gipsy parentage owned a large troop of clansmen and defenders. The whole of this Parisian Alsatia resolves upon delivering Esmeralda, who was their favourite, from the hazardous refuge to which she had been taken. Quasimodo unluckily mistook their intentions, and under the idea of protecting his charge, makes a resistance from the old walls of the cathedral, which they are quite justified in looking upon as miraculous. The description of the attack of the whole nation of rascals and rogues upon the church, and its defence by Quasimodo, is among the most striking pictures in the book. We shall endeavour to translate a portion of it, counting upon a very considerable loss of vigour, more especially as the French of M. Hugo is particularly rich and forcible in every thing that relates to raganuffinism.

"This same night Quasimodo slept not. He had just gone his last rounds in the church. He had not remarked the ill-temper of the archdeacon as he passed, who looked in no benevolent manner on the care and activity he employed in bolting and padlocking the immense iron bars which gave to the great gates all the solidity of a wall. After having given a glance to the bells, to Jacqueline, to Mary and Thibauldt, whom he had lately so miserably neglected, he had mounted to the summit of the northern tower, and there placing his dark and well-closed lantern on the leads, he sate himself down to contemplate Paris. Paris, which was scarcely lighted at this period, presented to the eye a confused mass of sombre images, traversed here and there by the white surface of the Seine. No light was to be seen except in the lofty window of a far removed building, the outlines of which were clearly defined

on the sky in the direction of the Porte St. Antoine. There was also some one else who watched. (This was the apartment of Louis XI.)

" Whilst he allowed his eye to wander over this vague mass of mist and darkness, an emotion of anxiety and uneasiness gained upon him. For several days past he had been upon his guard, having remarked a number of sinister-looking individuals continually prowling about the church, and who appeared to be peering about for the poor girl's asylum. He had an idea that some plot against the unhappy refugee was afoot, and he imagined that the hatred of the people was directed as well against the supposed sorcerer as against himself. So he kept himself on his tower, on the watch, *rêvant dans son révoir*, as Rabelais says, gazing sometimes upon the cell (Esmeralda's abode,) sometimes on Paris, making sure guard, like a good dog, and with a heart full of distrust.

" All of a sudden, while he was scrutinizing the great city with the eye which nature by way of compensation had made so piercing that it almost supplied the want of his other organs, it appeared to him that the profile of the quay of La Vieille-Pelleterie assumed a singular appearance. There appeared to be motion about it; the black outline of the parapet, clearly defined on the whitening water, seemed to him as no longer either straight or motionless like that of the other quays, but that it undulated to the eye like the waves of a river or the heads of a multitude marching onwards. This struck him as strange. He redoubled his attention. The movement appeared to be extending towards the city: it existed but a short time on the quay: it then subsided by little and little as if it were entering into the interior of the isle, it then suddenly ceased and the outlines of the quay became once more straight and motionless.

" At the moment that Quasimodo had exhausted himself in conjecture, the movement re-appeared in the Rue du Parvis, which extends perpendicularly into the city from the façade of Notre Dame. At last, so intense was the obscurity, that no sooner did he see the head of a column debouch by this street, than the crowd spread itself over the precincts, where nothing could be distinguished but that it was a crowd. The sight was alarming. This singular procession could not approach without some noise or murmur, whatever silence might be kept: the trampling of the feet alone of so great a crowd must necessarily have sounded through the stillness of the streets. But no sound reached the brain of the deaf Quasimodo, and the vast multitude of which he could only catch glimpses, and which seemed to him noiseless, had the effect of an army of the dead, who had risen from their graves at midnight, mute, impalpable, and ready to vanish into thin air. It seemed to him as if a mist full of human beings was approaching, and that what he saw in motion were the shadows of the shades.

" Then the fears of an attempt against the Egyptian returned to his apprehension. A confused notion presented itself to his mind that a crisis was approaching, and he began to reason on the danger of her situation with more method than might have been expected from a brain so imperfectly organized. Ought he to wake the Egyptian?

Should he contrive her evasion? Where? how? the streets were invested: the church was washed by the river. No boat was to be had, and there was no outlet. There was but one alternative; he would die on the threshold of the cathedral, after making every resistance in his power until succour arrived. He resolved not to disturb the repose of his protegée; the unhappy creature would wake time enough to die. His resolution being taken, he set himself to examine the enemy with greater tranquillity.

"The crowd appeared to increase every instant in the precincts. Quasimodo, however, conjectured that the noise they made must be very slight, for the windows of the street and the place remained closed. All of a sudden a light shone out, and in an instant seven or eight lighted torches appeared above the heads of the mass, brandishing their tufts of flame against the thick darkness. Then were disclosed to the rambling eye of Quasimodo whole troops of men and women in rags, armed with sickles, pikes, hedgebills, and halberts with their glancing heads. Here and there black forks stuck over hideous faces like horns. He seemed to have some vague remembrance of this multitude, and fancied that he had seen the same fashion of heads before (when he was elected fools'-pope.) A man, who held a torch in one hand and a weapon in the other, got upon a post and appeared to be haranguing. At the same time this strange army made some evolutions, as if it were being placed in stations round the church. Quasimodo picked up his lantern, and went down upon the platform between the towers in order to be able to see more distinctly and arrange his means of defence.

"Clopin Trouillefou, on his arrival before the lofty portals of Notre Dame, had, in fact, ranged his troops in order of battle. Although he expected no sort of resistance, he resolved, like a prudent general, to preserve such order as would enable him to face about, in case of need, against any sudden attack of the watch or of the *Onze-vingts*. Accordingly he drew up his brigade in such a way, that, seeing it from above, you would have sworn it the Roman triangle of Ecnomus, the boar's head of Alexander, or the famous wedge of Gustavus Adolphus. The base of this triangle rested upon the bottom of the place so as to block up the *Rue du Parvis*, one of the sides looked upon the Hotel Dieu, the other on the Rue Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. Clopin Trouillefou was placed at the apex with the Duke of Egypt, our friend John, and the boldest of the vagabonds."—vol. iv. p. 61.

An attack of this kind may seem improbable to a modern reader; but in point of fact such popular movements were not even rare in the cities of the middle ages. "Police," as we understand the term, did not exist. The rights of feudality were inconsistent with any common protection. There was no centre of force. The ancient cities were simply a collection of seigneuries; a thousand different polices existed, which is as much as to say, none were effective. At Paris, for instance, independently of the one hundred and forty-one seigneurs who pretended to manorial rights, there were twenty-five who claimed as well the privilege of

dispensing justice. Of these the bishop of Paris had five streets, and the prior of Notre Dame des Champs had four. All these justiciars only recognized the right of the King as suzerain nominally. Louis XI. commenced the demolition of this absurd and inconsistent edifice of feudal times, and Mirabeau completed it. There existed a vast confusion of watches, under watches, and counter watches, in defiance of which robbery and plunder were carried on with open violence and by main force. It was not unfrequent for a part of the populace to make a set at a particular palace, hotel, or mansion in the most frequented quarters of the city. The neighbours took care not to interfere in the affair unless the pillage extended to their own property; they shut their ears to the firing, closed their shutters, barricaded their doors, and let the struggle take its course, with or without the interference of the watch; and the next morning the talk in Paris would be, Stephen Barbette was broken open last night, or the Marechal de Clermont was seized, &c. So that not only the royal habitations, the Louvre, the Palace, the Bastille, Les Tournelles, but the mere seignorial residences, the Petit Bourbon, the Hotel de Sens, and the Hotel d'Angoulême, had their battlements and their walls, their portcullis and their gates. The churches were in general protected by their sanctity; some of them, however, were fortified. The abbey of Saint Germain des Près was built up like a baron, and it was said that the abbé spent more metal in balls than in bells. We may now resume our extract:—

"As soon as the first arrangements were terminated (and we ought to say, for the honour of the vagabond discipline, that the orders of Clopin were executed in silence and with admirable precision,) the worthy chief of the band mounted on the parapet of the Parvis and raised his hoarse and husky voice, turning constantly towards Notre Dame, and at the same time waving his torch, the flames of which were sometimes nearly blown out by the wind, at others nearly drowned in its own smoke, now disclosed the reddened façade of the church, and now left it buried in darkness.

"'To thee, Louis de Beaumont, bishop of Paris, counsellor to the court of parliament, I speak, I Clopin Trouillefou, King of Thunes, grand coësre, prince of slang, bishop of jesters! Our sister, falsely condemned for magic, has taken shelter in thy church. Thou owest her safeguard and asylum. Now the court of parliament wishes to lay hold of her again, and thou consentest thereto, so that she would be taken and hung to-morrow in the place of the Grève, if God and the Vagabonds were not there to stop them. Now we are come to thee, bishop. If thy church is sacred, then is our sister also; if our sister is not sacred, then is not thy church. Here then we are to summon thee to surrender our child if thou wishest to save thy church, or we will take the girl ourselves and pillage the church. And this will be well. In testimony

of which I plant here my banner. God keep thee in his guard, bishop of Paris.'

"These words, which unluckily Quasimodo could not hear, were pronounced with a sort of wild and sombre majesty. One of the Vagabonds presented his banner to Clopin, who planted it solemnly between two paving stones. It was a pitch-fork, on the teeth of which hung a huge bunch of bleeding carrion.

"The king of Thunes then turned upon the wild forms assembled round him in the guise of an army, and after regarding their savage looks with complacency, he gave the word of onset, the order to charge—'to your business, blackguards,' was the cry of Clopin de Trouillefou.

"Thirty men sprung from the ranks, fellows with athletic limbs and the faces of blacksmiths, with mallets in their hands, clubs, pincers and bars of iron on their shoulders. They made for the great gate of the church, mounted the steps, and in an instant were crouched down under the arch at work with their pincers and levers. A crowd of the Vagabonds followed to assist or look on. The eleven steps of the portal were crowded. However, the gates held firm. 'Devil!' said one, 'they are hard and stiff;' 'they are old and their joints are of horn,' said another. 'Courage, comrades,' replied Clopin, 'I will wager my head against an old shoe, that you will have opened the door, taken the girl, and stripped the chief altar, before there is a beadle awake. Hold! I think the lock is picked.' Clopin was interrupted by a tremendous noise, which at this instant sounded behind him. He turned round. An enormous beam had just fallen from the skies; it had crushed about a dozen of the Vagabond army on the steps of the church and rebounded on the pavement with the noise of a piece of cannon, breaking here and there a score or two of legs among the beggars, who sprung away in every direction. The blacksmiths, although themselves protected by the depth of the porch, abandoned the gates, and Clopin himself retired to a respectful distance from the church. 'I have had a nice escape,' cried John,' 'I was in the wind of it, by Jove, but I see Peter the Butcher is butchered.'

"It is impossible to describe the fright which fell upon the mob with the fall of the beam. For some instants they stood motionless, staring in the air, more confounded than by the arrival of a thousand of the king's archers. 'Devil!' exclaimed the king of Egypt, 'this does look like magic. It must surely be the moon that has thrown us this faggot,' cried Audry-the-Red. 'Why then the moon is own sister to Notre Dame the Virgin I think.' 'Thousand popes!' exclaimed Clopin, 'you are all a parcel of fools,' but he did not know how to explain the fall of the beam.

"Nothing was visible on the façade, the light of the torches did not reach high enough to show any thing, and all was silent except the groans of the wretches who had been mangled on the steps. The king of Thunes at length fancied he had made a discovery. 'Maw of God!' cried he, 'are the canons defending themselves? if so, sack! sack!' 'Sack! sack!' repeated the whole crew, and sack resounded in the court bawled by hundreds of husky voices, and a furious discharge of cross-bows and other missiles was let fly upon the façade.

"This thundering noise at last awakened the people of the neighbourhood, and in sundry quarters might be seen windows opening, and night-caps popped out and hands holding candles. 'Fire at the windows,' roared out Clopin. The windows were all shut in an instant, and the poor citizens, who had scarcely had time to cast a hasty and frightened glance upon the scene of flash and tumult, returned back to perspire in terror by the sides of their wives; asking themselves if the devils kept their sabbath now in the Parvis, or whether there was another attack of the Burgundians as in 64. The men dreamed of robbery, the women of rape, and all trembled.

"'Sack! sack!' repeated the men of slang, but no one made a step towards the cathedral, they looked at the beam. The beam did not move, and the building preserved its calm and lonely air, but something had frozen the courage of the Vagabond army.

"'To the work then, smiths!' cried Trouillefou; 'let us force the door.' Not a soul moved. 'Here are fellows,' said he, 'now, who are frightened out of their lives by a block of wood.' An old smith came forward and said, 'Captain, it is not the block of wood that frightens us, the gate is all bestitched with bars of iron, the pincers are of no use.' 'What want you then to knock it in?' 'We want a battering-ram.' 'Here is one then,' said the King of Thunes standing upon the beam, 'the canons themselves have sent you one. Thank you, priests,' said he, making a mock obeisance to the church. This bravado had the desired effect, the charm of the beam was broken, and presently it was picked up like a feather by the vigorous arms of a hundred of the Vagabonds and hurled with fury against the doors, which they had in vain endeavoured to force. The sight was an extraordinary one, and in the dusky and imperfect light of the torches, the beam and its supporters might have been taken for an immense beast with its hundreds of legs butting against a giant of stone.

"The shock of the beam resounded upon the half-metallic door like a bell; it did not give way, but the church trembled to its foundations, and in its very innermost caverns. The same instant a shower of stones began to descend. 'Hell and the devil!' roared out John, 'are the towers shaking their battlements upon us?' But the impulse was on them; it was decided that the bishop defended his citadel, and the siege was continued with fury, in spite of the skulls that were cracked in all directions. The stones descended one at a time, but they came down pretty thick after each other; the Vagabonds always perceived two at a time, one at their feet and the other on their heads. Already a large heap of killed and wounded were heaped on the pavement; the assailants, however, were nothing daunted, the long beam continued to be swung against the gates, the stones to rain down, and the door to groan."

Of course the reader divines the source of this opposition. The workmen, who had been repairing the walls of the southern tower during the day, had left their materials behind, and they consisted of immense beams for the roof, lead and stone. A sudden thought occurred to Quasimodo that they would make ad-

mirable means of defence. With a force, which he alone could boast, he hoisted the largest and longest beam to be found and launched it fairly out of a small window upon the heads of the Vagabonds at work on the steps. The enormous beam in descending one hundred and sixty feet acquired no small accelerated velocity, and hitting and bounding from pinnacle to corner and corner to wall as it fell, and again rebounding on the pavement among the besiegers, it seemed, to the eye of Quasimodo, like a hideous serpent writhing and leaping upon its prey.

" Quasimodo saw the Vagabonds scattered by the fall of the beam, like ashes before the wind. He took advantage of this affright, and whilst they fixed a superstitious stare upon the block, fallen from the sky as they thought, Quasimodo set to work in silence to heap together rubbish, stones, hewn and unhewn, even to the sacks of tools belonging to the masons, upon the edge of the parapet; so that as soon as they began to batter the great gates, the hailstorm of stoneblocks commenced, and the Vagabonds to think the church was demolishing itself upon their heads. If any eye could have seen Quasimodo at his work, it would have been a sight of dread. Independently of all the projectiles he had accumulated on the balustrade, he had heaps of stones on the platform itself; so that as soon as the blocks on the outer edge were exhausted, he gathered from the heaps. He then might be seen lowering and rising, dipping and plunging with an activity altogether inconceivable. His great head, more like that of a gnome than of a human being, was to be seen inclining over the balustrade, then a block would fall, then another enormous stone, then another. From time to time he would follow a fine stone with his eye, and when it killed well he grunted 'hun!'"—p. 76.

However, the Vagabonds did not flinch. The thick gates were trembling under the weight of the battering engine, the pannels were cracking, the carving sprung off in shivers, the hinges at each blow jumped up from the pivots, the boards began to separate, and the timber was ground to powder between the claspings and bindings of iron; luckily for Quasimodo there was more iron than wood. He perceived, however, that the door could not hold long, and as his ammunition declined, he began to despond. However, another bright idea struck him: the experiment he hit upon we shall describe in the author's words.

" At this moment of anguish he remarked a little lower than the balustrade whence he crushed the men of slang, two long spouts of stone, which disgorged immediately over the great gates. The interior orifice of the gutters opened on the level of the platform. He ran to fetch a faggot from his bell-ringer's lodge, and placing it over the hole of the two spouts he covered it with a multitude of laths and rolls of lead, ammunition which he had not yet resorted to. As soon as all was arranged, he set fire to the mass with his lantern.

" In this interval, the vagabonds, perceiving the stones had ceased to

fall, no longer looked up, and the whole cavalcade, like a pack of hounds that have driven the boar to bay, now crowded round the gates, which, though all shattered by the battering engine, were still standing. They were all in expectation of the last grand blow, the blow that was to send the whole in shivers. Each was striving to get nearest the door that he might be the first to dart into this rich reservoir of treasures that had been accumulating for three centuries. They roared with joy as they bandied about from one to another the names of silver crosses, copes of brocade, the gilded monuments, the magnificence of the choir, the dazzling fetes, and the Christmasses sparkling with torches, the Easters brilliant with the sun, and all the splendid solemnities of chalices, chandeliers, pyxes, tabernacles, reliquaries, which embossed the altars with a crust of gold and diamonds. Assuredly, at this moment of bliss, the canters and whiners, the limpers and tremblers and tumblers, thought much less of the rescue of the Egyptian, than they did of the pillage of Notre Dame.

"All of a sudden, while by a last effort they were grouping themselves about the engine, holding their breath and stiffening their muscles as for a final stroke, a howling, more hideous than that which followed the fall of the beam arose in the middle of them all. Those who were not yelling and yet alive, looked round. Two streams of boiling lead were pouring from the top of the building on the thickest part of the crowd. This stormy sea of men had subsided under the boiling metal: on the two points where it had chiefly fallen, two black and smoking holes were made in the crowd, such as hot water would cause in a drift of snow. The dying were writhing in them half-calcined and roaring with pain. All about these jets of lead, the shower had sprinkled upon the besiegers and entered into their skulls like ramrods of flame. It was heavy fire, which riddled the wretches with a thousand hailstones. The clamour was horrific. The Vagabonds fled pell-mell, throwing the beam upon the dead, the bold and the timid together, and the court was once more cleared a second time. All eyes were raised to the roof of the church. They beheld a sight of an extraordinary kind. From the top of the loftiest gallery, above the central rose-window, huge flames, crowned with sparkles of fire, mounted between the two towers, the fury of which was increased by the wind, which every now and then carried off a tongue of flame along with the smoke. Below this fire, below the sombre balustrade, two large spouts fashioned in the shape of monster's jaws vomited forth without cessation a silver shower of burning rain. As they approached the pavement the streams scattered like water poured through the thousand holes of the rose of a watering-pot. Above the flames were the two gigantic towers, the two fronts of which visible, the one black the other red, appeared still greater when viewed against the sky. The numberless sculptures of devils and dragons had an aspect of woe. The unsettled brilliancy of the fire gave them the appearance of life. The serpents seemed to be laughing, the water-spouts to be barking, the salamanders to be puffing the fire, the griffins to sneeze in the smoke. And amongst the monsters thus as it were awakened out of their slumbers by the noise and confusion, there was one in motion who

was seen to pass from time to time in front of the fire like a bat before a candle."—p. 83.

"A silence of terror fell upon the army of Vagabonds, during which might be heard the cries of the canons shut up in their cloister, more uneasy than horses in a stable on fire, together with the stealthy-opened noise of windows, the bustle of the interior of the houses, and of the Hotel-Dieu, the wind in the flame, the last rattle in the throats of the dying, and the pattering of the lead-rain on the pavement."

This formidable mode of resistance rendered a council of war necessary, at which the Vagabonds resolved upon an escalade—it failed; the prowess of Quasimodo was again successful, he shook the besiegers off the ladder and hurled them into the depths below. The contest was thus protracted till the arrival of a very considerable troop of gendarmerie and archers, acting under the immediate orders of the king. The unlucky Vagabonds were utterly routed, and either driven from the field, or left upon it. The description of the siege is continued at great length; it is utterly impossible for us to carry on our report of it on the same scale as the preceding scenes, the spirit and animation of which have induced us to enter upon the translation of some considerable passages. *Notre Dame*, however, is not a work likely to figure in English, so that, probably, our notice of it may be the only form in which it will be presented to the reader who is not also a general purchaser of foreign publications.

ART. IX.—*Bücherkunde der Sassisch-Niederdeutchen Sprache, hauptsächlich nach den Schriftdenkmälern der Herzogl. Bibliöthek zŭ Wolfenbuttel entwerfen*, von Dr. Karl Scheller. (Book-lore of the Saxon-Low-German Language, compiled principally from the Documents in the Ducal Library at Wolfenbuttel. By Dr. Karl Scheller.) Brunswick. 1826. Large 8vo.

2. *Reinecke de Fos* fan Henrek fan Alkmer, *upt nye utgegeven unde forklared dorg* Dr. K. Scheller (Reynard the Fox. By Henry of Alkmar. Published anew with explanatory Remarks, by Dr. K. Scheller.) Brunswick. 1825. 8vo.

3. *Willküren der Brockmänner, eines freien Friesischen Volkes, übersetzt und erläutert* von Dr. Wiarda. (The Statutes of the Brockmänner, a free Frisian Nation. Translated and explained by Dr. Wiarda.*) Berlin. 1825. 8vo.

ACCORDING to the method usually adopted by historians, the reader's attention is drawn to the actions and fortune of the par-

* An account of several other works by Dr. Wiarda, on the Language and Laws of Friesland, will be found in our VIth Number, Art. IX.

ticular hero of the day. With him we embark in wars and adventures, that usually take the colour of justice or injustice from the way in which they bear upon his interests; and after we have followed him to the field of victory, we accompany him to his capital, and like him repose in the triumphant consciousness of all that has been achieved, or busy ourselves with the festivities and gaieties that hail the conqueror's return. Seldom, very seldom, is a look cast upon the state of the conquered land; much less is it thought necessary to institute a minute inquiry as to how far the real influence obtained by the victors extends, whether to the advantage or disadvantage of the old inhabitants; or whether they do not, on the contrary, by indirect means, assume, after a while, an ascendancy over their subduers. Neglected as this branch of historical inquiry has for the most part been, it is the only way in which the many anomalies in the actual state of the civilized world can be accounted for. Most nations, too, are apt rather to discover the remissness of their neighbours in this as well as other respects, than to detect the errors of the same kind which they have committed themselves. Thus it is matter of constant wonder to the Germans, and other continental nations, how England, taking the lead of other nations as she does in point of intellectual and practical improvement, should possess provinces and districts so backward in civilization as parts of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales unquestionably are. Englishmen, on the other hand, are not less astonished at finding in North Germany so great a difference between the state of improvement at which the inhabitants of the cities and towns have arrived, when compared with the peasants or inhabitants of the open country. In genteel society in North Germany one is accustomed to hear the most liberal opinions respecting government and social institutions expressed and canvassed freely. Young men who seek for situations under government are expected to be acquainted with the rudiments of political economy, and to possess a general knowledge of the institutions of other countries, in addition to the acquirements which belong especially to their departments. The advantages which all classes possess for obtaining a general education surpass those of other countries in a surprising degree. And yet with all this, the *bauer*, or peasant, is looked upon, not only by the *adel*, or noblesse, but even by the greater part of the *bürgers*, or citizens, as a person of an inferior caste; their feelings towards him being not many degrees removed from those entertained by the early English settlers in Ireland towards the natives of that country. The *bauer*, according to law, can make no claim for reparation for injured honour in cases of assault; it being a

received axiom that the countryman has no honour to lose. What would our English yeoman say to a law like this?

Remarkable as is this coincidence between the situation of the German, the Irish and the Welsh peasant at the present day, it is no less interesting to find that these phenomena can all be traced to the same cause—the forced introduction of a foreign language into these countries, which the strangers were neither numerous nor powerful enough to cause to be universally adopted. Few wars or conquests have been exterminating ones, as history sufficiently proves. The most striking instances of the extermination of a people are perhaps those of the Celtic inhabitants of Gaul and of Britain, circumstances which seem to argue both a thin population and a determined resistance to the invaders; the remnant of the nation probably preferring banishment from their native land to the chains imposed by arrogant conquerors. In most cases, the ancient inhabitants submitted on finding resistance ineffectual, and in proportion to their numbers adopted the new laws and customs of their conquerors with greater or less modifications. England furnishes a remarkable instance of a subdued nation, warmly attached to its own institutions, language and customs, gradually forcing these upon its conquerors. The Norman invaders were as essentially different from the Saxons of England as the French of the present day are from their German neighbours on the Rhine. A greater appearance of polish, arising from a more constant mixture with the southern nations of Europe, and something of that attention to fashions in dress and manners that still distinguishes the nation they came from, tended to give the Norman knights an appearance of superiority, which, supported by their own bravery and the dissensions among the Saxons, enabled them to secure the prize they had gained. After a comparatively short interval however from the Conquest, we find the Saxons requiring a confirmation of their ancient laws, and thus laying the first stone of our present constitution. Their language too, more harmonious than the barbarous mixture of Frankish and Latin introduced by the conquerors, began to assert its superiority, and the peasant, at the same time and in the same proportion, rose in the estimation of his superiors. The final banishment of the French tongue from the court and the courts of justice was, however, that which completed the foundation on which our constitution was to be raised; and by ensuring to Englishmen the certainty that no foreign customs or laws, that eventually might favour tyranny, could be introduced unknown to them, reduced all questions of government and policy to the simple standard of right and common sense.

With the continental nations affairs took a different and less

favourable course. The powerful empire founded by the Franks, and the subsequent rise of the Swabian and Austrian Houses in Germany, caused the Frankish or High-German dialect to be the language preferred, not only in the south and the centre of Germany, but even among the higher classes in the more northern districts. The Saxon, or Low-German, which was and still remains the vernacular tongue of the peasants inhabiting the countries between the Elbe and the Weser, Westphalia, and up the Rhine as far as Cologne, was gradually compelled to make way for the more fashionable, but in other respects inferior, Frankish dialect. Its decline had been already prepared by the religious zeal of Charlemagne, whose eulogists praise the ardour with which he collected the songs of the bards, &c. in the countries he overran, while the impossibility of discovering a vestige of these productions at the present day seems to confirm the suspicion that they were sought for only to be destroyed. Some few relics of poems in this language, which mark an unusual degree of cultivation for their age, may, perhaps, belong to the period of the Saxon Emperors in the twelfth century, and seem to justify the bold assertion of the author of the works mentioned at the head of this article—that many of the poems now extant in the old High-German or Frankish dialect are merely translations from the Sassisch or Low-German. To this point we intend to take an opportunity of recurring.

The prominent part which the Saxon cities took in the Hanseatic League was doubtless one great means of preserving the Saxon language from total decay, and, accordingly, we find that in those cities which preserved their independence longest, the Sassisch is most used at the present day; a fact of which all English travellers who have visited Hamburgh and Bremen must be aware. Every means was, however, adopted to bring it into disrepute, and the introduction of the Roman law tended very much to the furtherance of this object. The principal places of education were situated in Upper Germany, and as all situations about the judicial courts were filled with their scholars, the Frankish soon became the dialect of the clerks and lawyers, and both judges and advocates found their advantage in the use of a language not understood by the peasantry. This yoke the inhabitants of North Germany have never been able to shake off, and indeed they are themselves now half persuaded of the truth of the assertion of the lawyers, that twelve upright men, chosen from among the people, are incapable of deciding what is right or what is wrong; so long have they been accustomed to look upon *law* as a matter above their capacities, and a necessary but incomprehensible evil.

The natural consequence of the lawyers and clergy seeking their education in Upper Germany was, that no literary productions appeared in the Saxon tongue, while the efforts of Hans Sachs and Martin Opitz are justly celebrated for the improvements they effected in the Frankish. At that period, indeed, it was too much the fashion for learned men to write in Latin and even in Greek for the language of the country to make much progress, and even High-German received its present polish and copiousness but at a very recent date; so that when at the Reformation the controversial works were translated into Sassisch for the benefit of the inhabitants of North Germany, they were so badly executed, that the people preferred studying the originals in the less familiar dialect; and as a proof of the difficulty they found in the undertaking, it is worthy of remark, that a Dictionary of the strange words used in Luther's translation of the Bible was published at that time, to assist the Saxon reader.

Thus, the two classes of men who might be expected to contribute most to the improvement of their native language, the clergy and the lawyers, were induced, from an affectation of learning and the influence of fashion, to despise it, and to look upon the peasantry, who still clung to it with a natural fondness, as on persons of an inferior cast of intellect. A noble language has by this means sunk gradually into decay; as the deficiency of literary productions naturally prevented its cultivation according to one fixed standard, until at length every district formed a peculiar dialect for itself, more or less corrupted by the introduction of foreign words and idioms. For the Saxons themselves, viz. the countries lying between the Elbe, the Saale, and the German Ocean, (for the inhabitants of what now is called the kingdom of Saxony belong to the High Germans, and cannot even pronounce the Sassisch) this loss is irreparable. The old Sassisch united most of the advantages possessed at the present day by the English and High-German tongues, rivalling the first in softness and fulness of intonation, and actually surpassing the latter in the number of its transposable particles and the power of creating compound words. Had Goethe and Schiller written in Sassisch, they would have raised it to the rank of one of the leading dialects of Europe. But they were both natives of Upper Germany: the muses have not been liberal of their favours to the inhabitants of the North.

An interest, however, of a different kind attaches to the study of the Sassisch dialect, and is especially attractive to Englishmen. This is the importance of the historical documents preserved in the language. When we recollect that the seat of our Saxon ancestors in Germany was in the countries that lie between the

Weser and the Elbe, all the documents that throw any light upon the ancient state of these lands must be of paramount importance to the English historian. How many customs, civil and municipal regulations and institutions, may not be accounted for by a comparison with the analogous institutions in countries so nearly related to our own? With what pleasure must not the historian of these early times in England take up the lately published and illustrated Laws of the Frisians and Brockmänner by Dr. Wiarda the Sassenspegel (Saxon Mirror), and numberless other authentic documents of the manners and customs of the ancient Saxons? For the history of the English laws, we should suppose that the gain would be inestimable in studying these interesting documents, not only as far as regards the explanation of difficult terms, to which no analogous words now exist in the English and Anglo-Saxon, but as a means of entering into the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon laws and institutions, on which our common law of the present day is founded. The publication of every relic of these ancient records ought to be anxiously watched by every one in England who occupies himself with historical investigation, and none of our public libraries ought to be deficient in this branch of literature, which is growing more important every day by the number of interesting documents that are published in Germany. On the other hand, the Germans are looking forward to the promised publication of the Anglo-Saxon MSS. in England with intense interest, being well aware of the gain to be expected from a comparison between the literary documents of two nations so nearly related in language and in customs.

It detracts but little from the importance of these Saxon records, that they bear a later date than the writings extant in England from the Anglo-Saxon times. The Anglo-Saxons, it must be remembered, were much earlier converted to Christianity, the great source of civilization in those ages, than their German brethren, whose obstinate adherence to their ancient faith is attested by the pious barbarism of Charlemagne, and the multitude of recusant captives slaughtered by his command. It is, however, natural to suppose that the first laws which were committed to writing by these nations existed long before as oral traditions, and the fact, of the Britons applying to the Saxons for assistance against the incursions of their northern neighbours, proves that the latter had at that time made considerable progress in the arts of practical life. The first historical document mentioned by Dr. Scheller in his Saxon Booklore, is *The foundation charter of the convent of Gernrode*, near the Hartz Forest, of the year 964; but the greater part, and by far the most interesting, belong to the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries. Of the 13th century, be-

sides numerous chronicles in prose and rhyme, foundation deeds of monasteries and convents, interesting poems, &c. which the Doctor separately and concisely describes, we may particularize—*The laws of the noble and free Frisians*, from the commencement of the 13th century; the celebrated *Sassenspegel*, or *Saxon Mirror*, by *Ebko van Rebkow*, which was considered as the chief law authority in most of the districts of Lower Saxony until the 16th century, when the Roman law superseded it; *the laws of Schwerin of* 1220, *of Lippstadt* of 1240, of *the Jutes* 1240, *of Luneburg* 1247, and the celebrated *Magdeburgisches Weichbild*, 1250; with numberless other documents possessing a general or local interest.

The etymology of the title last quoted may be mentioned both as a proof of the importance of some acquaintance with the Low-German for the early historian of England, and an instance of the errors into which an antiquarian may fall by contenting himself with a superficial solution of a difficult point. The word, as it is given above, "Weichbild," is High-German, and a corruption of the original Sassisch "Wykbelde." As in High-German "*Weichen*" signifies "*to draw back*, and "*Bild*" means "*picture*," some High-German glossarists give the following comical explanation of the word:—The neighbouring inhabitants, they say, were obliged *to draw back* on seeing *the picture* (arms, or other cognizance) which was set up at the frontier of any town or state. The Saxon etymologist gives a different account of the matter. *Wyk*, in Sassisch, signifies town or enclosed place; *Belde* means not only a *picture*, but any thing that is *drawn;* consequently *a line*, &c. *Wykbelde* signifies, therefore, *the frontier line of any district*, and is in this case applied to the laws intended to be observed within that line. The word *Wyk*, analogous to the Latin *vicus*, is found in the English names *Warwick*, *Alnwick*, &c., and with the soft pronunciation, in *Ipswich*, *Norwich*. *Belden* is from the same root with our word "*build*." In short, the numerous errors into which German historians have been led by neglecting to pay some attention to the Sassisch are surprising, and many of them most amusingly ridiculous. The exposure of some of them by the learned author of the work we are considering will, it is to be hoped, not only induce future writers to be more guarded on this head, but awaken more interest generally for the relics yet preserved of a once important nation.*

* Two most erroneous explanations of words by the editor of the STATUTES OF THE TEUTONIC ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD, (*Statuten des Deutschen Ordens*, v. Hennig. Königsberg, 1806.) we give in the Doctor's own words. "Viele wörter sind falsch und sogar lächerlich erklärt, z. u. *Kaffespiel, capphespil, caffespil* (spectaculum cujusque generis von *Kaffen, gaffen*, s. *Kapen, gapen*)—mit wahrscheinlich eine Spielgesellschaft

In an older Saxon dialect than most of the law books we have quoted are the Statutes of the Frisians and the Brockmänner, lately published, with explanatory notes, and a translation by Dr. Wiarda. This dialect forms a link of communication between the Anglo-Saxon and the Low-German languages. The laws themselves, also, approximate more to the ancient Saxon laws of England than is the case with other Saxon statute books. We find in them the difference in the number of witnesses required, according as the penalty for a transgression was light or severe, as also that a number of judges were obliged to hold the trial and to be unanimous in their decision, appeal from the court of a smaller district to that of the larger one, &c. In short, the English historian would find a reference to these works of high importance to his labours.

The poetical works extant in the Low-German are not numerous, but some of them possess an unusual interest. Foremost among them we must mention the well known fable of THE FOX, *Reinecke de Fos*, which, although supposed to be a translation from an original poem in Flemish, is yet executed in so masterly a manner as to possess all the advantages of an original, when compared with the translations into other languages. Even the highly amusing and richly poetical paraphrase by Goethe falls far short in the impression it leaves on the reader's mind, compared to the quaintness and satirical pleasantry of the Saxon version, which, as a rhymed fable, combining instruction with amusement, must ever rank among the classical contributions to that species of literature, which is calculated to suit all ages. In his introduction to this work the learned editor has given rules for the true pronunciation of the different letters in the Sassisch, and a glossary at the end renders it easy to read for any one who possesses a knowledge of High-German. These rules for pronunciation are intended by Dr. Scheller as the first part of a complete grammar of the Low-German tongue, the succeeding parts of which will be added to the edition he is now publishing of the *Nibelungenlied* in Saxon, into which language he has undertaken the Herculean task of translating, or as he says, of *retranslating* this celebrated poem.

To this point, namely, the translations made by the poets of Upper Germany from the Saxon or Low-German, we promised

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beim *Kaffee*, oder in einem *Kaffechause* (statt Gaffspiel—Schauspiel;)—*Sumelich*, s. *sommelik*, *sommig*, *E. some*, *einige*—mit *Saumsälig*—so dass also die deutschen Ordensritter im vierzehnten Jahrhundert nicht nur *Kaffee tranken*, sondern gesetzmässig verpflichtet waren *saumsälige Leute* in ihrem Dienste zu halten." In the old chronicles given in Leibnitz's Script. Rerum Brunsvic. these are two errors that might lead an inattentive inquirer very much astray.

to recur, and first we must quote the Doctor's own words on the subject.

"It is true that the Saxons have translated what they found of value in other languages, and that even as late as the eighteenth century, as the REINEKE DE FOS, and BRANDT'S NARRENSHIP, &c. prove. But have not the natives of Upper Germany done the same, and evidently with less success? The poem of the NIBELUNGEN, which can be proved to have been written by a Transylvanian Saxon,* and consequently could not have originally been in High-German, will only become thoroughly clear and intelligible by a retranslation into the original language."—*Sax. Booklore*, p. 447.

When two languages, so very similar to each other as the High and Low German, have to be compared with the view of arriving at a critical result, it requires a more intimate acquaintance with both dialects than a stranger can easily acquire, to enable one to form a decided opinion respecting a disputed point. The Germans themselves are too much at variance respecting their ancient dialects, for foreigners to pretend to decide for the one side or the other. Suffice it to say, that the opinion broached above by Dr. Scheller is both new and bold, but by no means destitute of foundation. No manuscript exists, it is true, of this celebrated epic poem in any other dialect than the old High-German, or Frankish, but the number of unmusical and defective verses seems to support the notion of its being an indifferent translation from some richer language, while the recurrence of Saxon words and idioms point to this dialect as being with the greatest probability the original one. The mixture of dialects in the middle ages, with the various opinions respecting them, is afterwards alluded to by Dr. Scheller.

"It requires some courage to assert that HUGO VON TRIMBERG, ERNST VON KIRCHBERG,† and others, wrote originally in the Suabian tongue. From this fashion of translating, the reason may perhaps be deduced, why several authors, and especially Kinderling, speak of the mixture of various idioms, of dialects not yet separated from each other, &c. The dialects were distinct enough, but were not separated by the pens of dull copyists and translators. A large folio, at present in the Museum at Brunswick, entitled DAS LEWENBUCH, or the History of Herpins of Bourges, in Berri, a MS. of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, affords a manifest proof of the truth of this assertion. It contains so many Low-German words, which to the High Germans must have been perfectly unintelligible, that its having been originally written in Saxon cannot possibly be doubted."—*Sax. Booklore*, p. 447.

The Saxon version of the *Nibelungenlied* cannot fail, at all

* A colony of Saxons settled in Transylvania in Charlemagne's time.
† Natives of Saxony, as their names declare.

events, of being an interesting literary acquisition, and the grammatical notices that are to accompany it will supply a great desideratum to the student of the German dialects.

Some other assertions of the Doctor, interspersed through his various publications, respecting the probability of the Saxons having at one time inhabited the whole of Europe, *before the appearance of the Celts*, are too vague to require serious refutation. His partiality for his native language, which has induced him to make such laudable efforts to bring it into respect at home as well as abroad, seems in this instance to have led him too far; but as he has the whole host of antiquarians of all times against him, there is little use in our throwing our weight in addition into the scale.

A more interesting speculation is afforded by the query, whether the Low Germans will ever allow their language to resume its former importance among them, and whether the patriotic endeavours of learned men like Dr. Scheller would not, if perseveringly applied to that end, bring their countrymen to acknowledge its long-neglected merits. The Hungarians have lately extorted from the Austrians the privilege of using their mother tongue in documents issued by their government; but, for this triumph over one of the most arrogant prejudices that has taken root in the civilized world, they are much indebted to the authors who have shown of what the language was capable.* The self-complacency with which one nation pretends to look down upon another that is unwilling to give up its language for a new one, especially where they stand in the relation of conquerors and conquered to each other, would be more surprising if the instances were less frequent. Where, however, the conquered nation is of any extent, and the population at all numerous, the extermination of a language may be looked upon as almost a matter of impossibility, and we may find our illustrations of this assertion at home as well as abroad. If we might venture to give a little advice to the Irish country gentlemen, who at the late elections, in addition to so many other occasions, received such striking proofs of the little attachment entertained towards them by their tenantry and poorer neighbours, we should say, give up the fruitless expectation of making Irishmen Englishmen! Study the national peculiarities, advantageous as well as disadvantageous, of your countrymen. Enter heartily into their wishes and study their wants. But, above all, communicate with them, mix with them, cease to look upon them as inferior beings! And what simpler method exists of promoting the mutual communication which is indispen-

* See the Third Article of our Fifth Number.

sable to the establishing of mutual confidence, than that you should learn their language? On hearing arguments of this description used, we can readily picture to ourselves the strong feelings of contempt we shall be exposed to from the fashionable, the inconsiderate, the idle, in short, from all the least important members of the class we are addressing. Precisely the same feelings are roused in the minds of the noblesse of Hanover, Brunswick, and neighbouring states, when any one suggests to them the policy of studying Low-German, in order to communicate more confidentially with the peasants, and increase their influence with that class of their countrymen. But it will scarcely be credited that the result in both countries is so precisely the same to the country gentlemen as actually is the case. The argument used at this very moment against throwing open the right of election to the peasant freeholders of Hanover and Brunswick is, they will choose only *lawyers* for their representatives, in preference to gentlemen who have landed property in their districts. That they should do so is quite natural. The peasant who does not speak the language of his government is guided by good feeling not to aspire to a post that he could not fill; he therefore chooses for his representative the man whom he supposes best to understand his wants, and likely to be most active in procuring their redress, regardless of all minor considerations. Gentlemen of the counties of Tipperary, Waterford, &c. did your tenantry in 1830 and 1831 act otherwise?

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Mr. THOMAS TAYLOR and Professor LOBECK.

IN a former number of this journal, in the course of a review of Professor Lobeck's *Aglaophamus*, we stated that in that work "Mr. Thomas Taylor is convicted not only of ignorance almost incredible, but is charged with the heavier imputation of literary dishonesty, which, if not disproved, must in future deprive his assertions of all claim to belief."—(No. XIII. p. 51.) Thinking with Gibbon that "the new Platonists scarcely deserve a place in the history of science," we had no interest in examining the charges made by Professor Lobeck against Mr. Taylor, and therefore studiously avoided giving an opinion upon their merits, observing merely that, *if they were well-founded*, Mr. Taylor could not in future be trusted without confirmation. Mr. Taylor has since favoured us with a long vindication of himself against these charges, which, by some accident, we did not receive until after the appearance of a similar vindication, in a somewhat abridged form, in the *Athenæum*, No. 189. As we first brought this question before the English public, it is perhaps incumbent on us to state our opinion whether Mr. Taylor has or has not succeeded in refuting the charges of the German Professor.

Mr. Taylor published in the 16th and 17th volumes of the *Classical Journal* a collection of Chaldean oracles. Professor Lobeck cites from him one of these

(so called) oracles, which makes no sense, which is written in no metre, and is compounded out of two mutilated and garbled passages of Proclus. Mr. Lobeck farther remarks that Mr. Taylor has faithfully copied an error of the printer—οὐ ταχθίν for οὔ ταχθίν, which last is plainly required by the sense. Against these charges Mr. Taylor defends himself as follows. He says that he was not the first collector of the Chaldean oracles, but that two editions of them had been previously published; the first by Patricius, the second by Stanley; from the latter of which, with the emendations of J. Clericus, he formed his collection, at the same time adding more than fifty new oracles and fragments. He then says that the oracle cited by Lobeck is copied *verbatim* from these editions; but does not attempt to defend either the sense or metre, or explain why the prose of Proclus should be tortured into Chaldæan oracles; and as to the words inserted from another passage, *non monito lectore*, he says that he "*concluded* that Patricius had derived them from some MS. of Proclus, in which the whole oracle existed in a perfect state; and he *consequently* ascribed the whole line to Proclus." Now the fact is, that the oracle exists nowhere in a perfect state: the only words of an oracle quoted by Proclus are, δυὰς παρὰ τῷδε κάθηται, or only παρὰ τῷδε κάθηται, and the silent interpolation of the prose of Proclus will not make it more perfect. Mr. Taylor, moreover, cannot perceive the right reading, even when it is shown to him, and attempts to defend οὐ ταχθίν.* After these remarks, it is perhaps needless to say, that we completely acquit Mr. Taylor of literary dishonesty. We believe him to have been simply guilty of the much lower faults of literary ignorance and carelessness; carelessness, in copying without examination the errors of his predecessors; ignorance, in not perceiving their mistakes, first, by himself, and secondly, when they are pointed out to him. He might, and ought to have learnt from the very authors whom he quotes, that no reliance was to be placed on the edition of Patricius. Thus Stanley, in a Dissertation on "the Chaldaick oracles of Zoroaster and his followers," at the end of his History of Philosophy, gives an account of the different editions of these supposed oracles; and of that of Patricius he remarks, that "Patricius indeed hath taken much learned pains in the collection of them; but with less regard to their measures and numbers, and (as from thence may be shown) sometimes of the words themselves."—(p. 5.) Fabricius, too, (whose words Mr. Taylor cites, vol. xvii. p. 264,) also remarks of Patricius, that "imprimis male lectoribus suis consuluit, quod una serie descripsit quæ divellenda erant, et diversis in locis aut libris ab eo observata fuerunt, tum quod versus male digessit, nec satis emendatos, vel mutilos, vel allegantium verbis interpolatos, aut ad sententiam ipsorum minus examinatos in collectionem suam retulit."—(Biblioth. Gr. vol. i. p. 249.) Our readers may judge, from this very true character of the collection of Patricius, how safe a guide Mr. Taylor has blindly followed. It is at once obvious, on a cursory inspection of that collection, that the author of it was wholly unfitted for his task; and, in particular, that he knew no more of hexameter metre than Le Clerc did of iambic.

Mr. Lobeck next shows that Mr. Taylor has made an oracle out of the prose of Proclus, by taking some words from the middle of a sentence, which make no sense, and by arranging them in two lines, which (we suppose) are

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* The first line of this imaginary oracle, δυὰς γὰρ παρὰ τῷδε κάθηται, καὶ τετραῖς ἀστράσιν τομαῖς, is in the edition of Patricius stated to be taken from Proclus and Damascius. Mr. Taylor, however, in his "faithful transcript," mentions only Proclus, without Damascius. The second line, καὶ τὸ κυβερνᾶν τὰ πάντα καὶ πάντειν οὐ ταχθίν, is, in the edition of Patricius, printed as a separate oracle, and not combined into one sentence with the preceding line, as in the "faithful transcript" of Mr. Taylor, *Classical Journal*, vol. xvii. p. 246.

meant to be verses, written in some hitherto unknown metre. Mr. Taylor says that this oracle is "faithfully transcribed" from the earlier editions; and he seems to pride himself greatly on the accuracy of his powers of copying. We must beg to remark that the duty of a new editor is not to reproduce, but to correct the errors of his predecessors; and that learning is advanced, not by faithful repetition, but by independent investigation.

Another oracle, divided into lines, intended (we suppose) for verses, is shown by Mr. Lobeck to be compounded of a passage of Proclus, with a few mutilated words of Plotinus tacked at the end. It would, perhaps, be difficult to collect more blunders into so small a space. Mr. Taylor's defence is, that he "faithfully transcribed" this oracle from the previous editors; and as to the words added from Plotinus to the passage of Proclus, he "*conceived* that as a part of them evidently belonged to Proclus, Patricius *might* in some MS. have found them entire." Why then did not Mr. Taylor communicate these conceptions and probabilities to his readers? In the passage of Plotinus, it is said, ψυχαὶ ἀνθρώπων . . . . . ἔφθασαν μὲν μέχρι γῆς, κάρα δὲ αὐταῖς ἐστήρικται ὑπεράνω τοῦ οὐρανοῦ,—the last words being evidently imitated from the famous line of Homer, οὐρανῷ ἐστήριξε κάρη, καὶ ἐπὶ χθόνι βαίνει. The last line of the (supposed) oracle Mr. Taylor prints thus: κέρατα δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς ἐστήρικται ἄνω, "ridiculo mendo κέρατα pro κρᾶτα nihil offensus," says Mr. Lobeck. Mr. Taylor, however, says that the ψυχὴ in the oracle is evidently the soul of the world; and sets himself seriously to prove, by arguments which far surpass our comprehension, that the *soul of the world has horns*. His conclusion is expressed in the following terms:—"The horns *therefore* of this soul are very properly said to be established on high, signifying that her mingled nature is united to her paradigmatic cause."

It is unnecessary to pursue any farther this minute examination. Enough has been already adduced to satisfy our minds, and probably those of our readers who may be interested in such a question, that the charges of Professor Lobeck were not inconsiderately made. As to Mr. Taylor, we are fully aware of his meritorious attempts to advance the study of Greek literature in this country. His perseverance has been the more praiseworthy because it has been attended with little success. If therefore he had assumed a tone of fair discussion, and had not indulged in the most opprobrious language both against Mr. Lobeck and ourselves, we should not on this occasion have expressed so freely our opinion of his capacity for an editor of Greek authors. But his intemperate vituperation deprives him of all claim to mild treatment. Instead of showing that he is himself clear of error, Mr. Taylor inveighs against his critic—a mode of proceeding which resembles the abuse vented by a criminal on the judge who condemns him, not because his sentence is unjust, but because it is conclusive and irremovable.

CRITICAL SKETCHES.

ART. XI.—*Müllner's Leben, Character, und Geist, dargestellt vom* Professor D. Schütz, zu Leipzig. (Müllner's Life, Character, and Mind, by Professor Schütz, of Leipzig.) Meissen, 1830. 18mo.

MÜLLNER has at last found a biographer, and, we must admit, a pretty impartial one. With every wish to do justice to the talent which Müllner unquestionably possessed, the Professor displays, with the same calmness and minuteness, the many bad qualities, both of heart and head, with which, in Müllner's case, this talent was mixed up and alloyed; and his work presents at once an amusing and yet melancholy picture of the arts, by the cautious and assiduous practice of which mediocrity may for a time eclipse far higher genius, and command an extensive, though fortunately not a very lasting reputation.

The high character which Müllner for a time maintained, and the influence of his plays upon the dramatic literature of the day, may probably be matters of surprise to those who, taking up his works now for the first time, endeavour to discover what charm could have existed in compositions so unnatural, and constructed on principles of effect so coarse and vulgar. Stage effect, which (though far inferior to Kotzebue's) they do to a certain extent possess, might do something: his palpable imitations of Shakspeare's points, quibbles, and fantastic repartee, might please those who identify even Shakspeare's defects with perfection; and his command of a nervous and easy versification might lead away captive by the ear that pretty numerous class to whom this obvious and superficial quality, being the most readily apprehended, might appear the first of dramatic excellencies.

But the true secret of Müllner's extensive momentary reputation, and of the utter oblivion into which he is now fast falling, lies in his connection with the press of his day, and the numerous engines which, with incredible perseverance and meanness, he contrived to set in motion to circulate his praises, or to vilify and depreciate his literary opponents; and now when that influence, both for evil and good, has ceased, his works have speedily found their natural level; not, indeed, the lowest, but at the same time by no means an exalted one. A certain dreary and gloomy force which they possess, redeems them from the character of mere common-place; but among the loftier, purer, and more abiding spirits of German literature, there is assuredly no place for the vain bustling, selfish, little Counsellor of Weissenfels. Nor is he excluded from their fellowship by mere mental inferiority;—his moral character unfortunately presents little more than a melancholy picture of vices and meannesses; vanity, personal and intellectual, displaying itself in the most pitiful forms, descending to any meanness or subterfuge by which his literary ascendancy might be preserved or increased; avarice the most gross and contemptible; and an intense selfishness, which renders

him incapable of any genuine friendship or any lasting affection. He was a clever, a talented man, with some strong powers of mind, but in no sense a man of genius; nor do we believe that he has ever written a line which could draw forth a tear or remain imprinted upon the memory. The effect of his writings is to produce a feeling of oppression and uneasiness, and we struggle to escape from them as from the pressure of Ephialtes. As a reviewer he is most tolerable, for there his caustic and biting style, which was the perfect reflection of his temper and habits, always gives point at least and bitterness to his critiques;—but even in that field Müllner never could be permanently useful or influential; his blows, though forcibly given, fell as often upon the innocent as the guilty, for it was not truth, but personal feelings and interests, that directed them, and the elevated and lofty principles which he occasionally advocated produced no conviction when coming from such a quarter. The devil, it is said, can cite Scripture for his purpose, and probably with great effect, so long as he maintains his incognito; but from the moment we catch a glimpse of his hoof, his homilies are hardly likely to be listened to with much attention.

Müllner, who was born 18th Oct. 1774, received the rudiments of his education at the celebrated school of Pforte, near Naumburg. In ancient languages he made some progress, but with modern he never acquired any extensive acquaintance: English he never learned at all, and with French he only became acquainted at a late period, like Falstaff, on compulsion. In music, which he attempted, he failed. On the other hand, his ability in skating, swimming, chess playing, and dancing, were undeniable. At the age of 19 he left Pforte for the university of Leipsig, which was at that time beginning to be distinguished for the ability of its philosophical teachers, with the view of devoting himself to the study of law. His first-published work was a novel, the title of which (Incest) is not calculated to create a favourable impression as to its contents, and the leading idea of which he afterwards repeated in his "Twenty-ninth of February." He left Leipsig in 1797. In 1802 he married Amelia von Lochan, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, though somewhat of a masculine and overbearing character, and in the course of the same year he obtained his doctor's degree. Various comedies and farces, from his pen, none of them of any distinguished merit, and most of them adaptations from the French, appeared from 1806 down to 1812. In 1812, however, he made his debut as a tragedian in his *Twenty-ninth of February*, and *Guilt*, and in 1814 appeared his last dramatic works, *King Yngurd* and the *Albaneserin*.

The *Twenty-ninth of February* was suggested, as indeed the play itself sufficiently shows, by Werner's *Twenty-fourth of February*. The opening is certainly powerful, but long before the catastrophe arrives the charm is dissolved, the terrible strained to the utmost has lost its terrors. The conception of one day in the year, an infernal holiday devoted to the devil, on which some frightful crime must be committed, and of a fated being, a hereditary murderer, who upon this occasion must perform the crime which devotes him to the infernal gods, simply

> " Because he *criminally* sought to check
> The rolling of that wheel, that from th' abyss
> Of dark futurity draws up the chain
> Of evil consequence." . . . . .

in other words, because he did not " do his spiriting gently," and assent to the notion that every event of his life was foredoomed, and his will fettered by an inevitable necessity, is so intrinsically absurd, that no ability could long disguise its revolting character. It is enough to have such nightmare dreams once in a lifetime; and after being visited by them on the " Twenty-fourth," it was rather too much to have the same ghastly phantasmagoria played off on the " Twenty-ninth of February."

Guilt proceeds on the same idea of an arbitrary and implacable destiny. It was written at a time when the enthusiastic admiration of Calderon was its height in Germany, and it is an attempt to combine what seems perfectly inconsistent, the gloomy spirit of the northern nations, and of a deeply tragic and superstitious plot, with the airy grace, the loquacious eloquence, and gorgeous ornament of Calderon's versification. It looks like a caricature of the *Devocion de la Cruz.** Of the motives which influence the characters, of their unnatural conduct, or the improbability of the incidents, it is in vain to speak, when the plot itself is based upon the unnatural, and the whole is misty as a landscape of Ossian.

In *Yngurd* and the *Albaneserin*, a still stranger *pasticcio* is attempted. For here, in addition to Calderon's versification, we have Shakspeare's quibbles and conceits, his fools and gossipping servants; here an idea from King John, then another from Macbeth, and all this combined with the old worn-out idea of Fate, and of another fraternal contest, literally copied from Schiller's Bride of Messina, and with characters, who, under a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, would assuredly one and all of them run a considerable risk of being declared incapable of managing their own affairs. Truly may we say of such representations of life,

> " The earth has bubbles, as the water hath,
> And these are of them."

The bubble, however, soon broke: the popularity which *Guilt* and the *Twenty-ninth of February* had obtained, perceptibly declined with *Yngurd*, and disappeared entirely with the *Albaneserin*. Yet the high character which Müllner had acquired as a " Kraftmann," or one of the " Powerful," his acquaintance with the stage and its concerns, his unquestioned power of bitter and satirical invective, enabled him long to maintain, as a journalist, the empire which he had undoubtedly forfeited as a tragedian. Reciprocity, we suspect, is nearly as powerful a motive in criticism as in commerce; and Müllner seems to have set out from the first with the fixed resolution (so far as it could be carried into effect without endangering his personal safety,) of decrying all those who dissented

* Here the idea of fratricide, arising from the unfortunate attachment of two brothers to the same lady, (an idea for which Schiller had done all that poetry could do, in the Bride of Messina,) and arising, as in the " Twenty-ninth of February," from the operation of the same blind and immutable destiny, is again the moving principle of the piece.

from his poetical views, or denied his dramatic superiority, and of applauding to the very echo such as were willing to applaud again. Against Tieck and others, whom he used contemptuously to call the Florentines on the Elbe, he displayed the bitterest animosity, arising probably from the severe but most just observations made by Tieck upon his plays in the *Dramaturgische Blätter;* and this animosity he carried so far, as to indulge in the most insulting personal observations upon the daughter of Tieck, whom he laboured by every means in his power to hold up to ridicule in his journal. It may be easily imagined, therefore, that the article in the *Foreign Review* on the subject of his plays, by far the severest visitation he had yet encountered, (and which we may inform Professor Schütz, without betraying too much of the secrets of "the Trade," was not written by "Sir William Fraser,") must have been deeply annoying to him. Like Sir Fretful Plagiary, however, he affected the profoundest indifference, and even printed a translation of the critique in his *Mitternachtsblatt*. The business-like style in which he carried on this system, the mean and petty arts to which he had recourse, we certainly could not have believed, had we not perused the impartial narrative of Professor Schütz, who, though he estimates rather more highly than we are inclined to do Müllner's literary powers, speaks with merited severity of his weaknesses and meannesses. He reviewed, and of course, praised his own works in extravagant terms without ceremony, contributed biographies of himself to the different lexicons, in which he was gravely compared with the most illustrious names of Germany; nay, so far did his craving for admiration go, that, as the Professor says,—

"He used regularly to go several times a week to the Three Swans, the principal inn in Weissenfels, to inspect the list of visitors, and if among the number he found any of literary celebrity, who had not come to pay their respects to him in due form, they might be assured they would have occasion to regret it when the next review of any of their works appeared."

Speaking of the success of his "Schuld," the Professor observes,—

"He used every means to nourish and keep up the enthusiasm which it had excited: he wrote a tale under the title of Hugo and Elvira, on the same subject, in Schick's Vienna Journal for 1813; composed *numerous* anonymous laudatory eulogies of it; procured many in the same strain from other quarters, and thus extended the reputation of his poem, partly by his spirited replies to those critiques which had appeared contrary to his wishes, partly by theatrical critiques and reviews which he managed to procure, and partly, also, by establishing literary connexions with foreigners, which produced translations of his works into French, English, and Hungarian, as well as many reviews of his plays."

Conducted on such principles, it may be readily imagined that Müllner's editorial labours, however much they might be calculated to amuse, or to gratify the passions of literary partizans, were little likely to advance the cause of good taste, or to exercise any abiding influence upon literature. The *Litteraturblatt*, (1820 to 1824,) *The Hecate*, (1823,) and the *Mitternachtsblatt*, (1826 to 1829,) are all written in that clever, caustic, partial, semi-blackguard style, which frequently excites laughter, and sometimes even admiration of the wit with which the shafts of

the author are pointed, but at the same time leaves upon the mind a feeling of pity for the man who could descend to prostitute his talents to purposes so unworthy, or the attainment of objects so temporary. What, for instance, are we to think of the heart of a man, who, for the sake of a vulgar joke, could descend, in his *Hecate*, to jest on the subject of the suicide of a friend:—and who, in speaking of the unhappy death of Louisa Brachmann, whose premature end had been occasioned by the result of an unfortunate attachment, could sneer at her as a German Sappho? The hasty and vehement spirit which envenomed his criticisms pervaded also his ordinary intercourse with society; he quarrelled with his booksellers, his friends, his wife, with every one, in short, on whom he could expend his bitterness without danger. His treatment of his wife, indeed, was brutal to a degree scarcely conceivable. It may be conceded that, like many ladies of literary talent, her tastes were too masculine, her temper too unbending; that she wanted the true charm of women, feminine softness, a retiring and unobtrusive simplicity of feeling. "What calmness cannot effect," says Schiller in his Power of Women, "will never be gained by impetuosity;" and so it had proved in the case of Müllner's marriage. The Amazonian qualities of his wife were certainly little calculated to conciliate kindness, nor was her reputation, it would appear, altogether faultless;" but respect for her sex and for himself should have dictated at least the outward show of kindness, and would, at all events, have prevented a scene, such as Schütz describes as taking place in autumn, 1827, and in the catastrophe of which, we feel assured our readers will rejoice. The pair quarrelled one day after dinner; from words they came as usual to more impressive arguments; Müllner, who had a plate of grapes before him, a fruit of which he was excessively fond, seized it up, threw it out of the window, and, advancing to his wife, *kicked her with his foot* in a very tender part. This, however, proved to be the "unkindest kick of all" for himself, for being, like Hamlet, fat and scant of breath, and rather short withal,* he found he had lifted his foot too high, and was laid on his back by the violence of the recoil. Here he lay for some time senseless, the back of his head having come severely in collision with the floor, and this domestic scene was followed by an illness of some duration. Nay, from that time he was constantly subject to swimming of the head and nervous attacks of different kinds, so that it is not improbable his fall was remotely the cause of that apoplectic stroke of which he ultimately died. The Professor completes the picture of his domestic character by exhibiting him as at once an epicure and a miser, only restrained from separating from his wife because he doubted where he might find a cook who could so well unite rigid economy with the gratification of his appetite; constantly ready to accept of invitations from all his friends, but taking good care not to return them in Weissenfels; nay, when they came to Weissenfels allowing them actually to pay for him at the occasional pleasure parties or excursions which might take place; and scarcely allowing his family the necessaries of

* He calls himself in one of the numbers of the *Mitternachtsblatt*, a pocket edition of the poets.

life. This attention to the main-chance, and his lawyer-like qualities in making a bargain, enabled him to deal more successfully with those who, according to Lichtenberg's description, drink their wine out of the skulls of authors, namely the booksellers. All of them quarrelled with him, but when the matter came into court, it was always found that Müllner had taken care that the contracts should be so framed that the unfortunate bibliopoles had no chance whatever. They used to say of him, says the Professor, when they spoke of him to their friends, "Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto." But it is tedious to prolong so disagreeable a picture. It would be a melancholy thing if true genius were often found united with such a destitution of moral qualities; it *is* melancholy even that in any mind, open to the beauties of nature and refined by education, such vices and meannesses should be found so prominent. But it may teach us how often literature, when adopted as a profession from motives of mere gain, or the acquisition of temporal power and influence, as in the case of Müllner, instead of suppressing the natural evils of such a disposition, tends to aggravate them, by the meanness and sycophancy on the one hand, and the tyranny and overbearing disposition on the other, which such a profession, adopted with such ends, generates and almost necessitates. Müllner died on the 11th of July, 1830, of an attack of paralysis, at the age of 54.

ART. XII.—Heinrich Zschokke's *ausgewählte Dichtungen, Erzählungen, und Novellen. Vollständige Sammlung in einem Bande.* (Henry Zschokke's selected Poems, Tales, and Novels.—A complete collection in one volume.) In 2 parts. 8vo. Aarau. 1830, 1831.

IN a former number of this journal, (No. VIII. p. 675,) we introduced this clever novelist to our readers, on the publication of a French translation of his *Swiss Tales*, and at the same time took the opportunity of giving, from another source, some amusing traits of his personal character and habits. We apprehend that the popularity which he has acquired in France, evinced by the numerous translations of his Swiss History and novels, both before and since the date of our former notice, has produced a re-action upon his fame in the countries where his works first saw the light. That Zschokke must be an exceedingly great favourite both in Germany and Switzerland, and indeed regarded as a sort of classic in his line, cannot admit of a doubt, when we see the same process applied to his works which in England and France is confined to the works of their first-rate authors. We allude to those *editions in one volume* which the ingenuity of publishers has devised, professedly to suit the purses and the convenience of the many, but really, we suspect, for the especial benefit of oculists and opticians. Be that as it may, we have here, compressed into one goodly sized tome, of between twelve and thirteen hundred double-column pages, the *Belletristische Schriften*, as they are called, of M. Zschokke, and its appearance fairly enough justifies us for taking some farther notice of him.

It is somewhat curious that this writer's productions should have been transplanted into France with so much success, while in this country they are very little known, except through the medium of the French translations, no English version, to the best of our knowledge, having appeared of any one of them. Why this should be the case we cannot tell, and indeed, generally speaking, we are a good deal at a loss to make out the rule by which German works of imagination are culled for the English public. Many altogether worthless have been carefully rendered into our vernacular tongue, whilst numbers possessing real intrinsic merit, as well as peculiarly adapted to British taste, lie neglected. We thus especially miss some of Lamotte Fouqué's and Van der Veldt's romances. Zschokke's tales are, we were about to say, upon the whole, better suited to French taste; but we must pause to explain the specific difference of taste between the two nations, to which we at this moment refer. In the hurry-fraught atmosphere of the busy British Islands, no novelist has, we conceive, a chance of popularity, who does not abruptly and irresistibly command the attention and sympathy of his readers. In France, on the contrary, as well as in Germany, except at seasons of engrossing political excitement, readers seem content to labour through an immensity of sentimental, philosophical and religious disquisition, not only when intermixed with the story, but even preliminarily, and to acquire an interest in the hero or heroine through a minute acquaintance with the opinions, and the very deliberately developed characters of those personages. Now a decided addiction to such religio-sentimento-philosophizing, both intermingled and introductory, is the quality we were going to ascribe to Zschokke as fitting him rather for the meridian of Paris than that of London. But even whilst explaining the fact, recollections have arisen to check the hasty conclusion. Our author began his career, some forty years ago, we believe, with a tragedy of the then German school, and of the kind that seizes most suddenly and powerfully upon the sympathy or the curiosity of spectators and readers. We speak of *Abällino*, the story of which was by the late Monk Lewis wrought into the romance of "The Bravo of Venice;" this tragedy is, however, excluded from the present selection.

We learn from the auto-biographical sketch, prefixed to this volume, that Zschokke was a native of Magdeburg, early left an orphan, educated by relations, and a very unhappy, unloved and therefore unloving boy;—that when crossing the Alps in order to visit Italy, being accidentally detained, he was persuaded to abandon his Italian scheme and to take charge of a school;—that having brought the said school from a deplorable into a flourishing condition, he was rewarded with the honor of citizenship;—but that his pedagogic labors being interrupted by the French invasion, he was thenceforward employed in administrative offices by the governments of divers Swiss Cantons, until, disgusted by the absurdity of the Senate of Berne, which differed from him upon several points of policy, he withdrew to private life, marriage, newspaper-editing, and novel-writing. This account exhibits Zschokke as a good and sensible man, if not as a statesman,

born to sway the destinies of nations. But it is in his capacity of novelist that we have to do with him. In this his merits are delicate discrimination, and correct delineation of the nicer shades of character, and a simple, natural pathos that touches the heart; his faults are a small matter of prosiness, of common-place about his persons and incidents, (notwithstanding a magnanimous disregard of probability in the construction of some of his stories,) and a laughable ignorance of the manners of foreign nations which he attempts to paint; added to these, we think we can discover a tone of exaggerated philosophy, an extravagant antipathy to the common forms of society, and a caricatured satire of the higher classes. But as, either from recollection of our juvenile delight in Abällino, or from a natural propensity to German simple-heartedness, we have a decided *penchant* for Zschokke, in which we would fain induce our readers to participate, we had rather illustrate his good than his bad qualities. For that purpose we shall give a sketch of one of his tales; and passing over the mystically devout galley-slave Alamontad, and the philosophical Harmonius, who believes in the doctrine of transmigration, upon the unanswerable ground that the same soul, had, at due intervals of time, animated a bird, a dog, and a beggar girl, who all alike loved him, and the last of whom he married, we shall take the truly German *Todte Gast*, or "Dead Guest."

In a small German town called Herbesheim, a tradition prevailed that once in every hundred years, during Advent, appeared a supernatural visitor, known by the name of the Dead Guest, who amused himself with wringing the necks of new-married brides; and the year 1820, completing the fated century, was to bring for the third time so formidable an apparition. In the autumn of that year a Herbesheim youth named George Waldrich, who had run away from school or college to join, as a volunteer, in the war against the French, and had since entered the regular army, returns to his native town, in command of the troops quartered there, and is billeted upon his former guardian, Bantes, a rich and kind-hearted, but whimsical manufacturer. Here the runaway schoolboy is not recognised in the *mustachioed* officer, who, on his part, as little recognised his childish playmate Frederica Bantes, in the beautiful girl seated with him at the dinner table, and enjoys the pleasure of hearing himself reprobated as a scapegrace by the father, and gently but earnestly defended by the daughter. Some prettily playful scenes lead to the disclosure of Waldrich's name to Frederica; (the mother a quick-witted excellent person, had early discovered her *ci-devant* ward,) but the young people again become as brother and sister, and no prospect of romance appears.

The slow and minutely detailed progress of affairs, is, however, somewhat precipitated by some old-fashioned customs of the house. All birthdays were regularly celebrated by a grand family dinner, before which every body made a present to the king or queen of the feast, and after which every body kissed the same august personage for the time being. The kisses exchanged between Waldrich and Frederica upon the birthday of the former, who has become a prime favourite even with his formerly cross guardian, effect much in opening the eyes of the

soldier and the maiden to the unfraternal nature of their mutual feelings. Frederica's birthday produces stronger results. After receiving her presents, the lady sits down to table, and, lifting her napkin, finds upon her plate a diamond ring and necklace, with a letter. From this last it appears that her father has engaged her to the son of the wealthy and noble banker, *Herr von Hahn*, and that her intended, being in too delicate health to travel in the bad weather then prevailing, had sent his offerings with this *billet doux*, instead of presenting them in person. Father Bantes, who expected the utmost joy from this nuptial announcement, is confounded at the general gloom that ensues. His wife, however, too adroit to oppose him, says little, and that little approvingly, whilst Frederica begs hard to see her bridegroom at least before she is required to accept him. The kisses of this day complete the misery of the lovers. An explanation soon afterwards occurs between them, and Frederica pledges her word never to marry young Hahn.

Meanwhile Advent approaches; Herbesheim is absorbed in discussions touching the Dead Guest, and, although the bolder and more enlightened profess their contempt for the superstitious fear, love-making is, provisionally and temporarily, well nigh suspended; and the shrewd Mrs. Bantes, who clearly discerns her daughter's horror of an unseen bridegroom, urges the general apprehension as a plea to obtain a respite. The rational manufacturer derides her superstitious folly, but her words nevertheless are not altogether without effect; followed up, as they accidentally are, by a circumstantial narrative of the old tradition. During the gossip of the fashionable world of Herbesheim assembled one evening at Bantes' house, it appears that the old legend is generally forgotten, the only thing really known, being, that in the Church Register the deaths of three brides are recorded in the year 1720 with the additional words, "With their faces turned to their backs, as 100 years ago—God have mercy on their poor souls!" Waldrich hereupon declares that he learned the story in his childhood from a grey-headed forester, and at the request of the company relates it.

Late in November of 1620, when Frederic, Elector Palatine and elected King of Bohemia, was flying from the superior and victorious arms of the Emperor, Ferdinand II, three betrothed brides of Catholic Herbesheim amused themselves one evening with wishing their bridegrooms could earn the rewards, especially the title, offered as the price of the heretic usurper's head. Whilst they chatted they saw thirteen men, evidently fugitives, and as evidently one of superior rank to the rest, gallop up to an adjacent inn; and at the same instant their three bridegrooms rushed into the apartment with the tidings that one of the thirteen was the proscribed Frederic. The girls, with one accord, declared that they would not marry, unless their bridegrooms' swords were dyed in the heretic usurper's blood. The bridegrooms went to earn the prize. At dawn twelve men rode away from the inn; the thirteenth lay murdered with three wounds. The landlord declared that his Dead Guest was *not* Frederic, but, as a presumed heretic, the body was buried in a lay-stall. The bridegrooms had not been seen since the murder, and the pining brides regretted their sanguinary

mandate. On the third evening of their unaccountable absence, a stranger visited Jacobea, with whom the idea of killing Frederic had originated. The stranger was a very tall, thin, pale man, dressed in black, and covered with jewels. He announced himself as the Count of Graves, and brought a letter from her truant bridegroom, stating, that having murdered the wrong man, he considered his bride as lost, and would never return. Jacobea wept bitterly, and at first would not be comforted. But in a few days the honied words of the Count, and his offer of his hand and title, so thoroughly consoled her, that an evening was fixed for the betrothing, after which ceremonial the new bridegroom was to be allowed the unusual indulgence of an hour's nocturnal visit to his bride's chamber. The Count had played the same game with the two other forsaken brides, each keeping her approaching exaltation secret. Different hours of the same evening were fixed for the several betrothments and subsequent *tête-a-têtes;* and the next morning the three girls were found with their necks twisted; the Count, his equipage, and his presents had vanished. The victims were buried at the same time, and during the funeral a tall figure separated himself from the train of mourners, walked towards the lay-stall, and vanished on the spot where the Dead Guest was buried.

An hundred years afterwards, in 1720, a Count Altenkreuz, similar in appearance, allowing for change of fashions, to the Count of Graves, had visited Herbesheim; had similarly seduced the affections of three affianced brides, and obtained secret admittance to their several chambers on one and the same night. The next morning each maiden was found with her neck twisted; and the disappearance of the Count and presents, and the scene at the funeral, were renewed.

The narrator of this tale, at which every body professes to laugh, is soon afterwards called away upon regimental business. In his absence Mrs. Bantes obtains from Frederica a confession of her love and engagement, which she immediately reports to her husband; lets him storm out his passion, and then persuades him to take no precipitate step, and wait to see if the rich banker may not perhaps supplant the poor officer.

All this is scarcely arranged ere the first Sunday in Advent dawns, and is ushered in with such stormy weather as makes every one think of the Dead Guest. Immediately after morning service a report spreads through the town that the Dead Guest actually is at the inn of the Black Cross. Terrified workmen and servants bring the news to Bantes, who ridicules the idea, until his sober-minded, intelligent book-keeper assures him that a very tall, thin, pale stranger in deep black, with abundance of gold chains and sparkling rings, certainly did arrive in a splendid equipage at the Black Cross during the worst of the storm. Then the sound common sense of the practical man is so far staggered, that he allows it to be a strange, an inconceivable coincidence.

In the evening the ladies go to a party, whither Bantes is to follow them as soon as he has settled some accounts which he keeps, it should seem, for Sunday afternoons. At dusk, just as he has finished his business, he is alarmed by a shriek from his maid servant—his counting-

house door opens, and in walks an exact personification of the Dead Guest. Bantes is startled at the sight, and when the stranger announces himself as young Hahn, come to marry Frederica, his agitation becomes excessive. Seeing, we all know, is believing, and the old manufacturer can no longer doubt the tale. Superstitious terrors now wholly possess him; in imagination he already sees his child's beautiful face twisted to the back of her white neck, and thinks only of getting civilly rid of the treacherous phantom. For this purpose, betraying no suspicion of his visitor's identity, he reveals his daughter's newly discovered love for, and secret engagement with Waldrich, as insurmountable obstacles to the projected marriage. The stranger receives the information with a smile, clearly indicating that the bride of another is the very victim he seeks; and when he still presses to be introduced to Frederica, to be even allowed a *tête-à-tête* with her, the father's agony becomes unbearable, and he escapes from the present infliction by agreeing to its renewal upon the following morning.

Many circumstances tend to confirm Bantes in his newly conceived idea, not the least being the obstinate incredulity of his wife and daughter, who will not be persuaded but what the stranger really is young Hahn. Next morning the old man goes forth to consult the Mayor and other constituted authorities of Herbesheim, upon the means of expelling the fearful stranger, and on his return home, sees, through the window of his best drawing-room, his devoted Frederica in earnest *tête-à-tête* conversation with the Dead Guest, whom she is actually suffering to kiss her hand.

Bantes, over-powered with terror, rushes into his wife's room, reproaches her with exposing her child to such horrible dangers, passionately repulses her assurances that the stranger really is the young banker, and is fairly driven out of his senses, when Frederica presents herself, declaring young Hahn to be an amiable excellent man, and informing her mother that he will return to dinner. Bantes insists that he shall not come to dinner, will not listen to the explanations his daughter endeavours to give him, and at length, in his despair, pledges his word to her that she shall immediately marry Waldrich, if she can and will deliver him and Herbesheim from the presence of the Dead Guest, Hahn, or whatever the stranger may be.

It is probably needless to explain that the supposed Dead Guest actually is Hahn, accidentally in mourning, and who, having a private attachment, had come to Herbesheim, rather with a view to escape marrying Frederica without offending his father, than to complete his engagement, and that Waldrich, who knew him, had ascribed his personal appearance to the Dead Guest merely with a rival's malice. There are some really comic scenes of the terrors of the believing and disbelieving Herbesheimers.

This tale affords as fair a specimen of Zschokke's talent as an abstract can, where much of the success depends upon minute touches. Several others in this volume are equally amusing; and we must observe before concluding, that those we have seen translated into French, meaning especially Alamontade, and the Princess of Wolfenbüttle, are, in our opinion, amongst his worst.

ART. XIII.—*La Morte di Carlo I, e L'Ettore, Tragedie Improvvisate dal* Signor Tommaso Sgricci, *e raccolte dagli Stenografi.* (The Death of Charles I, and Hector, extemporary Tragedies of Signor T°. Sgricci, taken down by short-hand writers.) Florence. 1825.

WE ought to apologize to our readers, for not having earlier noticed this little volume, which we have not happened to meet with till just now, and which is, we think, of considerable value to the literary world. To those who have never heard an *improvvisatore*, it affords the means, in some measure, of appreciating the very peculiar gift so frequently met with, in a greater or less degree, both in Italy and Portugal; inasmuch as they have here more than an average sample of such extemporaneous poetry, in two tragedies taken down from the lips of the *improvvisatore*, by short-hand writers. It is indeed impossible that they should hence form any idea of the rapturously enthusiastic admiration almost always excited by such effusions of instantaneous inspiration, since much of this must be ascribed to the poet's powers of declaiming, to the circumstances of his exhibition, and to the influence of that singular sympathy, which, independently of extraordinary talent, enables an individual to sway the emotions of a multitude, much in the same way that a very hearty laugher compels us to laugh with him though we know not at what, and that our jaws irresistibly distend at the sight of a yawn. But the publication before us derives in our opinion additional value from this incapacity to awaken such an enthusiastic disposition, by thus enabling those who have formed part of such enraptured audiences to appreciate the degree to which sympathy, and circumstances extraneous to the poetry, biassed their judgment of its merits.

A more favourable specimen of *improvisated* strains, (if we may thus Anglicize the Italian, for which we have no English verb,) could not, we believe, be found Not only does a tragedy require genius of a far higher order than a sonnet or a few stanzas, but Signor Sgricci is allowed to be the first of modern *improvvisatores;* and even in reading his productions we ourselves are fully conscious of his immeasurable superiority to all those we have heard, and who, we must say, constantly disappointed us, notwithstanding the deafening plaudits they elicited from our fellow auditors. In our opinion those *improvvisatores* merely dressed the common-places of poetry in the musical sweetness of Italian words, according to the laws of metre and rhyme. This is doubtless much to do extempore; but it is to be remembered, that the structure of the Italian language, its almost invariable vowel terminations and the regular conjugation of its verbs, afford a wonderful facility in rhyming, further increased by the absence of the strict laws which fetter English genius. In illustration of this we may observe, that in Italian not only are identical syllables, such as *invent*, and *prevent* allowed as fair rhymes, but a word may rhyme to itself, provided there be any sort of difference in its use or acceptation. Thus, according to the laws of Italian poetry, "love," the noun, might rhyme to "love" the verb; and if the adjective "lovely" were more germane to the matter, instead

of distorting his idea to make the refractory noun or verb answer his purpose, like a luckless English versifier, the free and happy Italian songster would just write the first syllable "love" at the end of the line where he wanted it, and transfer the "ly" to the beginning of the next, as is done in prose to make the most of space and paper.

We have no desire by these observations to depreciate the well-merited fame of Signor Sgricci, but make them simply from the love of truth, and a wish to explain that a gift almost common in some countries does not actually raise its possessors to rank with the Dantes and the Miltons. Sgricci's talent is, as we have said, of a higher order, and certainly very extraordinary. That any human being should, within a few minutes of a subject being proposed to him, arrange the conduct of his fable, conceive his characters, and proceed to pour forth, for nearly two hours, a stream of dramatic poetry expressing sentiments adapted to the several personages introduced, is really wonderful, and that Tommasso Sgricci has done this is indisputable. His *Morte di Carlo I.* was *improvisated* at Paris, before an audience, comprising the first critics and philosophers of that capital, whose great object was to satisfy themselves that the *improvvisatore* could derive no help from memory in his astounding performance. The execution of Charles I., as the subject of a tragedy was thought to answer the desired end; but in doing so it involved the poet in unnecessary and unusual difficulties; since he could hardly be supposed familiar enough with English history to treat such a subject as it ought to be treated. Accordingly Carlo I. is not a historical play; it is merely a tragedy upon the murder of an excellent king by an atrocious conspirator, to which personages the names of Charles and Cromwell are given. Charles, who for so many years and in so many battles fought stoutly for what he deemed his rights, is here the *beau ideal* of sentimental royalty, willing to lose crown and life, rather than cause the shedding of one drop of his rebellious people's blood. Cromwell is simply Moliere's *Tartuffe* in tragedy. Charles is not a prisoner negociating with and tried by his captors: as an independent though menaced king, he is betrayed by Cromwell into signing a paper which, some how or other, causes him to be tried by the parliament for something or other. Cromwell's treachery being discovered, Charles makes his last exit, escorted by Scotch troops, to break through the rebel forces and escape to France, when he is caught and beheaded before we hear of the issue of the trial.

We have not room for such an analysis as might enable our readers to judge of Sgricci's dramatic merits; (though what we have said, in pointing out his deviations from history, may give them some notion of the style of his plot, and its conduct;) but as a specimen of his poetical powers we shall translate part of one of the scenes that seems to have most deeply impressed his French auditors. It is between Henrietta, who is brought back from France, and her confidant Isabella.

> "*Isabella.* My queen, behold the day of triumph ripens,
> Behold the moment of our victory!
> The faithful bands of Douglas fill the city;

Impetuously rushing on the palace,
Soon from death's satellites they'll snatch the king.
Henrietta. My gentle friend, the throbbings of my heart
Speak other language. Into thy true breast,
Oh let me pour the terror that subdues me!
I dare not tell my husband. 'Twere too cruel
To add imaginary pains to his,
So many and so real. Iron souls
Have they, who joy t' enhance th' afflicted's sorrows;
Yet of this hidden torture I, perforce,
Must ease my heart.
Isabella. Speak on, my queen. No bliss
Has earth for me like tempering thy tears,
By mingling them with mine.
Henrietta. Hither returning,
Weary and panting with the tedious way,
And quite subdued by tenderness and pity,
Which, as I met my consort, woke within me,
Almost resistlessly mine eyelids closed.
Yet doubtfully, and scarcely closed they were,
Ere shaken were the curtains of my bed—
Shaken and opened—then me seemed—me seemed
Or 'twas so—that before me present stood
A royal dame, of countenance majestic
As melancholy. Brow, and eyes, and hair
That hung dishevelled, shone resplendently
In mystic light. Hast thou observed the moon
With a circumfluous white crown in Heaven?
Such she appeared. She looked on me, and smiled
A smile of anguish—So, 'twixt clouds and rain
Glimmers a pallid sunbeam. Then my hand
She took, to her unmoving gelid breast
Pressing it, and my heart throbbed at the touch
With deathy palpitation. Thus she spoke:
'Lady, perchance in early youth thine eye
Has tearfully on my sad image dwelt,
Placed in the palace of thine ancestors.
Once Scotland's queen was I, and of the fair
Was fairest deemed by an admiring world.
The thought, the sigh, of every royal heart,
Of each exalted soul, I was—I saw
Flashing upon my brow three kingdoms' crowns,
And gloried in't, and my presumptuous folly
In youthfulness bewildered me. From God
I turned away, wand'ring deliriously
In worldly paths. Thus long from precipice
To precipice I strayed—lost my heart's peace,
Mine own esteem—and all—all, save that virtue
Which, buried in the inmost heart, awaits
Fit place and season o'er the conquered senses
Her empire to recover. In my heart
She spoke, misfortune her interpreter—
Me this abhorrent land received. A dungeon
For twenty winters was my palace. Then,—
She said, and pausing grasped with both her hands

Her beauteous head, from off her beauteous neck
Lifted, and placed it in my hands—
Isabella. Oh horror!
Henrietta. Soul-stricken by the terrors of the vision
I started from my pillow, and mine eyes
Bent on my husband's picture. To the neck
It was illumined by the sun's glad beam:
The head was wrapt in shadow, and appeared
As from the shoulders it were separated."

We must observe, that in translating this scene, we have omitted a great many lines that lengthened the speeches without supplying additional images or sentiments, or giving increased intensity to those already produced. We are not sure that the *Ettore* is not the better piece of the two; but it has not the same certainty of extemporaneousness; and indeed in its best passages we recognised so much plundered property of our friends Homer and Virgil, as would expose any other poet than an *improvvisatore* to the reproach of plagiarism.

ART. XIV.—*Heldenbuch. Ein Denkmal der Grossthaten in den Befreiungskriegen von* 1808—1815 *Von* Christian Niemeyer. *Sechste Auflage.* (The Book of Heroes. A Monument of the Great Deeds of the Wars of Liberation from 1808—1815. By C. Niemeyer, 6th Edition.) Leipzig, 1831.

THIS volume has fallen short of the anticipations with which we opened it; but the fault lies in the title, which provokes unreasonable anticipations. Who could help conceiving the Book of Heroes to be a species of anthology of feats of individual heroism, of splendid and desperate deeds? In short a collective tale of chivalry, blending the sober charms of truth with the fascinating interest of romance, and the excitement of poetical exaltation? For this we looked, and were disappointed. The book is simply a history of what the author calls the wars of liberation, and we can have no objection to such a history except its delusive title, which we now understand to mean that all who fought against Bonaparte in those wars, were so many heroes.

Setting aside the title and consequent disappointment, the work has merit, and we hardly wonder at its having already reached a sixth edition. It is a partial, certainly, but often a very lively record of seven memorable years, that bore upon their blood-stained wings the destinies of generations yet unborn, throughout Europe at least. The historian devotes his labours chiefly, to the celebration of his compatriot heroes, and who shall blame him? It is for Germans he writes, and German philosophers, politicians, moralists, and poets, all alike proclaim that the sentiment most important to be, shall we say impressed upon, or awakened in, Germany, at this present time, is a German patriotism; a patriotism which shall embrace the various states constituting the German empire, as one whole; and teach Prussians and Austrians, Bavarians and Saxons, to deem themselves fellow-countrymen. Niemeyer, however, likewise bestows praise upon the allies of the Germans; and especially

does more justice to England's great Captain than is usual upon the Continent. An instance of inaccuracy occurs, however, with regard to the Duke of Wellington, which somewhat shakes our confidence in our author's correctness upon points less within our own powers of detection. He has converted a compliment to the British soldiers, into an arrogant boast. The Duke is well known to have said, "Whenever I get into a scrape, my brave army gets me out again:" which modest words Christian Niemeyer has altered to; "If I fall into a difficulty, as every man sometimes must, my brave companions are sure that I shall know how to extricate myself!"

Several of the battles here recorded are described with great spirit, especially those of the Russian campaign, of Fleurus, Quatre-bras, and Waterloo, as also the pursuit of the routed French by the Prussians, after the latter. But all these are so familiarly known to the reading public, by various late publications, that we incline to select, as a specimen both of the matter and manner of the *Heldenbuch*, the suppression of the Tyrolese struggle for independence, condensing the early part, and translating the narrative of Hofer's fate.

It will be recollected that in the year 1809, nearly the whole population of the Tyrol rose in arms, and fairly drove the French troops out of their country. This levy *en masse* was headed by Andreas Hofer, the landlord of a village public-house. Hofer was then forty-two years of age,

"a frank-hearted pious man, tall in stature, with black eyes and beard, of a soft voice and disposition; whom a vehement love of his country converted from a quiet rustic into a hero.

Bonaparte sent Marshal Lefevre, Duke of Dantzig, with a strong body of troops, to crush this insurrection. The insurgents, by retreating before him, drew Lefevre into their mountain fastnesses; and there, where they had the disciplined French army at advantage, the peasant general and his half-armed volunteers attacked, and after much hard fighting, so thoroughly defeated them, that the French veterans fled, and the Tyrol was again free. In these battles a ten-year-old boy busied himself in digging up the balls that lodged in the ground, and carrying them, in his little hat, to the combatants; to whom young girls brought provisions amid the hottest fire.

When the misfortunes of the campaign constrained Francis to purchase peace by the cruellest sacrifices, abandoning the Tyrol, he invited Hofer and his principal associates to Vienna, to secure them from French vengeance. These devoted patriots would not leave their beloved country in her distress, and resolved to attempt the preservation of their connexion with Austria, even without Austrian help. One of their leaders, the priest Pater Joachim, blessed their endeavours. Again Lefevre was sent against them, and again was so roughly handled, that upon one occasion, we are told, he climbed over his own carriage to escape, and fled, disguised as a common soldier. Hofer and Pater Joachim now led their little band of 8,000 peasants to defy the French marshal and his 25,000 soldiers before Inspruck, and again were victorious. Lefevre evacuated Inspruck by night, having lost 14,000 men

within a fortnight, and on the 15th of August, Bonaparte's birth-day, the Tyrolese re-entered their emancipated capital. The gratified Emperor of Austria sent Hofer a gold chain of honour, and to the Pater the ecclesiastical order of merit.

For two months the Tyrol was free; but could it hope to remain so? Before the end of October French troops poured in from all sides, under various generals. Baraguay d'Hilliers and Eugene Beauharnais, respecting or fearing these brave and desperate men, invited them to submit, offering a general amnesty, redress of grievances, and a strict administration of justice, on condition of the insurgents laying down their arms. The Arch-duke John assured Hofer that the emperor, unable to assist them, wished them to comply; and Hofer thereupon accepted the terms, entreating a few days' delay of the French advance, to allow time for the peasants to disperse to their several homes. But pending this negotiation with Eugene, the French troops advanced, stormed a strong pass, and seized a fortified post upon the Brenner mountain. Indignant at this breach of faith, Hofer again called his comrades to the field, and about the middle of November fell upon Ruska and Barbou, who, with their detachments, were endeavouring to force their way into the *Passeyer thal.* The French were repulsed with the loss of 1,500 men and an eagle. But now Baraguay d'Hilliers brought up his whole force, and the contest was inevitably over. Some of the leaders made their escape to Vienna. Hofer concealed himself with his wife and children, in an Alpine hut in the snowy wilderness amidst barren rocks. The Emperor Francis sent messengers to urge his escaping to Austria; but his wife and children could not have accompanied his flight, and Hofer would not save his life at the price of deserting them.

"Pater Donay of Schlanders, who had latterly been Hofer's unworthy confident, now became his Judas. He discovered his retreat in the snowy wilderness, and betrayed it to the French commander. Bonaparte in return made the wretch Imperial Chaplain at the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto, and Murat loaded him with praises and presents. At midnight Baraguay d'Hilliers despatched 1,500 foot and 100 horse, to seize a single man. At dawn, on the 20th of January 1810, the guide knocked at the hut door. Hofer opened it, and seeing who his visitors were, said 'I am Andreas Hofer, and in your hands; kill me, but spare my wife and children, who have no share in my conduct.' The French then rushed upon him, loaded him with chains, and dragged him, with his wife and children, to Botzen. Wherever they passed the Bonapartists stood in rows, singing merry songs, and unable to control their joy at having another honest man in their claws. But Hofer was calm and serene, and in affecting accents asked pardon of all whom he fancied he might have offended. At Botzen he was freed from his chains, many Frenchmen taking his part, and alleging that he had treated his prisoners with admirable humanity. One man gave him a snuff-box adorned with the heads of the Duke of Brunswick, Schill, and himself. Hofer looked at his own portrait and sighed 'Yes, such I was.' Here too he tasted a pang bitterer than death. His family was separated from him, and sent back into the country. He himself was hurried to Mantua.

At Mantua Hofer was tried by a court martial, and sentenced to death, with a haste designed to prevent the interposition of the Emperor

Francis, whose daughter Napoleon was then wooing. On his way to the place of execution he gave a last cheer to his beloved sovereign, and distributed some trifles as keepsakes.

"He then stepped into the circle of his executioners. They offered him a handkerchief to tie over his eyes, and bade him kneel down. With a noble soldierly pride he refused to do either, saying, 'I stand before my Creator, and standing I will return my immortal spirit into his hand.' He then presented the corporal with his last gold coin, begged him to see that his men took good aim, and again exclaimed, 'Alas! my unhappy country!' He then boldly gave the word 'Fire.' But the miserable French marksmen did not fire true. The first six shots only brought the martyr upon his knees. The next six stretched him upon the ground, but did not end his sufferings. The corporal then stepped up to him, put the muzzle of his piece close to his head, and shattered it at the thirteenth shot. Thus was Hofer massacred by the French, as Palm had been before him.

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The Emperor Francis, who could not save Hofer, took charge of those he left behind him, made considerable presents to the widow and daughters, and educated the only son. In 1813, before Austria had joined the alliance, John Hofer, then barely fourteen years old, entered into the corps of Lutzen Volunteer sharp shooters, and fought gallantly against the destroyer of his father and his country.'

The volume is illustrated with portraits of most of the Generals opposed to Napoleon, but we are sorry to say the faces delineated do not tend to heighten our interest in the exploits detailed. If however we are to draw conclusions from the likeness of which we are most competent to judge, the Duke of Wellington's, we may cherish a hope that the deliverers of Europe were not quite such ugly, stupid, or mad brutes, as they appear in the plates before us.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XV.

BELGIUM.

The Revolution in Belgium has, like that in France, been a most calamitous event for literature, whatever may be its ultimate political benefit. Very few works of any importance have appeared since its commencement.

As may easily be supposed, several books have been written on the events of the Revolution. There are two of them, however, which deserve to be mentioned, rather on account of the authors than of the works themselves.

The first of them: *Les Quatres Journées de Bruxelles*, (1 vol. 8vo.) is written by the famous general, Van Halen, who has been denounced in the Memoirs of Marshal Suchet, as guilty of forgery, treason, and desertion, in Spain. This same person, after having been commander-in-chief of all the troops of Belgium, was a second time accused of treason, and tried judicially. The object of his book being to disculpate himself, the author has, as might be expected, introduced too many facts relative to himself, and very little information as to the Revolution. In other respects it displays a spirit of tolerable impartiality.

The second work, entitled, *Précis des Opérations Militaires pendant les Quatre Memorables Journées de Septembre*, is written by a species of Gil Blas, whose adventures would afford materials for a romance of some interest. Educated for the military service, he abandoned it for a paltry situation in the civil service at Ostend, urged by motives which it is not quite convenient to disclose. A whale happening to be stranded on that coast, he contrived to purchase it, without any one knowing where the money came from; he then set up a carriage with two horses, kept several servants, and made a prodigious noise in both East and West Flanders. Soon afterwards, his resources failing him, he determined on making a tour with his whale; he proceeded to Paris, where he gained a great deal of money, got into debt, obtained the decoration of the Legion of Honour—God knows how, and was preparing to travel over the rest of France, when the Revolution broke out in Belgium. Professionally an adventurer, and naturally enterprising, he returned to his own country, was named captain of artillery, soon afterwards rose to the rank of major, and ended also by being accused of high treason and tried by a court-martial. His book contains little more than a description of the military operations round Antwerp, although the title made us look for a great deal more; it is written with some degree of liveliness, but unfortunately, his partiality is too notorious to allow much credit to be attached to his statements.

Mr. Moke, of whose character and talents as a novelist we have spoken in a former number, (No. XIII. Art. XV.) with the praise which we thought they

deserved, is about to publish a new historical romance under the title of *Herman, ou les Cherusques*, descriptive of the manners and customs of those courageous but barbarous tribes which overturned the Western Empire.

The same author has also in the press an important work (from which the romance we have just mentioned is an off-shoot, like M. Sismondi's *Julia Sévéra*, from his History of France,) on the *History of the Franks*, the first volume of which will soon appear.

A *Life of Charles the Good, Earl of Flanders*, translated from the Latin of Gualbertus, a monkish chronicler of the middle ages, whose work has been hitherto buried in the immense collection of the Bollandists, has just appeared at Bruges. It contains some important and valuable materials for the history of the Belgic *Communes*.

DENMARK.

An extremely witty critique has recently appeared on some of the most recent productions of Danish literature, and on two literary journals,—(*Den Flyvende Post*, and *Kjobenhavns posten*,—the latter an imaginary one,) under the title of "Gjengangerbreve," or Letters addressed by Knud Sjœllandsfaer, (Canute the Zealander,) to Messrs. Heiberg and Hauch. The name of the supposed writer is that under which the celebrated Baggesen wrote several of his works; the author of the Letters, therefore, appears as Baggesen *redivivus*, who, from his lofty eminence on Olympus, still communicates to his countrymen, in very beautiful verses, his ideas on poetry and literature. Few productions of this kind have made a greater noise, since the beginning of this century, than those Letters; they have already produced a degree of literary activity, the fruits of which will not fail to manifest themselves in due time. What has given additional zest to the production is, that the author has contrived to keep his own secret so well, that no one has yet detected him; consequently, curiosity is still upon the rack.

Mr. Andersen, published a new Collection of Poems at the commencement of this year, which may be considered the only literary almanack that has appeared for 1831. Several young poets and artists had united to set a new one on foot, but for want of encouragement were obliged to abandon it. The fact is, that in Denmark the art of engraving is but in its infancy, and while hundreds of the German almanacks, and a considerable number of English ones, (especially the *Forget-me-not*,) are circulated on account of the beauty of the embellishments, not a single Danish one has been able to stand the competition.

The first volume of Mr. Molbech's *Anthology of the Danish Lyric Poets, from Ewald to the present time*, has recently appeared; the work will extend to three or four volumes. A separate *Life of Ewald*, by the same author, has also been just published.

A pamphlet by Mr. Lornsen, "On the Connection of the Duchies of Sleswig and Holstein with the Danish States," published in November last, has

given birth to a number of others, *pro* and *con*, all written in German. Two of these, one by Mr. Schmidt Phiseldeck, and a reply to him by an anonymous adversary, deserve notice, as exhibiting some striking facts. Besides the question of a constitution for these duchies, another has been revived, whether Sleswig belongs to the Kingdom of Denmark, or to the German Empire? which had been satisfactorily answered in 1815, in a pamphlet entitled "Das wahre Verhältniss des Herzogthums Schleswigs zum Königreich Dänemark."

Besides the three great libraries at Copenhagen, there are now public libraries established not only in all the Danish provinces, but also in the most distant countries which own the Danish sway. Three libraries have been just founded in Greenland, Iceland, and the Faro Islands, to which many patriotic Danes have contributed, and some valuable additions have been made from England.

Among the Danish journals which began with this year, that entitled *Den Danske Bie*, (The Danish Bee,) already occupies a distinguished place in the public estimation, both from its literary merits, and its elegant external appearance.

FRANCE.

The celebrated Abbé Grégoire, constitutional Bishop of Blois, died on the 27th of May last. He was born on the 4th of December, 1750, consequently was in his 81st year. This remarkable man, who distinguished himself as much in the career of literature as in that of politics, was bred to the church, and became curate of Embermenil, in Lorraine, in 1776. At the breaking out of the revolution, being chosen one of the deputies of the clergy, to the states-general, he was one of the first to unite himself with the deputies of the *tiers-etat*, and to take, along with them, the famous oath at the Tennis Court. He was one of the most active members of the National Assembly, of the Legislative Assembly, and the National Convention. At the time that Louis XVI. was put upon his trial, Gregoire was absent along with three of his colleagues, having been despatched on the mission of organizing the administration of the department of Mont Blanc, (previously a part of Savoy,) then recently united to France. His colleagues had prepared a letter to the Convention, announcing their concurrence in the vote for the king being punished with death; he refused to sign this until they consented to efface the word *death*. The letter therefore simply voted for the king's condemnation, without naming any punishment; and it is to be remarked that shortly before that period, Gregoire himself had made a motion in the Convention for the entire abolition of capital punishments. Under the Directory he became a member of the Council of Five Hundred, and under Buonaparte, he was admitted, after a lapse of time and with some difficulty, into the senate. Two works, which he published about that time, *Memoires sur le Concordat*, and *Ruines de Port-Royal*, gave great umbrage to the first consul. He was one of the *three* senators who voted against Napoleon's assumption of the purple, and the only one who opposed the restoration of nobility and of titles. His republican principles, however, must have yielded in some degree subsequently, as he accepted from the emperor the title of count. He voted for Napoleon's forfeiture of the throne, but was not received into favour on the restoration of the Bourbons, being marked (although not exiled) as a *regicide* on account of his vote on the king's trial.

This also became the ground of his exclusion from the Chamber of Peers, from the Institute, and from the Chamber of Deputies, to which last he was returned in 1819 for the department of the Isère.

Although to an Englishman there may be points in his public and political career which appear of a somewhat doubtful character, it must be confessed that few men have passed through the ordeal of the difficult times in which he lived with a more unstained reputation, or better deserved the eulogiums which were pronounced upon him when his remains were consigned to the tomb.

Although a zealous Catholic, and one who never shrunk from the profession of his faith, even at that period of the revolution when France had nominally disavowed the religion of Jesus, and it was almost unsafe for any one to avow himself a Christian, he was tolerant, to the fullest extent, of the opinions of all who differed from him in their religious creed. He very early took a warm interest in the amelioration of the condition of the Jews, and in 1778 published an Essay on the subject, which was translated into most of the European languages, and caused him to be regarded with the most affectionate feelings by that dispersed and degraded race. He was perhaps the staunchest advocate in France for the abolition of the slave-trade, and wielded his pen on several occasions with great effect in behalf of the oppressed Negroes. Every scheme for improving the mental, physical, and social condition of his own countrymen, found in him a most zealous advocate; and *è contra* he showed himself the most ardent and uncompromising opponent of all plans that, according to his conviction, had an opposite tendency. To conclude—there have been few men to whom such a character as the following could be applied with any degree of truth; applied to him the voice of his countrymen has proclaimed that it rather falls short of the truth. "A warm heart, an ardent temperament, a lofty understanding, a passion for study, and a prodigious memory, formed in him one of those rare assemblages which nature, in her greatest bounty, is sometimes delighted to produce, in order to exhibit in one man the happy alliance of talent, learning and virtue."

His literary productions are very numerous, but a large portion of them were written upon subjects and occasions of temporary interest. His *History of Religious Sects*, which is the most voluminous of his works, went through several editions; the last, very considerably enlarged, was only very recently completed. Various other treatises on subjects of ecclesiastical discussion and history exhibit his profound acquaintance with all the studies connected with his profession. A life of Bishop Gregoire, if written with any ability, cannot fail to prove an interesting and acceptable present to the public.

Under the title of *La Littérature Française de la Jeunesse*, Mademoiselle Henriette Amey, of Geneva, has published a work of no small value to the juvenile as well as grown-up amateurs of French literature. She has traced it back to its infancy, and followed its course through all its different stages to the revolution in 1789. She has occasionally rescued from oblivion authors forgotten by their contemporaries, as well as by posterity, and brought again into notice the names and works of several which, we fear, were hardly worth the trouble of revival. But she writes conscientiously, and never offends against good taste. Her criticism is always guided by good-sense, delicacy, and propriety, and her style is not less remarkable for its elegance than for its vigour of expression.

The length of her critical observations is not always proportioned to the importance of the works themselves. Those on Brantome, for instance, are very long, those on Massillon extremely short. But Corneille, Voltaire, and

Rousseau, are all painted in a manner which shows how deeply their qualities have been felt and appreciated.

Mademoiselle Amey proposes to publish a sequel to the present work, which will include the French authors from the revolution to the present time. She will then bring the *classiques* and the *romantiques* face to face, appreciate the merits of each school, and those of their partizans, with freedom and independence. If she succeeds in completing her plan, Mademoiselle Amey will be doing an immense service to both Frenchmen and foreigners, and we sincerely hope that the success of the present volumes will encourage her to proceed.

The friends of Greek literature will be glad to learn that the first livraison of the edition of Henry Stephens's *Thesaurus Linguæ Græcæ*, which was announced in our tenth number (p. 721) as in preparation, has just made its appearance. A notice prefixed gives an account of the numerous improvements which have been made in it. It is still calculated that the extent of it will not exceed 28 or 30 livraisons, of about 320 pages each, in small folio. The work is published by Firmin Didot at Paris, and subscriptions are received for it by the publishers of this journal.

Necrology.—France has just lost one of her most distinguished artists, M. Melling, draftsman and architect of the Sultana Hadigé, and of Sultan Selim III., and subsequently landscape-painter of the king of France's cabinet, died at the beginning of this month (July) at the age of 68, the victim of a long and painful disease. He was a native of the duchy of Baden, and very early exhibited a decided turn for landscape-painting; he left his father's house while quite young, in order to devote himself entirely to the study of the fine arts. After travelling in different countries of Europe, he undertook a voyage to Asia Minor, and from thence repaired to Constantinople, the picturesque beauties of which had never yet found an artist capable of doing them justice. M. Melling was so much captivated by the attractive novelty of the subjects which the Turkish capital presented, that he determined to fix his residence there; favoured by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, he found occasion for the constant exercise and development of his talent. After several years' residence at Constantinople he formed a plan by which he contrived to distribute, among a series of 48 pictures, every picturesque point of view and interesting object which the city and the banks of the Bosphorus presented, connected with each other as parts of one whole, but each offering a distinct and complete view by itself.

This collection of pictures, of a very large size, which he brought with him subsequently to Paris, and afterwards copied in water-colours with remarkable talent, drew the attention of the French artists upon him. It is a collection quite unique in its kind, worthy of a place in the richest cabinet, and which, from the faithful representation of the subjects, the excellent distribution of the drawings, the mellowness and truth of the local colours, will always be an object of admiration to connoisseurs.*

Since the completion of this first-rate work, which occupied three-fourths of his lifetime, M. Melling devoted his attention to a series of views of the Pyrenees, and the adjoining departments, in which he was assisted by his beloved daughter, Madame Clerget, the worthy heiress of her parent's virtues

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* These views are still in the possession of Messrs. Treuttel and Wurtz of Paris, who had them engraved for the "Voyage Pittoresque de Constantinople," a most splendid work, of which we gave an account in the third number of this Journal.

and talents. Of the work for which these views were engraved, *(Voyage Pittoresque dans les Pyrenées Françaises,)* we have already given an account in our fifth number.

At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, a memoir was read by M. Humboldt, on the great Botanical work published by him, in conjunction with Messrs. Bonpland and Kunth, and on many subjects of general science, particularly on Climate, Terrestrial Magnetism, and Volcanic Geography. He pointed out, at some length, the various disturbing causes, which have modified, in the distribution of heat over the globe, the non-parallelism (inflections) of isothermal lines.

A committee has been appointed by the Academy of Sciences for examining and reporting on all works sent to the Academy, on the subject of the *cholera morbus.*

GERMANY.

NECROLOGY.—NIEBUHR, *the Roman History.*—Berthold George Niebuhr, the son of Carsten Niebuhr, the Arabian traveller, was born at Copenhagen, on the 27th of April, 1776, but he was removed from that city, while yet an infant, in consequence of his father's appointment to the post of administrator at Meldorf, the principal town of a canton of Southern Ditmarsh, in the Duchy of Holstein. A constitution, originally delicate, was weakened, rather than otherwise, by the injudicious cares of a too fond mother. From his infancy he manifested a strong predilection for studious pursuits, and when only thirteen years of age, was already master of several languages. He was inexpressibly delighted with the reading of the poets, especially those of antiquity, and used to shut himself up for whole days in order to get through with a Greek tragedy. His father, however, sent him to Hamburgh, to be initiated into commercial pursuits; there he was honoured by the notice of Klopstock; from thence he went to the University of Kiel, where he studied law, and to that of Edinburgh, where he devoted himself to natural philosophy and chemistry, without diminishing his attachment to philosophy, which always continued to be his favourite pursuit. In this he had been encouraged by the celebrated friend of his father, the poet Voss, to whom German literature is indebted for enriching it with translations of the noblest and most elevated productions of classical antiquity.

After spending eighteen months in Scotland and England, and familiarizing himself with English institutions, he returned in 1801 to Denmark. Shortly after he was appointed secretary and sub-librarian to the minister of finance, Schimmelman, and his advancement was so rapid, that in 1805, at the period of his first marriage, he was one of the directors of the Bank of Copenhagen. His first productions were administrative and financial reports. Meanwhile, however, he began to feel dissatisfied with the political situation of Europe, and with the conduct of the Danish government; he dreaded the effects of the conquests of Napoleon, and published a German translation of the first Philippic of Demosthenes, to which he added notes directed against the ambition of the modern Philip. The views of the Prussian government of that day according with his own, and the complaisance of Denmark towards Napoleon exciting his disgust, he was induced to abandon the service of the latter and to enter into that of Prussia. Scarcely, however, had he repaired to Berlin and received the appointment of director of the commerce of the Baltic, when the battle of Jena obliged him to take to flight, along with the rest of the court,

and successively to take refuge at Koenigsberg, Memel, and Riga. In 1808, the King of Prussia sent him to Holland, to negotiate some commercial transactions with that country, and he incurred some danger by communicating with the agents of England. When he returned to Berlin, a regenerating ministry, under M. de Stein, had the direction of affairs. Niebuhr was consulted by them in all their generous projects; his Memoirs on the Roman Colonies paved the way for a system of agricultural colonization, and his profound views contributed to the establishment of the University of Berlin. This was the period when he became the friend of Savigny, of Buttmann, of Spalding, and of Heindorf. Niebuhr read lectures on Roman history in the University, and the success attending them was probably the main incentive to the publication of the two first volumes of the Roman History, in 1811 and 1812, which were, in fact, little more than the substance of his lectures. In 1813, when the disasters of the Russian campaign liberated Germany from the yoke of Napoleon, Niebuhr took an active part in quickening the patriotic movement, edited a journal in conjunction with Arndt, and was employed by the king in negotiations with the English government. In 1814 he was strongly opposed to the union of Belgium with Holland, his acute and penetrating spirit foreseeing the consequences which have since developed themselves, and of that unnatural junction. In 1815 he lost his father and his wife, nearly at the same time, and found consolation in the composition of his interesting memoir of the former, and shortly after in exerting his influence in favour of the defenders of the national cause, whom the absolutists were then beginning to calumniate, because they called for a fulfilment of the royal promise of the Constitution. This conduct created him many enemies; his credit was shaken in consequence, and while he might have aspired to the highest offices of the state, his only recompense was an honourable exile. Prince Hardenberg, to whom he had given umbrage, sent him to Rome, to negotiate a concordat with the Pope, and settle the relations of the See of Rome with the new Catholic subjects of Prussia. Niebuhr had just before that entered into a second matrimonial union with the grand-daughter of the celebrated physician Henster. Before his departure, he published, in conjunction with Heindorf and Buttmann, a reprint of the Fragments of Fronto, which had been discovered by the Abbé Mai. In passing through Verona, he himself discovered there the Fragments of Gaius. At Rome, where he remained seven years, he was enabled to devote his attention, in a great degree, to those favourite pursuits, his taste for which had been one of the inducements with him to accept the mission. The general esteem which surrounded him, his family affections, and some fortunate discoveries, all contributed to diffuse an indescribable charm over his existence while he resided there. In 1823, in consequence of the state of his wife's health, which was seriously injured by the climate of Rome, he sent in his resignation as ambassador, and, followed by the regrets of his Holiness, who highly esteemed him, and of all the literary society of Rome, he set out on his return to Germany. He stopped for some time at St. Gall in Switzerland, in the monastery of which he discovered the fragments of Merobaudes; from thence he proceeded to Heidelberg, and afterwards to Bonn, where accidental circumstances induced him finally to fix his residence. From that time, indeed, till the day of his death, he was only twice absent from it, the first time to go to Berlin, and the second to pay a visit to his eldest sister, in Holstein. It is only due to truth to declare, that Niebuhr's presence at Bonn mainly fecundated the germs of prosperity which existed in that recently-established university. He gave there, without being attached to any particular chair, courses of lectures on Greek and Roman history. With no pretensions to eloquence, and wholly unpretending in his manner, Niebuhr, notwithstanding, captivated the attention of his auditors; he possessed more

than most men, the art of moving them solely by the interest of the subject. He carried his zeal so far as to establish prizes for questions of philology, the funds for which were supplied out of his own pocket. But his principal occupation was the continuation of his Roman History; to the composition of the third volume he devoted the whole of the winter of 1824; but having then applied himself to the revision of the first two, the result was such a complete change or rather remodelling of them, that he determined to suspend the publication of the third, and it has never yet made its appearance. Of the second and third editions of vol. i., published in 1827 and 1828, we have given an account in our *fourth* and *ninth* numbers.

Niebuhr was preparing to bring out the Second Volume when a violent fire broke out in the upper part of his house, which destroyed a great quantity of his papers. Again had he to recommence his labours, to combine fresh researches with the publication of the *Byzantine Authors*, the new edition of which he had originated, and was most zealous in forwarding its progress.

Scarcely had he recovered from the effects of the burning of his house, and the labour of replacing and completing the publication of his second volume, when a fresh source of uneasiness arose, the French Revolution of July, the principle of which he approved, threatened to spread over the whole of Europe, and menaced the asylum which he had chosen for his old age.... His constitution had never been strong, his health had always been delicate, and his nervous irritability was such as seriously to influence his disposition and his opinions of persons, which were changeable, and at times bordered on caprice. The combination of so much anxiety, so many losses, and so much labour, acting on such a disposition, was a great deal too much for him, and he sunk under the weight. On the 16th of December he wrote to M. Golbery, the French translator of his Roman History, *I am going on in the midst of continual obstacles; the late events have impaired my faculties, and weakened my memory to a degree of which it is impossible for me not to be sensible.* Before his correspondent's answer could arrive, Niebuhr was no more. On the 25th of December he returned home very much affected by reading the report of the pleadings of MM. Martignac and Sauzet in favour of the French ex-ministers, then on their trial. A slight fever just showed itself, joined to a catarrhal affection; the disease made rapid progress, and on the 2d of January last, at two in the morning, Niebuhr breathed his last. Nine days after his widow followed him to the tomb, and their four children, thus left orphans, were immediately received into the houses of their friends, and afterwards removed to Holstein, to be placed under the protection of their nearest relatives.

The lamented death of Niebuhr, it was feared, would occasion some delay in the great collection, which he was editing, of the Byzantine Historians. It is therefore with much pleasure we learn that this important undertaking will experience no interruption on this account, but will proceed, chiefly owing to his provident care and forethought, with the same regularity as before.

Leipsic Easter Fair, 1831.—The Catalogue of the Fair exhibits 2920 new works, besides foreign works, maps and charts, and musical productions. This exhibits a very considerable diminution of literary produce, compared with the Catalogue of Easter, 1830.

Of the articles enumerated in the last Catalogue, recent events have given birth to several large works and a considerable number of pamphlets. Of these, besides translations, there are Letters on Paris, by Raumer, the historian, who happened to be there during the three days in July; Pamphlets on the Revolutions of France, Poland, Belgium, Brunswick, Saxony, Hesse, Switzerland, and on the dissatisfaction which exists in Hanover, Bavaria, and Hol-

stein. Among the best political tracts of general interest we may mention that of Welker on the Liberty of the Press, and a Dissertation by Eschenmayer on Capital Punishments.

There are several important *historical* works, besides the continuations or commencements of several large collections, such as Heeren and Uckert's History of European Nations; Cotta's Library of Universal History; Pölitz's Collection of Foreign Modern Historians. Hammer has published the 8th volume of his Ottoman History, and Wilker the 7th of his History of the Crusades. We have a work by Hulmann, on the Ecclesiastical Constitution of the Middle Ages; a History of the Netherlands, by Leo; History of Ferdinand I. by Buchholtz; History of the Hungarian Diet, by Mailath; History of the year 1829, by Schirach.

On *Philosophy and Education* we find Boader's Philosophical Works; Caren's Psychology; Fichte's Life and Correspondence, Vol. 2; Glaucow's History of Pedagogy, &c. &c.

Among *Voyages and Travels* and *Geographical Works* there are Lelewel's Discoveries of the Carthaginians and Phenicians in the Atlantic: Meinicke's History of the West Indian Archipelago; Ermann's Magnetic Observations on Asiatic Russia; Prokesche's Recollections of Egypt and Asia Minor; Burger's Tour in Upper Italy, principally with reference to Agriculture; Horn's Tour in Germany, &c.

In the *Fine Arts and Belles-Lettres* there have been published the 4th and last No. of Boisserée's Cathedral of Cologne; Rumohr's Researches in Italy; Wendt on the principal epochs of the History of the Fine Arts. We have Poetry by Chamisso and Heine; Novels by Madam Schopenhauer and Wilibald Alexis, &c. &c.

ITALY.

Dr. Giuli, Professor of Natural History in the University of Sienna, has recently published, in a Letter to Professor Gazzari, a List of the Minerals collected by him in a Mineralogical Tour through Tuscany, undertaken at the express desire of the Grand Duke. The species of minerals and the rocks indicated in this catalogue are such, so far as Professor Giuli has ascertained, as have not hitherto been discovered by other naturalists, in the same localities, although it is known that many of them, at least, are to be found in other parts of Tuscany.

The author has divided the Tuscan continent into twenty-seven sections, twenty-five of which refer to vallies, and the other two to mountains, in the following manner:—

1. Valle Tiberana.
2. Valle Transappennine.
3. Valle di Serchio.
4. Valle di Sararezza.
5. Valle di Magra.
6. Val d'Arno Casentinese.
7. Val di Chiana.
8. Val d'Arno di sopra.
9. Val di Siene.
10. Val di Grene.
11. Val di Bisenzio e d'Ombrone.
12. Val d'Elsa.
13. Val di Nievole.
14. Val d'Era.
15. Val d'Arno inferiore.
16. Val di Cecina.
17. Val di Cornia.
18. Val di Pecora.
19. Val di Mersa.
20. Val d'Arbia e Ombrone.
21. Val d'Orcia.
22. Val d' Ombrone inferiore.
23. Val d'Albegna e Ossa.
24. Montamiata.
25. Val di Fiora.
26. Val di Puglia.
27. Monte Argentale.

As to the Tuscan islands, the author has arranged and distinguished them as follows:—

1. Giannutri e Formiche.
2. Giglio.
3. Monte Cristo.
4. Elba, Palmaiola e Cerboli.
5. Pianosa e Gorgona.

This catalogue, which contains nearly 300 minerals, is interesting, not only to the lovers of natural history, but to all who employ the products of the mineral kingdom in the arts and manufactures.

A Geographical Dictionary of Tuscany is announced as about to appear. It is intended as an accompaniment to the great map of *Inghirami*, and will form 3 vols. in 8vo.

The only Italian translation that has yet appeared of Lord Chancellor Brougham's Essay on the Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages of Science, was published this year by *Pomba*, of Turin, and forms part of his Universal Library for General Instruction.

The same bookseller announces a General Biographical Dictionary, in 12 vols. 8vo.

RUSSIA.

Alexander Ephimovitch Izmailov, the editor of the journal entitled the Blagonamærenii, died at St. Petersburg, January $\frac{16}{28}$ of the present year, in the 50th year of his age. His literary reputation rests chiefly upon his Fables and Tales, which were first published in 1804, since when they have passed through several editions. Although they do not possess any great claim to originality, being chiefly imitations from other languages, they are greatly esteemed for their easy and agreeable style, and for the ingenious characteristic traits they contain. He also wrote one or two prose tales, and contributed many articles to various periodicals.

On the $\frac{14}{26}$ of the same month, died also at St. Petersburg, Baron Delvig, editor of the "Sævernie Tzvæti," and the "Litteraturnaya Gazeta." The former of these publications is the most popular of all the Russian Annuals, nor undeservedly so, as its volumes contain contributions from some of the best writers, and many articles of great interest. To the preceding necrological notices may be added the name of Kozlovsky, the veteran Russian composer, who also died at St. Petersburg, February 27 (March 11); also that of Semen Bronevsky, author of a "Geographical and Historical Account of the Caucasus," 2 vols. 1823, who died at his estate near Theodosia, in the Crimea, December 27, (January 8, 1831,) at the age of sixty-seven.

A small posthumous volume of Poetry by the late Professor Merzliakov, consisting of Songs and Ballads, published a few months ago, is one of the most successful attempts by any modern writer at imitating the national ballad style. Without the rusticity, these pieces exhibit all the simple feeling of their originals; they retain their beauties apart from their defects, and will add fresh lustre to the memory of their author, who may be cited as one of those instances where the impulse of native talent has surmounted the difficulties of unpropitious circumstances. Merzliakov was born at Perm in 1778, where his father was a petty tradesman; at the age of fourteen he addressed an Ode to the Empress Catharine on the conclusion of the Peace with Sweden; and was by her order placed in the University of Moscow, in which he was afterwards appointed Professor of Eloquence and Poetry (1807). Both as a judi-

cious critic, and as the translator of Homer, Virgil, and Tasso, his merits are undeniable; nor is he unworthy of the distinction of a public monument, a subscription for which has been set on foot.

A new literary journal, entitled the "Telescope," was commenced at Moscow at the beginning of the present year, and if we may judge from the few numbers that we have as yet seen, bids fair to become a spirited and useful periodical.

Among the historical works that issued from the Russian press last year, was a new edition of Bantiesh-Kamensky's History of Little Russia, 3 vols. 8vo. with a Map and Plates. It is a performance of considerable interest and importance, contains much curious matter, both statistical and ethnographical, and has been greatly improved by the author.

As might be expected, the number of translations from other languages has been by no means inconsiderable; some of the principal ones are, Bandtke's History of Poland; Schlegel's History of Ancient and Modern Literature; several of Van der Velde's and Zhokke's Novels; Victor Hugo's Hernani, by Rotchev, the translator of Shakspeare's Macbeth; and Hajji Baba in England.

Pushkin's long and eagerly expected new Dramatic Poem of Boris Godunov has at length appeared, and for the beauty of its language and the rich vein of poetry that pervades, is generally allowed to be superior to any of his former productions.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

At the last general meeting, in May, of the Asiatic Society of Paris, the following Orientalists were appointed to superintend the works specified below, as about to appear, under the auspices of the society:—

Georgian Grammar	M. Saint Martin.
Mandchou Dictionary }	M. Abel Remusat.
Chinese Dictionary }	
Abulfeda	M. Reinard.
I. King	M. J. Mohl.
Vendidad Sade	M. Burnouf.
Yu Kiao Li	M. Klaproth.
Laws of Menu	M. Stahl.

M. Remusat has also resumed, with fresh activity, his inquiries into Buddhism, and announces the speedy appearance of an extensive memoir on the subject; his principal object being to show how far the researches of Europeans have extended on this sect, and to point out what still remains to be done to place the principal dogmas of its followers in their proper light.

M. Abel Remusat, the celebrated Orientalist, has been engaged for many years in collecting materials relative to the Botany, Zoology, Mineralogy, Medicine, and the other practical sciences of the Chinese, Japanese, and Tartars. Hitherto the natural productions of these vast countries have been very imperfectly known. The works of this description, which are numerous in China and Japan, will form the basis of M. Remusat's, which will form 2 vols. in 4to.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM APRIL TO JUNE, 1831, INCLUSIVE.

THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

1 La Bible, traduction nouvelle, avec l'Hebreu en regard, accompagnée des points voyelles et des accens toniques, par S. Cahen. Pentateuque, Tome I. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
2 Meditations Religieuses, en forme de discours, pour toutes les époques, circonstances et situations de la vie domestique et civile; traduites de l'Allemand. Tome III. 1re partie. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
3 Tableau du Christianisme, contenant le précis de la vie de Jésus Christ et des mœurs de ses vrais disciples; par Arvisenet. 32mo.
4 T. Scott, la Sainte Bible, renfermant l'ancien et le nouveau testament avec des notes explicatives, etc. 2de Liv. Epitre aux Romains. 4to. 4s.
5 Macholley, Meditations chretiennes. 12mo.
6 De Mey, Le Christianisme en action en face de ses persécuteurs, ou reflexions et modèles à l'usage des chrétiens, etc. 8vo.
7 Fetzer, D. Teutschland und Rom, seit der Reformation D. Luthers. 2 vol. gr. 8vo. *Frankfurt.* 1l. 6s.
8 Paulus, D. aufklärende Beiträge zur Dogmenkirchen-und Religions-geschichte. gr. 8vo. *Bremen.* 9s.
9 Reichlin-Meldegg, D. von, Geschichte des Christenthums. 2 vol. 8vo. *Freiburg.* 18s.
10 Hengstenberg, Dr. Beiträge zur Einleitung ins alte Testament. 1r Bd. gr. 8vo. *Berlin.* 4s.
11 Snabedissen, D. die grundzüge d. philosophischen Religionslehre. gr. 8vo. *Cassel.* 7s. 6d.
12 Melanchthon, S. Ph. Werke, in einer auf den allgemeinen gebrauch berechneten Auswahl. Herausgegeben von Dr. Köthe. 6 thle. 8vo. *Leipzig,* 12s.
13 Hartmann, Dr. historisch-kritische Forschungen über die Bildung, das Zeitalter und den Plan der 5 Bücher Moses. gr. 8vo. *Rostock.* 1l.
14 Hoffmann, Dr. Horæ Belgicæ. Pars 1a. 8vo. *Breslau.* 3s.
15 Neubig, Dr. die philosophische und christliche Gotteslehre. gr. 8vo. *Nürnberg.* 8vo.
16 Pauli, der Brief an die Römer, erläutert von W. Benecke. gr. 8vo. *Heidelberg.* 9s.
17 Grimm, Dr. Hymnorum veteris ecclesiæ XXVI. interpretatio theotisca. 4to. maj. *Göttingen.* 5s.
18 Hartmann, A. T., Die enge Verbindung des Alten Testaments mit dem Neuen, aus rein biblischem Standpunkte entwickelt. gr. 8vo. 1l. 2s. 6d.
19 Niemeyer, A. H., Theologische Encyclopädie und Methodologie. 8vo. 8s.
20 Theomela oder Hallelujah. 2 vols. 8vo. 14s.
21 Chrysostomi Selecta. Gr. et Lat. de edit. novæ consilio præfatus est, et Annot. subjecit J. van Voorst. 2 vols. 8vo. 17s.
22 Kuinoel, Dr. C. T., Commentarius in Epistolam ad Hebræos. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

LAW, JURISPRUDENCE, AND ADMINISTRATION.

23 Collection des Lois Maritimes antérieures au 1r siècle, par T. M. Pardessus. Tome II. 4to. 1l. 13s.
24 Dictionnaire des justices de paix, par E. Linehampt. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
25 Noel, Recherches historiques sur l'origine du notariat dans le ci-devant duché de Lorraine, etc. 8vo.
26 Perrot, Atlas Administratif du royaume de France, indiquant les divisions territoriales du service des divers administrateurs, etc. 4to. oblong. 20s.
27 Marc Barreau, Principes du droit de la nature et des gens. 18mo.

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32 Fleischhauer, G. C. die deutsche privilegirte Lehn-und Erbaristokratie. gr. 8vo. *Neustadt.* 10s.
33 Franke, Dr. das Recht der Notherben und Pflichtheilsberechtigten. gr. 8vo. *Göttingen.* 13s.
34 Horst, G. H. van der, Dissertatio Philosophico-Juridica de Juribus summi imperantis circa sacra. 8vo. 5s.
35 Lampredi, Prof., Del Commercio dei Popoli Neutrali in tempo di Guerra. *Milano.* 8vo.
36 Giordano, Saggio Filosofico di Giurisprudenza, col confronto della legge Romana e della vigente legislazione, ove si espongano i principii delle stesse leggi colle questioni più importanti sull' interpretazione di esse; si sviluppano le cause che han dato luogo alle tante variazioni tra l'antica e moderna legislazione, coll' aggiunzione delle comuni teorie de' giureconsulti ricevate nel foro. 2 tom. 8vo. *Napoli.*

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37 Rapet, Considérations sur l'éducation; suivies de l'éxposé d'un plan propre à réunir les avantages des educations publiques et particulières, etc. 8vo.
38 Bulletin de la Société des Etablissemens charitables. Tome I. Nos. 2, 3. 8vo. 5s.
39 Schubert, Dr., die Geschichte der Seele. 2 Bde, gr. 8vo. *Tübingen.* 1l. 1s.

MATHEMATICS, PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY.

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45 Ephemeriden, Kleine astronomische, für das Jahr 1831. Herausgegeben von Harding und Wiesen. 8vo. *Göttingen.* 3s.
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